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FRONTISPIECE.

Published [illegible] April [illegible] By Bilbing & Walker Pater Noster Row

THE

THEATRICAL BOUQUET:

CONTAINING AN

ALPHABETICAL ARRANGEMENT

OF THE

PROLOGUES AND EPILOGUES,

Which have been Publiſhed by

DISTINGUISHED WITS,

FROM

The Time that COLLEY CIBBER firſt came on the STAGE, to the preſent Year.

Extrema cum primis;
Lilia Amarynthis.

LONDON:
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TO

DAVID GARRICK, Esq;

SIR,

WHEN the *Connoiſſeur* and the *Artiſt* meet in the *Patron*, it is preſumed to be with peculiar propriety that Maſter-pieces, of the Art, in which he excels, lay claim to his protection.—A *Selection* of modern *Prologues* and *Epilogues*, cannot, therefore, be more properly ſheltered, than under the Patronage of Mr. GARRICK.

THAT flowing vein of Wit and facetious turn of Humour, which enter into his numerous compoſitions of this kind, diſplay a fund of moſt exquiſite pleaſantry; which ſets him above every competitor in this ſpecies of writing.

NOT only maſter of the whole diſpoſition of that little world, the Theatre; but, poſſeſſed of talents, the moſt diſtinguiſhed, for obſervation on men and manners in general, an intimate knowledge of the world at large became early familiar to him.

HENCE that admirable facility, with which, he aſſumed, like a *Proteus*, the reſemblance of others; or, rather, like the *Derviſe*, whoſe ſoul could take poſſeſſion of inanimated bodies, he inſpired them with life, and exhibited them to the age in their true form and preſſure. Hence it is, alſo, that Mr. GARRICK's excellence, in reſpect to theſe appendages to the Drama, conſtitutes but a part of the merit of his literary character.

A

A DRAMATIC genius, formed on the ſame plan as was that of our immortal SHAKESPEARE, could not fail of ſharing a conſiderable portion of the powers of *poetical deſcription*, as well as of *perſonal action*. Congenial faculties evidently directed them both to the ſame purſuits, urged them in the ſame career; and, if both did not equally ſucceed in the different walks of their profeſſion, it is doubtleſs for the reaſon aſſigned by the Philoſopher.

Two Sciences will no one genius fit;
So wide is Art! ſo narrow Human Wit!

To the honour of Both, however, it will be remembered, that the *Poet* as much excelled the *Actor* in the *one*, as the *Actor* excelled the *Poet* in the *other*; in his own excellence each equally inimitable! To ſay this, of Mr. GARRICK, to himſelf, may carry with it the appearance of adulation; but, whatever the appearance, flattery is a meanneſs, of which, none, who know, will accuſe the author of the preſent addreſs.

I am, Sir,

your's &c.

The EDITOR.

THEATRICAL BOUQUET.

PROLOGUE
TO
INTRIGUING CHAMBER-MAID.

Spoken by MRS. CLIVE.

AS when ſome ancient hoſpitable ſeat,
Where Plenty oft has giv'n the jovial treat,
Where in full bowls each welcome Gueſt has drown'd
All ſorrowing thought, while mirth and joy went round:
Is by ſome wanton worthleſs Heir deſtroy'd,
It's once full rooms grown a deſerted void;
With ſighs each neighbour views the mournful place,
With ſighs each recollects what once it was.
So does our wretched Theatre appear;
For mirth and joy once kept their revels here.
Here the *Beau-monde* in crouds repair'd each day,
And went well pleas'd and entertain'd away.
While *Oldfield* here hath charm'd the liſt'ning Age,
And *Wilks* adorn'd, and *Booth* hath fill'd the Stage;
Soft Eunuchs warbled in ſucceſsleſs ſtrain,
And Tumblers ſhew'd their little tricks in vain:
Thoſe Boxes ſtill the brighter circles were,
Triumphant Toaſts receiv'd their homage there.
But now, alas! how alter'd is our caſe!
I view with tears this poor deſerted place,
None to our Boxes now in pity ſtray,
But Poets free o'th' Houſe, and Beaux who never pay.
No longer now we ſee our crouded door
Send the late Comer back again at four.
At ſeven now into our empty Pit
Drops from his counter ſome old prudent Cit,
Contented with twelve-pennyworth of Wit.
—Our Author, of a gen'rous ſoul poſſeſs'd,
Hath kindly aim'd to ſuccour the diſtreſs'd;
To-night what he ſhall offer in our cauſe
Already hath been bleſt with your applauſe.

Yet this his Muſe maturer hath revis'd,
And added more to that which once ſo much you priz'd.
We ſue, not mean to make a partial Friend,
But without Prejudice at leaſt attend.
If we are dull, e'en cenſure, but we truſt,
Satire can ne'er diſpleaſe you when 'tis juſt:
Nor can we fear a brave, a gen'rous Town
Will join to cruſh us when we're almoſt down.

PROLOGUE UPON PROLOGUES.

BY MR. GARRICK,

Spoken by MR. KING.

And, 'egad, it will do for any other Play as well as this.
BAYES.

AN old trite Proverb let me quote!
—As is your cloth, ſo cut your coat.—
To ſuit our *Author*, and his *Farce*,
Short let me be! for wit is ſcarce.
Nor would I ſhew it, had I any;
The reaſons why are ſtrong and many:
Should I have Wit, the Piece has none,
A flaſh in pan with empty gun,
The Piece is ſure to be undone.
A tavern with a gaudy ſign,
Whoſe buſh is better than the wine,
May cheat you once—Will that device,
Neat as imported, cheat you twice?
'Tis wrong to raiſe your expectations:
Poets be dull in dedications!
Dulneſs in theſe to wit prefer—
But there indeed you ſeldom err.
In Prologues, Prefaces, be flat!
A ſilver button ſpoils your hat.
A thread-bare coat might jokes eſcape,
Did not the blockheads lace the cape.
A caſe in point to this before ye,
Allow me, pray, to tell a ſtory!
To turn the penny, once a Wit,
Upon a curious fancy hit:

Hang

Hung out a board, on which he boaſted,
Dinner for three-pence, boil'd and roaſted!
The hungry read, and in they trip
With eager eye, and ſmacking lip:
"Here! bring this boil'd and roaſted, pray!"
—Enter *potatoes*—dreſt *each way*.
All ſtar'd and roſe, the houſe forſook,
And damn'd the dinner—kick'd the cook.
My landlord found, poor *Patrick Kelly*,
There was no joking with the belly.
These facts laid down, then thus I reaſon,
Wit in a Prologue's out of ſeaſon.
Yet ſtill will you for jokes ſit watching,
Like *Cock-Lane* folks for *Fanny*'s ſcratching.
And here my ſimile's ſo fit!
For Prologues are but ghoſts of wit;
Which mean to ſhew their art and ſkill,
And ſcratch you to their Author's will.
In ſhort, for reaſons great and ſmall,
'Tis better to have none at all.
Prologues and *Ghoſts*—a paltry trade!
So let 'em both at once be *laid!*
Say but the word—give your commands,
We'll tie our Prologue-monger's hands:
Confine theſe culprits! (*holding up his hands*) bind 'em tight,
Nor girls can ſcratch, nor fools can write.

PROLOGUE
TO THE
DESERT ISLAND.

WRITTEN AND SPOKEN BY MR. GARRICK.

In the Character of a Drunken Poet.

ALL, all ſhall out—all that I know and feel;
I will by heav'n—to higher pow'rs appeal!—
Behold a bard!—no author of to-night—
No, no,—they can't ſay that, with all their ſpight:
Ay, you may frown (*looking behind the ſcenes*) I'm at you,
Your poets, players, managers and all!—

Theſe fools within here, ſwear that I'm in liquor—
My paſſion warms me—makes my utt'rance thick—
I totter too—but that's the gout and pain.—
French wines, and living high, have been my bane.—
From all temptations now, I wiſely ſteer me;
Nor will I ſuffer one fine woman near me.
And this I ſacrifice, to give you pleaſure—
For you I've coin'd my brains,—and here's the treaſure!
[*Pulls out a manuſcript.*
A treaſure this, of profit and delight!
And all thrown by for this damn'd ſtuff to-night:—
This is a play would water ev'ry eye!—
If I but look upon't, it makes me cry:
This play would tears from blood-ſtain'd ſoldiers draw,
And melt the bowels of hard-hearted law!
Would fore and aft the ſtorm-proof ſailor rake!—
Keep turtle-eating aldermen awake!
Would the cold blood of ancient maidens thrill,
And make ev'n pretty younger tongues lie ſtill.
This play not ev'n managers would refuſe,—
Had heav'n but giv'n 'em any brains to chuſe!—
[*Puts up his manuſcript.*
Your bard to-night, bred up in ancient ſchool,
Deſigns and meaſures all by critic rule;
'Mongſt friends—it goes no farther.—He's a fool.
So very claſſic, and ſo very dull—
His *deſert iſland* is his own dear ſkull:
No ſoul to make the play-houſe ring, and rattle,
No trumpets, thunder, ranting, ſtorms, or battle!
But all your fine poetic prittle prattle.
The plot is this.—A lady's caſt away—
"Long before the beginning of the play;"
And they are taken by a fiſherman,
The lady and the child—'tis *Bays*'s plan—
So on he blunders.—He's an *Iriſhman*.—
'Tis all alike—his comic ſtuff I mean—
I hate all humour—it gives me the ſpleen;
So damn 'em both, with all my heart, unſight, unſeen.
But ſhould you ruin him, ſtill I'm undone—
I've try'd all ways to bring my Phœnix on—
[*Shewing his play again.*
Flatter I can with any of their tribe—
Can cut and ſlaſh—indeed I cannot bribe;
What muſt I do then?—beg you to ſubſcribe.

Be

Be kind ye boxes, galleries, and pit—
'Tis but a crown a piece, for all this wit:
All ſterling wit—to puff myſelf I hate—
You'll ne'er ſupply your wants at ſuch a rate!
'Tis worth your money, I would ſcorn to wrong ye,—
You ſmile conſent—I'll ſend my hat among ye.
[*Going, he returns.*
So much beyond all praiſe your bounties ſwell!
Not my own tongue, my gra-ti-tude can tell—
"A little flatt'ry ſometimes does well."
[*Staggers off.*

PROLOGUE

TO

DAPHNE AND AMYNTOR.

A SKILFUL cook this uſeful art will boaſt,
To haſh, and mince, as well as boil and roaſt:
Our cook, to-night, has, for your fare, made bold,
To haſh a piece of ven'ſon that was cold;
With freſh ingredients ſeaſons high the ſtew,
And hopes the gueſts will heartily fall too.
Leaving the piece to anſwer for itſelf,
We beg your favour for a little elf;
A young one, and a good one; yet no ſinner;
And though a female, has no miſchief in her;
Though oft with fyren ſong ſhe charm'd your ears,
She now has other hopes, and other fears:
She hopes, not yet content with what is done,
To find more ways into your hearts than one.
A paſſion long ſhe hid, till out it broke,
And thus, with bluſhing diffidence, ſhe ſpoke:
"What joys, what raptures, in my breaſt would ſpring,
"Had I but leave to act, as well as ſing;
"Though young I am, and difficult the trade is,
"In time, I'll do as much as other ladies."
Ye giant wits, who run a tilt at all,
Who ſpare, nor ſex, nor age, nor great, nor ſmall,
Should you, fell critics! like the *French* wild beaſt!
With gluttony refin'd, on damſels feaſt,—

Spare our's awhile!—Let her ſome ſubſtance get,
Plumpt high with fame.—She's ſcarce a mouthful yet.
Or would you, ladies, ſtrike theſe giants dumb,
You can protect her from their Fee, Fa, Fum!
Though humble now, how ſoon would ſhe be vain,
Should you but cry.—Bravo!—We'll come again,
To raiſe your ſmiles, were it her happy lot,
For ſmiles are honeſt, when the hands are not;
Should you our little ſongſtreſs kindly treat,
With gratitude her little heart would beat;
What raptures for a female, and ſo young,
To have a double right to uſe her tongue!

PROLOGUE

TO

HECUBA.

WRITTEN BY MR. LLOYD.

Spoken by MR. GARRICK.

A GRÆCIAN bard, two thouſand years ago,
Plan'd this ſad fable of illuſtrious woe;
Waken'd each ſoft emotion of the breaſt,
And call'd forth tears that would not be ſuppreſs'd.
Yet, oh ye mighty Sirs, of judgment chaſte,
Who lacking genius, have a deal of taſte,
Can you forgive our modern antient piece,
Which brings no chorus, though it comes from *Greece*;
Kind ſocial chorus, which all humours meets,
And ſings, and dances up and down the ſtreets.
—Oh might true taſte in theſe unclaſſic days,
Revive the Græcian faſhions with their plays!
Then, rais'd on ſtilts, our play'rs would ſtalk and rage,
And at three ſteps, ſtride o'er a modern ſtage;
Each geſture then would boaſt unuſual charms,
From lengthen'd legs, ſtuff'd body, ſprawling arms!
Your critic eye would then no pigmies ſee,
But buſkins make a giant, ev'n of me.
No features then the poet's mind would trace,
But one blank vizor blot out all the face.

O! glo-

O! glorious times, when actors thus could ſtrike
Expreſſive, inexpreſſive, all alike!
Leſs change of face, than in our Punch they ſaw,
For Punch can roll his eyes, and wag his jaw,
With one ſet glare they mouth'd the rumbling verſe,
And Gog and Magog look'd not half ſo fierce!
Yet though depriv'd of inſtruments like theſe;
Nature, perhaps, may find a way to pleaſe;
Which, whereſoe'er ſhe glows with genuine flame,
In *Greece*, in *Rome*, in *England*, is the ſame.
Of raill'ry then, ye modern wits, beware,
Nor damn the Græcian poet for the play'r.
Their's was the ſkill, with honeſt help of art,
To win, by juſt degrees, the yielding heart.
What if our *Shakeſpeare* claims the magic throne,
And in one inſtant makes us all his own:
They differ only in the point of view,
For *Shakeſpeare's* nature, was their nature too.

EPILOGUE
TO
SETHONA.

WRITTEN BY MR. GARRICK.

Spoken by MRS. BARRY.

AS it is prov'd by *ſcholars* of great *fame*,
That *Gipſies* and *Egyptians* are the ſame;
I, from my throne of *Memphis*, ſhift the ſcene,
And of the *Gipſies*, now ſtep forth the Queen!
Suppoſe, that with a blanket on my ſhoulder,
An old ſtrip'd jacket, petticoat ſtill older,
With ebon locks, in wild diſorder ſpread,
The diadem, *a clout about my head*;
My dingy Majeſty here takes her ſtand,
Two children at my back, and one in hand;
With curtſey thus—and arts my mother taught,
I'll tell your fortunes, as a Gipſey ought:
Too far to reach your palms—I'll mark your traces,
Which fate has drawn upon your comely faces;

See what is written on the outward ſkin,
And from the *title page*, know all *within:*
Firſt, in *your* faces * I will mark each letter—
Had they been cleaner, I had ſeen 'em better;
Yet through that cloud ſome rays of ſun-ſhine dart,
An unwaſh'd face oft veils the cleaneſt heart.
That honeſt *Tar*, with *Nancy* by his ſide,
So loving, leering, whiſpers thus his bride,
" I love you, Nancy, faith and troth I do,
" Sound as a biſcuit is my heart, and true;
" Indeed, dear Johnny, ſo do I love you."
Love on, fond pair, indulge your inclination,
You ne'er will know, for want of education,
Hate, *infidelity*, and *ſeparation*.—
Some *Cits* I ſee look dull, and ſome look gay,
As in Change-Alley they have paſs'd the day,
City *Barometers!*—for as ſtocks go,
What *Mercury* they have, is *high* or *low*.
What's in the wind which makes that *Patriot* vere?
He ſmells a *contract* or *lott'ry* next year;
Some *Courtiers* too I ſee whoſe features low'r,
Juſt turning *Patriots*, they begin to *four*;
What in your faces can a Gipſy ſee?
Ye *Youths* of faſhion, and of family!
What are we not to hope from taſte and rank?
All prizes in this lottery?—Blank—blank—blank——
Now for the *Ladies*—I no lines can ſpy
To tell their fortunes—and I'll tell you why;
Thoſe fine-drawn lines, which would their fate diſplay,
Are by the hand of faſhion bruſh'd away;
Pity it is, on beauty's faireſt ſpot,
Where *nature* writes her beſt they make a blot!—
I'd tell our *Author's* fortune, but his face,
As diſtant far as India from this place,
Requires a keener ſight than mine to view;
His FORTUNE can be only told by YOU.

* To the Upper Gallery.

EPILOGUE

EPILOGUE
TO
CHOLERIC MAN.

BY MR. GARRICK.

Spoken by Mrs. ABINGTON.

AS *I'm* an *Artiſt*, can my ſkill do better,
Than paint your pictures? for I'm much your debtor:
I'll draw the out-lines—finiſh at my leiſure,
A groupe like you wou'd be a charming treaſure!
Here is my pencil, here my ſketching book,
Where for this work, I memorandums took;
I will in full, three quarters, and profile,
Take your ſweet faces, nay, your thoughts I'll ſteal;
From my good friends above, their wives and doxies,
Down to *Madams*, and *Monſieur*, in the boxes:
Now for it, Sirs!—I beg from top to bottom,
You'll keep your features fix'd 'till I have got 'em.
Firſt for *fine Gentlemen* my fancy ſtretches—
They'll be more like, the ſlighter are the ſketches:
Such unembodied form invention racks;
Pale cheeks, dead eyes, thin bodies, and long backs;
They would be beſt in ſhades, or virgin wax.
To make *fine Ladies* like, the toil is vain,
Unleſs I paint 'em o'er and o'er again:
In froſt, tho' not a flower its charms diſcloſes,
They can, like hot-houſes, produce their roſes.
At you, *Coquettes*, my pencil now takes aim!
In love's Change-Alley playing all the game;
I'll paint you *ducklings* waddling out quite lame.
The *Prude's* moſt virtuous ſpite, I'll next portray;
Railing at gaming—loving private play.
Quitting the gay *bon-ton*, and wou'd be witty,
I come to you, my *Patrons*, in the *city*:
I like your honeſt, open, *Engliſh* looks;
They ſhow too—that you well employ your cooks!—
Have at you now—Nay, Miſter—pray don't ſtir,
Hold up your head, your fat becomes you, Sir;

Leer with your eyes—as thus—now ſmirk—well done!
You're ogling, Sir—a haunch of veniſon.
Some of you fickle *Patriots* I ſhall paſs,
Such brittle beings, will be beſt on glaſs.
Now *Courtiers* you---looks meant your thoughts to ſmother;
Hands fixt on one thing—*eyes* upon another;
For *Politicians*, I have no dark tints,
Such clouded brows are fine for wooden prints,
To diſtant climes if modern *Jaſons* roam,
And bring the golden Fleece with curſes home,
I'll blacken them with *Indian* ink---but then
My hands, like theirs, will ne'er be clean again.
Though laſt, not leaſt in love, I come to * YOU!
And 'tis with rapture, nature's ſons I view;
With warmeſt tints ſhall glow your jolly faces,
Joy, love, and laughter, there have fix'd their places,
Free from weak nerves, bon-ton, ennui, and foreign graces.
I'll tire you now no more with pencil ſtrictures;
I'll copy theſe—next week ſend home your *pictures*.

PROLOGUE
TO
MATILDA.

A TRAGIC tale, from Norman William's age,
Simple, and unadorn'd, attempts the Stage.
Our ſilly Bard, more ſimple than his tale,
Thinks on your poliſh'd manners to prevail;
What in thoſe barb'rous days were counted crimes,
Are ſlips of courſe in theſe enlighten'd times:
Let not your Anceſtors too rude appear,
Though firm in friendſhip, and in love ſincere.
Love then like glory did each heart inflame,
Beauty was *virtue*, and to win it, *fame*,
Now Lovers loſe their Miſtreſſes with grace,
As at New-Market they would loſe a race,
Where, if in hopes they ſeem a little croſs'd,
'Tis for the money of the match that's loſt.

* To the Galleries.

When

When tilts and tournaments call'd forth the brave,
The fame of ſpotleſs innocence to ſave,
Each gallant Knight preferr'd his love to life,
For *then* the greateſt bleſſing was a wife:
To prove their chaſtity the dauntleſs fair
Would walk through flames, nor ſinge a ſingle hair;
Nay, ſome ſo chaſte, ſo cold to all deſire,
Not only 'ſcap'd it, they put out the fire!
But now no Heroes die for love's ſweet paſſion,
And *fiery Trials* are quite out of faſhion.
Ye ſons of Frailty---you whom rage devours,
For you this night the Muſe exerts her pow'rs;
With crimſon hands, pale cheeks, and blood-ſhot eyes,
She bids the furies in their terrors riſe!
In valour's breaſt their ſcorpion ſtings they dart,
Firſt fire the brain, and then corrupt the heart.
But what avails all virtue! Paſſion's guſt,
Like whirlwinds, drive it from the heart like duſt;
When reaſon dawns, well may repentance mourn
Love, friendſhip, duty, by the roots up-torn.
To ſooth this fatal vice, the flatterer tells
In ſtormy minds how warmeſt friendſhip dwells;
The tree whoſe ſheltering arms ſpread kindly round,
If light'ning ſtruck, lies blaſted on the ground;
In vain will merits paſt indulgence claim,
One moment's raſhneſs blaſts whole years of fame.

EPILOGUE

TO

SPLEEN,

Spoken by MRS. KING,

In the Character of Dr. ANODYNE.

A FEMALE doctor, Sirs!—and pray why not?
Have *you* from Nature a ſole patent got?
Can you chain down experience, ſenſe, and knowledge,
(Like madmen in ſtraight waiſtcoats) to the college?
Let *us* preſcribe!—our wholeſome revolutions
Would quickly mend your crazy conſtitutions.

Inveſt a female with a reverend caſſock,
What ſpruce divine would more become the haſſock?
Or robe her in a lawyer's gown and band,
What judge ſo ſweet a pleader could withſtand?
Into St. Stephen's chapel let us go!
What power our *aye* would have; what force our *no!*
Try us in *all* things---there are very few,
We women could not do, as well as you.
Shew me thro' all creation, thoſe who can,
A fiercer tyrant than the tyrant man.
Lion to lioneſs is calm and civil,
But man with woman---plays the very devil.
In France, where *politeſſe* ſhould rule the land,
The ſceptre's wreſted from a female hand.
A ſpouſe in China keeps his brain from madding,
By crippling Dearee's feet to ſpoil her gadding,
While the grand Turk, lord of a vaſt ſeraglio,
Warms the whole houſe---himſelf one great Buzaglo.
Here we're denied the privilege to think,
And ſcarce allow'd the uſe of pen and ink.
But mark your playhouſe wits, and fairly tell,
If we poor women could not write as well:
Yes, ladies, we *have* written, and we *will*;
No lords, alive, or dead, ſhall ſtop our quill.
Break down the fences of a partial tribe,
And let *us* too preach, counſel and preſcribe!
Firm as Rome's matrons, bold as dames of Sparta,
Let Engliſhwomen form a female Magna Charta;
Aſſert your rights, you muſt command ſucceſs,
And make King John ſubmit to brave Queen Beſs.

EPILOGUE
TO
ALMIDA.

WRITTEN BY MR. GARRICK.

Spoken by MRS. BARRY.

A FEMALE bard, far from her native land,
A female ſhould proteſt---lo! here I ſtand,
To claim of Chivalry the ancient rites,
And throw my gauntlet at all *critic knights!*

Nor only for our Auth'reſs am I come;
I riſe a champion for the ſex at home!
Will ſhield you, ladies, from the ſlandring crew,
And prove Greeks, Romans, all muſt yield to *you*:
I've read how women, many of condition,
Did, 'ere ſome conqu'ror ſtorm'd a town, petition,
That each might take a load upon her back,
Out march'd the dames, but carried no ſtufft ſack,
They bore their loving huſbands pick-a-pack!
The ſame domeſtic zeal has each fair ſhe,
In full perfection at the *Coterie*;
For don't they bargain when they quit their houſes,
At Pleaſure's call, to *carry* too *their* ſpouſes!
Whereas with you, ye fair ones, ſhall we ſee
That Roman virtue---*hoſpitality!*
The foreign artiſts can your ſmiles ſecure,
If he be ſinger, fidler, or frizeur;
From our dull yawning ſcenes fatigu'd you go,
And croud to *Fantoccini*'s puppet-ſhow;
Each on the *foreign* things with rapture ſtares!
Sweet dears!---they're more like fleſh and blood than play'rs!
As what *we* do, you modiſhly condemn,
So now turn'd wood and wire, we'll act like them;
Move hands and feet, nay even our tongues a-new,
Eh bien Monſieur! comment vous portez-vous?
Once more I challenge all the critic knights,
From city jokers, to the wits at *White*'s;
From daily ſcribblers, volunteers, or hacks,
Up to thoſe more than mortals at *Almacks!*
Should any *fribble* critics dare to *dem*,
Gads-cuſs—I'll throw a chicken glove at them:
And if they ſhew their teeth, they ſtill will grin---
Let 'em come on---I draw my corking pin! *
But ſhould our ſoldiers, ſailors, raiſe our tears,
They only can be conquer'd by † *your* tears.
Your ſmiles may ſoften, but your tears can melt 'em,
The braveſt, boldeſt, mightieſt men have felt 'em.
Aye, you may ſneer, ye wits, your hearts are ſteel,
I ſpeak of mortals who can fight, and feel!
In peace or war, ye fair, truſt only thoſe,
Who love the ſex, and always beat their foes.

* Stands in a poſture of defence. † To the ladies in the boxes.

Will

Will none accept my challenge?---what diſgrace
To all the nibbling, ſcribbling, ſtand'ring race,
Who dare not meet a woman face to face!
The Auth'reſs and our Sex have gain'd their cauſe!
Complete their triumph, give 'em your applauſe.

THE

CONCLUDING SPEECH

TO THE

MINOR.

SHIFT, *addreſſing himſelf to Sir* George Wealthy.

AND what becomes of your poor ſervant, *Shift?*
Your father talks of lending me a lift——
A great man's promiſe, when his turn is ſerv'd!
Capons on promiſes wou'd ſoon be ſtarv'd:
No, on myſelf alone, I'll now rely:
'Gad I've a thriving traffic in my eye——
Near the mad manſions of *Moorfields* I'll bawl;
Friends, fathers, mothers, ſiſters, ſons, and all,
Shut up your ſhops, and liſten to my call.
With labour, toil, all ſecond means diſpenſe,
And live a rent-charge upon Providence.
Prick up your ears; a ſtory now I'll tell,
Which once a widow, and her child befel,
I knew the mother, and her daughter well;
Poor, it is true, they were; but never wanted,
For whatſoe'er they aſk'd, was always granted:
One fatal day, the matron's truth was try'd,
She wanted meat and drink, and fairly cry'd.
Child. Mother, you cry!
Moth. Oh, child, I've got no bread.
Child. What matters that? Why Providence a'nt dead!
With reaſon good, this truth the child might ſay,
For there came in, at noon, that very day,
Bread, greens, potatoes, and a leg of mutton,
A better ſure a table ne'er was put on:
Ay, that might be, ye cry, with thoſe poor ſouls;
But we ne'er had a raſher for the coals.

And

And d'ye deſerve it? How d'ye ſpend your days?
In paſtimes, prodigality, and plays!
Let's go ſee *Foote!* ah, *Foote*'s a precious limb!
Old-Nick will ſoon a football make of him!
For foremoſt rows in ſide-boxes you ſhove,
Think you to meet with ſide-boxes above?
Where gigling girls and powder'd fops may ſit,
No, you will all be cramm'd into the pit,
And croud the houſe for Satan's benefit.
Oh! what you ſnivel? well, do ſo no more,
Drop, to atone, your money at the door,
And, if I pleaſe,—I'll give it to the poor.

An EPILOGUE upon PROLOGUES.

AN Epilogue methinks I heard you cry,
You want an Epilogue—and ſo do I.
Not having epilogue materials by me,
I'll ſpeak concerning Prologues—don't deny me:
In Prologues and in Epilognes we trace
A ſameneſs, only with reſpect to place.
The theme but changes, as it changes ſtation,
There 'tis a prayer, and here a deprecation:
The learned author of a learned piece,
Who writes according to the laws of Greece;
The laws dramatic, are the laws I mean,
Changes his prologue to a chorus ſcene.
Gravely expatiates on his finiſh'd plan,
And bids you plot—contrivance—diction ſcan,
Bids you repreſs the feelings of the heart,
And make the head the only judging part.
The coxcomb author, in his prologue ſneers,
And inſolently every patron jeers;
Tells ye from life his characters he drew,
And gives a portrait of himſelf and you.
Draws you a fop of taſte in light and ſhade,
And bids you mark the character portray'd:
Informs you then the brightneſs is his own,
And the dark ſhades belong to you alone.
But the true genius with a feeling heart,
Paints as he feels, and laughs at rules of art.

The

The finiſh'd piece intuitively bright,
Shines with plain nature's emanating light:
The beautiful in varied light appears,
While the ſublime, the noble fabrick rears:
Gains all the deep receſſes of the ſoul,
And brings the judgment under juſt controul.
May real merit ever meet ſucceſs,
And genius wrong'd from wealth, obtain redreſs.
May ev'ry audience entertainment greet,
And bards their laurels lay at beauty's feet!

EPILOGUE
TO THE
APPRENTICE.

Spoken by MRS. CLIVE.

Enters reading the Play-Bill.

A VERY pretty bill—as I'm alive!
The part of—Nobody—by Mrs. Clive,
A paltry, ſcribbling fool—to leave me out;
He'll ſay, perhaps—he thought I could not *ſpout*.
Malice and Envy to the laſt degree!
And why?—I wrote a Farce as well as he.
And fairly ventur'd it,—without the aid
Of Prologue dreſs'd in black, or face in maſquerade;
O Pit—have pity—ſee how I'm diſmay'd!
Poor ſoul! this canting ſtuff will never do,
Unleſs, like Bays, he brings his hangman too.
But *granting*, that from theſe ſame obſequies,
Some pickings to our bard in black ariſe;
Should your applauſe to joy convert his fear,
As *Pallas* turns to feaſt—*Landella*'s bier,
Yet 'twould have been a better ſcheme by half
T'have thrown his weeds aſide, and learnt with me to laugh.
I could have ſhewn him, had he been inclin'd,
A ſpouting junto of the female kind.
There dwells a milliner in yonder row,
Well-dreſſed, full-voic'd, and nobly built for ſhew,

Who,

Who, when in rage, ſhe ſcolds at *Sue* and *Sarah*,
Damn'd, damn'd Diſſembler! think's ſhe more than *Zara*.
She has a daughter too, that deals in lace,
And ſings—*O ponder well*—and *Chevy-Chace*,
And fain would fill the fair Ophelia's place;
And in her cock'd-up hat, and gown of cambiet,
Preſumes on ſomething—touching the lord Hamlet.
A couſin too ſhe has, with ſquinting eyes,
With waddling gait, and voice like *London Cries*.
Who, for the Stage too ſhort by half a ſtory,
Acts lady *Townly*—thus—in all her glory.
And, while ſhe's traverſing her ſcanty room,
Cries—"Lord, my lord, what can I do at home!"
In ſhort, there's girls enough for all the fellows,
The ranting, whining, ſtarting, and the jealous;
The Hotſpurs, Romeos, Hamlets, and Othellos.
Oh! little do theſe ſilly people know
What dreadful trials—actors undergo:
Myſelf—who moſt in harmony delight,
Am ſcolding here from morning until night,
Then take advice from me, ye giddy things,
Ye royal Milliners, ye apron'd Kings;
Young men beware, and ſhun our ſlippery ways,
Study arithmetic, and burn your plays.
And you, ye girls, let not our tinſel train
Enchant your eyes, and turn your mad'ning brains;
Be timely wiſe; for oh! be ſure of this;
A ſhop, with Virtue, is the height of bliſs.

EPILOGUE
TO.
CREUSA.

Spoken by Miſs HAUGHTON.

AT length I'm freed from tragical parade,
No more a *Pythian* prieſteſs, tho' a maid;
At once reſigning, with my ſacred dwelling,
My wreaths, my wand, my arts of fortune-telling.
Yet ſuperſtitious folks, no doubt, are here,
Who ſtill regard me with a kind of fear,

Leſt

Left to their ſecret thoughts theſe prying eyes,
Should boldly paſs, and take them by ſurprize.
Nay, tho' I diſavow the whole deceit,
And fairly own my ſcience all a cheat,
Should I declare, in ſpight of ears and eyes,
That beaux were handſome, or the critics wiſe,
They'd all believe it, and with dear delight,
Say to themſelves at leaſt,
"The girl has taſte;" "the woman's in the right."
Or, ſhould I tell the ladies, ſo diſpos'd,
They'd get good matches, ere the ſeaſon clos'd,
They'd ſmile, perhaps with ſeeming diſcontent,
And, ſneering, wonder what the creature meant;
But whiſper to their friends, with beating heart,
"Suppoſe there ſhould be ſomething in her art."
Grave ſtateſmen too would chuckle, ſhould I ſay,
On ſuch a motion, and by ſuch a day,
They would be ſummon'd from their own affairs,
To 'tend the nation's more important cares;
"Well, if I muſt—howe'er I dread the load,
"I'll undergo it—for my country's good."
All men are bubbles, in a ſkilful hand,
The ruling paſſion is the conjurer's wand.
Whether we praiſe, foretel, perſuade, adviſe,
'Tis that alone confirms us fools or wiſe.
The devil without may ſpread the tempting ſin,
But ſure the conqueror is—the devil within.

EPILOGUE
TO THE
ENGLISHMAN
RETURNED FROM PARIS.

Spoken by MRS. BELLAMY.

AMONG the arts to make a piece go down,
And fix the fickle favour of the town,
An *Epilogue* is deem'd the ſureſt way
To atone for all the errors of the Play:
Thus, when pathetic ſtrains have made you cry,
In trips the Comic Muſe, and wipes your eye.

With

With equal reaſon, when ſhe has made you laugh,
Melpomene ſhould ſend you ſniveling off;
But our Bard, unequal to the taſk,
Rejects the dagger, and retains the maſque:
Fain would he ſend you chearful home to-night,
And harmleſs mirth by honeſt means excite;
Scorning with luſcious phraſe or double ſenſe,
To raiſe a laughter at the Fair's expence.
What method ſhall we chooſe your taſte to hit?
Will no one lend our Bard a little wit?
Thank ye, kind ſouls, I'll take it from the pit.
The piece concluded, and the curtain down,
Up ſtarts that fatal *Phalanx*, call'd *the Town*:
In full aſſembly weigh our Author's fate,
And *Surly* thus commences the debate:
Pray, among Friends, does not this poiſoning ſcene
The ſacred rights of Tragedy prophane?
If Farce may mimic thus her awful bowl:
Oh fie, all wrong, ſtark naught, upon my ſoul!
Then *Buck*, cries *Billy*, can it be in nature?
Not the leaſt likeneſs in a ſingle feature.
My lord, lord love him, 'tis a precious piece;
Let's come on *Friday* night and have a hiſs,
To this a Peruquier aſſents with joy,
Parcequ'il affronte les Francois, oui, ma foi.
In ſuch diſtreſs what can the Poet do?
Where ſeek for ſhelter when theſe foes purſue?
He dares demand protection, ſirs, from you.

PROLOGUE
TO THE
DISCOVERY.

A FEMALE culprit at your bar appears,
Not deſtitute of hope, nor free from fears,
Her utmoſt crime ſhe's ready to confeſs,
A ſimple treſpaſs—neither more nor leſs;
For, truant-like, ſhe rambled out of bounds,
And dar'd to venture on poetic grounds.
The fault is deem'd high treaſon by the men,
Thoſe lordly tyrants who uſurp the pen!

Then

Then try the vile monopoly to hide
With flattering arts, 'You ladies have beſide
'So many ways to conquer—ſure 'tis fit
'You leave to us that dangerous weapon wit!
For women, like ſtate criminals, they think
Should be debarr'd the uſe of pen and ink.
Our Author, who diſclaims ſuch partial laws,
To her own ſex appeals to judge her cauſe.
She pleads old Magna Charta on her ſide,
That Britiſh ſubjects by their peers be try'd.
Ladies, to you ſhe dedicates her lays,
Aſſert your right to cenſure or to praiſe;
Nor doubt a ſentence by ſuch lips decreed,
Firm as the laws of Perſian or of Mede:
Boldly your will in open court declare,
And let the men diſpute it if they dare.
Our humble ſcenes no charms of art can boaſt,
But ſimple nature, and plain ſenſe at moſt:
Perhaps ſome character—a moral too—
And what is ſtranger ſtill—the ſtory's new:
No borrow'd thoughts throughout the piece are ſhewn,
But what our author writes is all her own.
By no ſly hint, or incident ſhe tries
To bid on modeſt cheeks the bluſh ariſe:
The looſeſt thoughts our decent ſcenes ſuggeſt,
Virtue herſelf might harbour in her breaſt;
And where our harmleſs ſatire vents its ſpleen,
The ſobereſt prude may laugh, without a ſcreen.
But not to mirth alone we claim your ear,
Some tender ſcenes demand the melting tear;
The comic dame, her different powers to prove,
Gives you the dear variety you love;
Sometimes aſſumes her graver ſiſter's art,
Borrows her form, and tries to touch the heart.
But fancy's pictures float upon the brain,
And ſhort-liv'd o'er the heart is paſſion's reign,
Till judgment ſtamp her ſanction on the whole,
And ſink th' impreſſion deep into the ſoul.—

EPI.

EPILOGUE
TO
DOUGLAS.

Spoken by Mr. BARRY.

AN Epilogue I aſk'd; but not one word
Our bard will write. He vows 'tis moſt abſurd
With comic wit to contradict the ſtrain
Of tragedy, and make your ſorrows vain.
Sadly he ſays, that pity is the beſt,
The nobleſt paſſion of the human breaſt:
For when its ſacred ſtreams the heart o'er-flow,
In guſhes pleaſure with the tide of woe;
And when its waves retire, like thoſe of *Nile*,
They leave behind them ſuch a golden ſoil,
That there the virtues without culture grow,
There the ſweet bloſſoms of affection blow.
Theſe were his words;—void of deluſive art
I felt them; for he ſpoke them from his heart.
Nor will I now attempt, with witty folly,
To chace away celeſtial melancholy.

AN HISTORICAL
EPILOGUE
TO THE
BROTHERS.

By the AUTHOR.

AN *Epilogue*, through cuſtom, is your right,
But ne'er perhaps was *needful* till this night:
To night the virtuous falls, the guilty flies,
Guilt's dreadful cloſe our narrow ſcene denies.
In hiſtory's authentic record read
What ample vengeance gluts *Demetrius'* ſhade;
Vengeance ſo great, that when his tale is told,
With pity ſome ev'n *Perſeus* may behold.
Perſeus ſurviv'd, indeed, and fill'd the throne,
But ceaſeleſs cares in conqueſt made him groan:

Nor

Nor reign'd he long; from *Rome* ſwift thunder flew,
And headlong from his throne the tyrant threw:
Thrown headlong down, by *Rome* in triumph led,
For *this* night's deed his perjur'd boſom bled:
His brother's ghoſt each moment made him ſtart,
And all his father's anguiſh rent his heart.
When, rob'd in black, his children round him hung,
And their rais'd arms in early ſorrow wrung;
The younger ſmil'd, unconſcious of their woe;
At which thy tears, O *Rome!* began to flow;
So ſad the ſcene: what then muſt *Perſeus* feel,
To ſee *Jove's* race attend the victor's wheel:
To ſee the ſlaves of his worſt foes increaſe,
From ſuch a ſource!—An emperor's embrace?
He ſicken'd ſoon to death; and, what is worſe,
He well *deſerv'd*, and *felt*, the coward's curſe;
Unpity'd, ſcorn'd, inſulted his laſt hour,
Far, far from home, and in a vaſſal's power:
His pale cheek reſted on his ſhameful chain,
No friend to mourn, no flatterer to feign;
No ſuit retards, no comfort ſooths his doom,
And not one tear bedews a monarch's tomb.
Nor ends it thus—dire vengeance to complete,
His antient empire falling, ſhares his fate:
His throne forgot! His weeping country chain'd!
And nations aſk—Where *Alexander* reign'd?
As public woes a prince's crimes purſue,
So public bleſſings are his virtue's due.
Shout, *Britains*, ſhout—auſpicious fortune bleſs!
And cry, Long live—*Our title to ſucceſs!*

EPILOGUE
TO
EDWARD THE BLACK PRINCE.

Spoken by Mrs. CLIVE.

AGAINST ſuch odds if *Edward* could ſucceed,
Our *Engliſh* warriors once were great indeed:
But, mournful thought! we ſurely muſt complain,
They're ſadly alter'd from King *Edward's* reign:

Yet

Yet ſome there are, who merit ev'ry praiſe,
Stems of that ſtock, and worthy of thoſe days;
Illuſtrious Heroes!—How unlike to thoſe,
Whoſe valour, like their wit, lies only in their clothes?
Such arrant Beaux, ſo trim, ſo *degagée*,
That ev'n *French* Ladies wou'd not run away.
They'll huff, indeed, and ſtrut, look proud, and ſwear,
And all this they can do—becauſe they dare.
But know, poor ſouls, all this implies no merit,
Ev'n women ſoon diſcern a man of ſpirit;
Judges alike of warriors and of wooers:
The mightieſt talkers are the pooreſt doers,
Such to ſubdue, requires no martial fire,
One *Joan* of *Arc* wou'd make 'em all retire.
But hold—I wander,—*Poictiers* be my ſtory,
And warm my breaſt with *Britiſh* love of glory;
When each bold *Briton* took his country's part,
And wore her freedom blazon'd on his heart.
Such were our Sires—But now, O dire diſgrace!
Lo, half their offſpring loſt in ſilk and lace.
Ye, *Britons*, from this lethargy ariſe,
Burſt forth from folly's bondage, and be wiſe:
Once more let virtue, dignity be priz'd,
Nor copy what your anceſtors deſpis'd.
Each falſe refinement ſtudy to diſdain,
And harden into manhood back again:
So ſhall our *Britain*'s honours mount on high,
And future fields with that of *Poictiers* vie.

EPILOGUE
TO
GIL BLAS.

WRITTEN BY MR. GARRICK.

Spoken by Mrs. PRITCHARD.

AS the ſucceſs of Authors is uncertain,
Till all is over, and down drops the curtain;
Poets are puzzled in our dangerous times,
How to addreſs you in theſe after-rhymes.

If they implore and beg, with abject mind,
Their meanneſs rather makes you ſick than kind;
And if they bounce and huff it to the town,
Then you are up—and take the bullies down.
Of beaux and politicks, and ſuch like ſtuff,
And ev'n of tawdry too, you've had enough—
On all degrees, from Courtier to the Cit,
Such ſtale dull jokes have been ſo often writ,
That nothing can be new—but decency and wit.
Thus far our Bard—The reſt is mine to ſay;
I am his Friend, ſo, will attack his play.
How could his thoughtleſs head with any truth
(If Spaniſh Dons are like our Engliſh youth)
Make his wild rake ſo ſink from upper life,
To quit his miſtreſs for a lawful wife!
The Author might have married him—but then
He ſhould have had his miſtreſs back again.
This is the ſcheme our Engliſh Dons purſue,
Tho' one's too much, there's taſte in having two.
As for the lady—I diſlike her plan,
With you I'm ſure, ſhe had not paſs'd for man—
Had ſhe with our young bloods contriv'd this freak,
She had been blown and ruin'd in a week.
And if of virtue they could not have trick'd her,
They'd damn'd her for a fool—perhaps have kick'd her.
But jeſt apart—for all our Bard has wrote,
Our moſt alluring bait's the petticoat.
Before that magic ſhrine the proudeſt fall,
'Tis that enchanting circle draws in all,
Let fools ſay what they will, experience teaches,
'Tis beſt to marry firſt—then wear the breeches.

PROLOGUE

TO THE SAME.

Spoken by Mr. WOODWARD.

In the Character of a Critic, *with a* Catcall *in his Hand.*

ARE you all ready? Here's your muſic! here!*
Author, ſneak off, we'll tickle you, my dear.

* Blowing his Catcall.

The

The fellow ſtop'd me in a helliſh fright——
Pray, Sir, ſays he, muſt I be damn'd to-night,
Damn'd!—ſurely friend—Don't hope for our compliance,
Zounds, Sir!—a ſecond play's downright defiance,
Tho' once, poor rogue, we pity'd your condition,
Here's the true recipe—for repetition.
Well, Sir, ſays he, e'en as you pleaſe, ſo then,
I'll never trouble you with plays again.
But hark ye, Poet!—won't you tho', ſays I?
'Pon honour—Then we'll damn you, let me die.
Shan't we, my Bucks? Let's take him at his word—
Damn him—or by my ſoul, he'll write a third.
The man wants money, I ſuppoſe—But mind ye——
Tell him you've left your charity behind ye——
A pretty plea, his wants to our regard!
As if we bloods had bowels for a Bard!
Beſides, what men of ſpirit, now-a-days,
Come to give ſober judgments of new plays?
It argues ſome good nature to be quiet—
Good nature!—Ay—But then we loſe a riot.
The ſcribbling fool may beg and make a fuſs,
'Tis death to him—What then?—'Tis ſport to us.
Don't mind me tho'—For all my fun and jokes,
The Bard may find us Bloods, good natur'd Folks.
No crabbed criticks—Foes to riſing merit——
Write but with fire—and we'll applaud with ſpirit—
Our Author aims at no diſhoneſt ends,
He knows no enemies, and boaſts ſome friends;
He takes no methods down your throats to cram it,
So if you like it, ſave it, if not—damn it.

PROLOGUE
TO THE
FAIRIES.

Written and Spoken by Mr. GARRICK.

Enter—Interrupting the Band of Muſic.

A MOMENT ſtop your tuneful fingers, pray,
While *here*, as uſual, I my duty pay.
[*To the audience.*

Don't frown, my friends, [*to the band*] you ſoon ſhall melt again;
But, if not *there*, is felt each dying ſtrain,
Poor I ſhall *ſpeak* and you will *ſcrape* in vain.
To ſee me *now*, you think the ſtrangeſt thing!
For, like friend *Benedict*, I cannot ſing:
Yet in this Prologue, cry but you *Coraggio!*
I'll *ſpeak* you both a *jig*, and an *adagio*.
A *Perſian* king, as *Perſian* tales relate,
Oft went diſguis'd, to hear the people prate;
So, curious I, ſometimes ſteal forth, *incog.*
To hear what critics croak of me—king *Log*.
Three nights ago, I heard a *tête à tête*,
Which fix'd, at once, our *Engliſh Opera*'s fate:
One was a youth born here, but fluſh from *Rome*,
The *other* born abroad, but here is home;
And firſt the *Engliſh foreigner* began,
Who thus addreſs'd the *foreign Engliſhman*:
An *Engliſh Opera!* 'tis not to be borne;
I, both my country, and their muſic ſcorn,
Oh, damn their *Ally Croakers*, and their *early-horn*.
Signor ſi—bat ſons—wors recitativo:
Il tutto, è beſtiale e cativo,
This ſaid, I made my *exit*, full of terrors!
And now aſk mercy, for the following errors:
Excuſe us firſt, for fooliſhly ſuppoſing;
Your *countryman* could pleaſe you in compoſing;
An *Op'ra* too!—play'd by an *Engliſh* band,
Wrote in a language which you underſtand—
I dare not ſay, WHO wrote it—I could tell ye,
To ſoften matters—Signor *Shakeſpearelli*:
This awkward *drama*—(I confeſs th' offence)
Is guilty too, of poetry and ſenſe,
And then the price we take—you'll all abuſe it,
So low, ſo unlike *Op'ras*—but excuſe it,
We'll mend that fauſt, whenever you ſhall chuſe it.
Our laſt miſchance, and worſe than all the reſt,
Which turns the whole perſormance to a jeſt,
OUR fingers all are well, and all will do their beſt.
But why would this raſh fool, this *Engliſhman*,
Attempt an *Op'ra?*—'tis the ſtrangeſt plan!
Struck with the wonders of his maſter's art,
Whoſe *ſacred dramas* ſhake and melt the heart,

Whoſe

Whoſe heaven-born ſtrains the coldeſt breaſt inſpire,
Whoſe *chorus-thunder* ſets the ſoul on fire!
Inflam'd, aſtoniſh'd! at thoſe magic airs,
When *Sampſon* groans, and frantic *Saul* deſpairs,
The pupil wrote—his work is now before ye,
And waits your ſtamp of infamy, or glory!
Yet, ere his errors and his faults are known,
He ſays, thoſe faults, thoſe errors, are his own;
If through the clouds appear ſome glimm'ring rays,
They're ſparks he caught from his great maſter's blaze!

OCCASIONAL PROLOGUE:

AT THE OPENING OF DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

Spoken by Mr. GARRICK.

AS heroes, ſtates, and kingdoms riſe and fall:
So—(with the mighty to compare the ſmall—)
Thro' int'reſt, whim, or if you pleaſe thro' fate,
We feel commotions in our mimick ſtate;
The ſock and buſkin fly from ſtage to ſtage;
A year's alliance is with us—an age!
And where's the wonder? All ſurprize muſt ceaſe,
When we reflect, how int'reſt, or caprice,
Make real kings break *articles of peace.*
Strengthen'd with new allies, our foes prepare;
Cry havock! and let ſlip the dogs of war.
To ſhake our ſouls, the papers of the day
Drew forth the adverſe power in dread array:
A power, might ſtrike the boldeſt with diſmay:
Yet fearleſs ſtill we take the field with ſpirit,
Arm'd cap-a-pie in ſelf-ſufficient merit.
Our ladies too with ſouls and tongues untam'd,
Fire up like Britons, when the battle's nam'd:
Each female heart pants for the glorious ſtrife,
From Hamlet's mother, to the cobler's wife.
Some few there are, whom paltry paſſions guide,
Deſert each day, and fly from ſide to ſide;
Others like Swiſs, love fighting as their trade,
For beat, or beating—they muſt all be paid.
Sacred to Shakeſpeare, was this ſpot deſign'd,
To pierce the heart, and humanize the mind;

But if an empty houſe, the actor's curſe,
Shews us our Lears, and Hamlets, loſe their force;
Unwilling we muſt change the nobler ſcene,
And in our turn, preſent you harlequin:
Quit poets, and ſet carpenters to work,
Shew gaudy ſcenes, or mount the vaulting Turk.
For tho' we actors one and all agree
Boldly to ſtruggle for our—vanity;
If want comes on, importance muſt retreat;
Our firſt, great, ruling paſſion is—to eat.
To keep the field, all-methods we'll purſue;
The conflict glorious! for we fight for *you*:
And ſhould we fail to gain the wiſh'd applauſe,
At leaſt we're vanquiſh'd in a noble cauſe.

EPILOGUE
TO
CAIUS MARIUS.

Spoken by Mrs. BARRY, who acted LAVINIA.

A MISCHIEF on't! tho' I'm again alive,
May I believe this Play of ours ſhall thrive?
This drumming, trumpeting, and fighting play:
Why, what a devil will the people ſay?
The nation that's without, and hears the din,
Will ſwear we're raiſing volunteers again.
For know, our Poet, when this Play was made,
Had nought but drums and trumpets in his head;
Had baniſh'd poetry, and all her charms,
And needs the fool would be a man at arms.
No 'Prentice e'er, grown weary of indentures,
Had ſuch a longing mind to ſeek adventures,
Nay, ſure at laſt th' Infection gen'ral grew;
For t'other day I was a captain too:
Neither for *Flanders* nor for *France* to roam,
But, juſt as you were all, to ſtay at home.
And now for you who here come wrapt in cloaks,
Only for love of *Underhill* and nurſe *Noakes*,
Our poet ſays, One day t'a play ye come,
Which ſerves ye half a year for wit at home.

But

But which amongſt you is there to be found,
Will take his third day's pawn for fifty pound?
Or, now he is caſhier'd, will fairly venture
To give him ready money for's debenture?
Therefore when he receiv'd that fatal doom,
This play came forth, in hopes his friends would come
To help a poor diſbanded ſoldier home.

PROLOGUE

TO

GUSTAVUS VASA.

BRITONS! this night preſents a ſtate diſtreſs'd,
Tho' brave, yet vanquiſh'd; and tho' great, oppreſs'd;
Vice, rav'ning Vulture, on her vitals prey'd,
Her peers, her prelates, ſell corruption ſway'd;
Their rights, for pow'r, th' ambitious weakly ſold,
The wealthy, poorly, for ſuperfluous gold;
Hence waſting ills, hence ſev'ring factions roſe,
And gave large entrance to invading foes;
Truth, juſtice, honour fled th' infected Shore.
For freedom, ſacred freedom was no more.
Then, greatly riſing in his country's right,
Her hero, her deliverer ſprung to light;
A race of hardy, northern ſons he led,
Guiltleſs of courts, untainted, and unread,
Whoſe inborn ſpirit ſpurn'd th' ignoble fee,
Whoſe hands ſcorn'd bondage, for their hearts were free.
Aſk ye what law their conqu'ring cauſe confeſs'd?
Great nature's law, the law within the breaſt,
Form'd by no art, and to no ſect confin'd,
But ſtamp'd by heav'n upon th' unletter'd mind.
Such, ſuch, of old the firſt-born natives were,
Who breath'd the virtues of *Britannia*'s air,
Their realm, when mighty *Cæſar* vainly ſought;
For mightier freedom againſt *Cæſar* fought,
And rudely drove the fam'd invader home,
To tyrannize o'er poliſh'd—venal *Rome*.

Our Bard, exalted in a freeborn flame,
To ev'ry nation wou'd transfer this claim.
He to no ſtate, no climate bounds his page,
He bids the moral beam thro' ev'ry age;
Then be your judgment gen'rous as his plan,
Ye ſons of freedom!—ſave the friend of Man.

PROLOGUE

TO

TANCRED AND SIGISMUNDA.

BOLD is the man who, in this nicer age,
Preſumes to tread the chaſte corrected ſtage.
Now, with gay tinſel arts we can no more
Conceal the want of Nature's ſterling ore;
Our ſpells are vaniſh'd, broke our magic wand,
That us'd to waft you over ſea and land.
Before your *light* the fairy people fade,
The Dæmons fly.—The ghoſt itſelf is laid.
In vain of martial ſcenes the loud alarms,
The mighty Prompter thund'ring out to arms,
The Playhouſe poſſe clatt'ring from afar,
The cloſe-wedg'd battle, and the din of war.
Now ev'n the ſenate ſeldom we convene;
The yawning fathers nod behind the ſcene.
Your taſte rejects the glitt'ring falſe ſublime,
To ſigh in metaphor, and die in rhime.
High *rant* is tumbled from his gall'ry throne;
Deſcription, dreams,—nay, ſimiles are gone.
What ſhall we then? to pleaſe you, how deviſe?
Whoſe judgment ſits not in your ears and eyes.
Thrice happy! could we catch great *Shakeſpeare*'s art,
To trace the deep receſſes of the heart;
His ſimple, plain ſublime; to which is giv'n
To ſtrike the ſoul with darted flame from heaven:
Could we awake ſoft *Otway*'s tender woe,
The pomp of verſe and golden lines of *Rowe*.
We to your hearts apply: let them attend;
Before their ſilent, candid bar we bend.
If warn'd they liſten; 'tis our nobleſt praiſe;
If cold, they wither all the Muſe's bays.

PRO-

PROLOGUE
TO
A PEEP BEHIND THE CURTAIN.

Spoken by Mr. KING.

BOLD is the man, and compos mentis, ſcarce—
Who, in theſe nicer times, dares write a Farce;
A vulgar, long-forgotten taſte renew;
All now are Comedies, five acts or two.
Authors have ever in a canting ſtrain
Begg'd mercy for the bantling of their brain:
That you, kind nurſe, wou'd fondle't on your lap,
And rear it with applauſe, that beſt of pap—
Thus Babes have in their cradles 'ſcap'd a blow,
Though lame and rickety from top to toe:
Our Bard with Prologue-outworks has not fenc'd him;
For all that I ſhall ſay will make againſt him.
Imprimis, this his piece—a Farce we call it—
Ergo, 'tis low—and ten to one you maul it!
Wou'd you, becauſe 'tis low, no quarter give?
Black-guards, as well as Gentlemen, ſhou'd live.
'Tis downright Engliſh too—Nothing from France,
Except ſome Beaſts, which treat you with a dance.
With a Burletta too we ſhall preſent you—
And not Italian—that will diſcontent you.
Nay, what is worſe—you'll ſee it, and muſt know it—
I *Thomas King*, of *King-ſtreet*, am the Poet.
The murder's out, the murderer detected,
May in one night be try'd, condemn'd, diſſected.
'Tis ſaid, for Scandal's tongue will never ceaſe,
That miſchief's meant againſt our little Piece:
Let me look round, I'll tell you how the caſe is—
There's not one frown a ſingle brow diſgraces;
I never ſaw a ſweeter ſet of faces!
Suppoſe *Old Nick*, before you righteous folk,
Produce a Farce, brim-full of mirth and joke;
Though he, at other times, wou'd fire your blood,
You'd clap his Piece, and ſwear, 'twas *dev'liſh* good!
Malice propenſe! 'tis falſe—it cannot be——
Light is my heart, from apprehenſions free——
If you wou'd ſave *Old Nick*, you'll never damn poor me.

PROLOGUE

TO

TASTE.

WRITTEN BY MR. GARRICK.

And ſpoken by him in the Character of an AUCTIONEER.

BEFORE this Court I PETER PUFF appear,
A *Briton* born, and bred an *Auctioneer*;
Who for myſelf, and eke a hundred others,
My uſeful, honeſt, learned bawling brothers,
With much humility and fear implore ye,
To lay our preſent, deſp'rate caſe before ye.—
'Tis ſaid, this night a certain Wag intends
To laugh at us, our calling, and our friends:—
If Lords and Ladies, and ſuch dainty folks,
Are cur'd of Auction-hunting by his jokes;
Should this odd doctrine ſpread throughout the land,
Before you buy, be ſure to underſtand,
Oh! think on us what various ills will flow,
When great ONES only purchaſe—what they know.
Why laugh at TASTE! It is a harmleſs faſhion,
And quite ſubdues each detrimental paſſion;
The fair Ones hearts will ne'er incline to man,
While thus they rage for—*China* and *Japan*.
The *Virtuoſo* too, and *Connoiſſeur*,
Are ever decent, delicate, and pure;
The ſmalleſt hair their looſer thoughts might hold,
Juſt warm when ſingle, and when married cold:
Their blood at ſight of beauty gently flows,
Their *Venus* muſt be old, and want a noſe!
No am'rous paſſion with deep knowledge thrives;
'Tis the complaint indeed of all our wives!
'Tis ſaid *virtù* to ſuch a heighth is grown,
All artiſts are encourag'd——but our own.
Be not deceiv'd, I here declare on oath,
I never yet ſold goods of *foreign* growth:
Ne'er ſent commiſſions out to *Greece* or *Rome*;
My beſt antiquities are made at home.
I've *Romans*, *Greeks*, *Italians* near at hand,
True *Britons* all—and living in the *Strand*.

I ne'er

I ne'er for trinkets rack my pericranium,
They furniſh out my room *Herculaneum.*
But huſh ——————
Should it be known that *Engliſh* are employ'd,
Our manufacture is at once deſtroy'd;
No matter what our countrymen deſerve,
They'll thrive as antients, but as moderns ſtarve—
If we ſhould fall—to you it will be owing;
Farewel to arts—they're *going, going, going*;
The fatal hammer's in your hand, oh Town!
Then ſet *Us* up—and knock the POET down.

PROLOGUE

TO

NO ONE's ENEMY BUT HIS OWN.

BOLD was the man, and fenc'd in every part,
With oak and ten-fold braſs about the heart,
To build a play who tortur'd firſt his brain,
And then dare launch it on this ſtormy main.
What though at firſt he ſpreads his little ſails
To heav'n's indulgent and propitious gales,
As the land gradual leſſens to his eye,
He finds a troubled ſea and low'ring ſky;
Envy, detraction, calumny, and ſpite
Raiſe a worſe ſtorm than when the ſeas unite.
Around his bark in many a dang'rous ſhoal,
Thoſe monſters of the deep, the critics, prowl.
"She's a weak veſſel, for thoſe ſeas unfit,
"And has on board her not one ſpice of wit:
"She's French built too, of foreign make, they cry,
"Like geeſe ſtill cackling that the *Gauls* are nigh:"
If thrown on rocks like the hoarſe daſhing wave;
Th' unhappy crew no hand is ſtretch'd to ſave;
But round the wreck, like *Mars* with furious joy,
The witlings croud,——to murder and deſtroy.
Theſe are known dangers; and 'tis full as certain,
The Bard meets other ills behind the curtain,
Little you think, ere yet you fix his fate,
What previous miſchiefs there in ambuſh wait;

What plagues ariſe from all the mimic throng,
" My part's too ſhort;—and, ſir, my part's too long!
" This calls for incident; that repartee;
" Down the back ſtairs pen an eſcape for me.
" Give me a ladder, Mr. *Bayes*, of rope;
" I love to wear the breeches and elope.
" Something for me the groundling ears to ſplit,
" Write a dark cloſet, or a fainting fit,
" Fix *Woodward* in ſome whimſical diſgrace:
" Or be facetious with old *Shuter*'s face."
This is our way; and yet our bard to-night
Removes each obſtacle, and brings to light
Some ſcenes we hope he brings to nature true,
Some gleams of humour, and a moral too;
But no ſtrange monſters offers to your view;
No forms groteſque and wild, are here at ſtrife:
He boaſts an etching from the real life;
Exerts his efforts, in a poliſh'd age,
To drive the *Smithfield* muſes from the ſtage:
By eaſy dialogue would win your praiſe,
And on fair decency graft all his bays.

PROLOGUE
TO
LILLIPUT.

BY MR. GARRICK.

Spoken by Mr. WOODWARD.

BEHOLD a Conjurer—that's ſomething new,——
For as times go—my brethren are but few.
I'm come with magic ring, and taper wand,
To waft you far from this your native land.
Ladies, don't fear——my coach is large and eaſy,
I know your humours, and will drive to pleaſe ye;
Gently you'll ride, as in a fairy dream,
Your hoops unſqueez'd, and not a beau ſhall ſcream.
You ſhall be back in time for cards to-night;
What ſtill diſordered!——well,——I know your fright——
Swift as queen *Mab* within her hazle nut,
I'll ſet you ſafely down at *Lilliput*.

Away

Away we go——ge'up——Ladies keep your places,
And Gentlemen—for ſhame—don't ſcrew your faces.
Softly my imps and fiends——you critics there
Pray you ſit ſtill—or I can never ſteer,
My dev'ls, are not the dev'ls you need to fear.
Hold faſt, my friends above——for faith we ſpin it;
My uſual rate's a thouſand miles a minute.
A Stateſman, now, could tell how high we ſoar——
Stateſmen have been theſe airy jaunts before.
I ſee the land—the folks—what limbs! what features!
There's Lords and Ladies too——the pretty creatures!
Now to your ſight theſe puppets I'll produce,
Which may, if rightly heeded, turn to uſe;
Puppets not made of wood, and play'd with wires,
But fleſh and blood, and full of ſtrange deſires.
So ſtrange—you'll ſcarce believe me ſhould I tell——
For giant vices may in pigmies dwell.
Beware you lay not to the Conjurer's charge,
That theſe in miniature, are you in large:
To *you* theſe *little* folks have no relation,
As diff'rent in their manners, as their nation,
To ſhew your pranks requires no conjuration.
Open your eyes and ears——your mouths be ſhut,
England is vaniſh'd—(*waves his wand*)—Enter *Lilliput*.
(*Strikes the curtain, and ſinks.*)

PROLOGUE

TO

AN HOUR BEFORE MARRIAGE.

Spoken by Mr. WOODWARD in the Character of HARLEQUIN.

WRITTEN BY MR. COLMAN.

BEHOLD, ye Critics of this claſſic age,
The only relic of the antient Stage!
In *Greece* no player try'd the arduous taſk,
Of acting love, grief, rage,—without a maſk;
On vizors fram'd of canvas, braſs, and wood,
Humours and paſſions ready-painted ſtood;

Actors, from Nature borrowing no grace,
By *Rouge*, like modern Ladies, form'd the face.
Laïs, without a tooth could charm the beaux,
Ammon might squint, and *Venus* want a nose.
Poor *Harlequin*, tho' mask'd, like these once spoke,
And *France* and *Italy* admir'd each joke:
But round-head *England*,—all things who curtails,
Who cuts off monarchs heads and horses tails—
By malice led, by rage and envy stung,
Put in my mouth a gag, and ty'd my tongue.
Yet I'll remonstrate—I'll unfold my case—
Yes, I will speak—nay more, I'll shew my face.
[*Pushes up his mask.*
Hark, a pursuit!—the Critics in full cry!
No minister is half so maul'd as I:
Nay, plaster'd on posts, tho' they often announce me,
Even Managers doubt if they shou'd not renounce me.
Yet 'tis I give a zest to their comedy scenes,
I hold up the tail of their tragedy queens:
Without my caprioles, whims, and frolics to tempt ye,
Pit and boxes are thin, and the galleries empty!
Then, sirs, let me claim—and claim by old right,
The rear of each play, the fag-end of each night!
What! discard me for faces on folly and vice,
Compos'd by themselves—and retail'd at half price!
Our Poet to-night—Arrah, joys, a dear Honey!
Comes from *Ireland* to pocket your sweet *British* money:
Nay, brings in a *Scotsman*—because 'tis the fashion
To feast at th' expence of a neighbouring nation.
But since after Plays there shou'd come Pantomime,
Or Opera shou'd squall—a plain farce is a crime:
So, however, with plot, wit, and humour he cram it,
I, *Harlequin*, humbly beseech you to damn it.

PROLOGUE
TO
BOADICIA.

Spoken by Mr. Mossop.

BESIDE his native Thames, our Poet long
Hath hung his silent harp, and hush'd his song.
Kind

Kind Commerce whiſper'd "See my bliſsful ſtate,
"And to no ſmiles but mine reſign thy fate.
"Beneath the pregnant branches reſt awhile,
"Which by my culture ſpread this favour'd iſle;
"On that fair tree the fruits of ev'ry coaſt,
"All, which the Ganges and the Volga boaſt,
"All, which the ſun's luxuriant beam ſupplies,
"Or ſlowly ripens under frozen ſkies,
"In mix'd variety of growth ariſe.
"The copious leaves beneficence diffuſe,
"Which on affliction drops reſtoring dews,
"And birds of hope among the loaded ſprays
"Tune with enchantment their alluring lays,
"To cheer deſpondence and th' inactive raiſe.
"Reſt here, ſhe cry'd, and ſmiling time again
"May ſtring thy lyre, and I approve the ſtrain."
At length his muſe from exile he recalls,
Urg'd by his patrons in Auguſta's walls.
Thoſe gen'rous traders, who alike ſuſtain
Their nation's glory on th' obedient main,
And bounteous raiſe affliction's drooping train.
They, who benignant to his toils afford
Their ſhelt'ring favour, have his muſe reſtor'd.
They in her future fame will juſtly ſhare,
But her diſgrace herſelf muſt ſingly bear;
Calm hours of learned leiſure they have giv'n,
And could no more, for genius is from heav'n.
To open now her long-hid roll ſhe tries,
When vary'd forms of pictur'd paſſions riſe.
Revenge and pride their furies firſt unfold,
By artleſs virtue fatally controll'd.
Scenes wrought with gentler pencils then ſucceed,
Where love perſuades a faithful wife to bleed;
Where, join'd to public cares, domeſtic woe
Is ſeen from manly fortitude to flow.
But if her colours mock the candid eye
By ſpurious tincts, unmix'd with nature's dye,
Ye friendly hands, reſtrain your fruitleſs aid,
And with juſt cenſure let her labours fade.

PRO-

PROLOGUE

TO THE

ROMAN FATHER.

Spoken by MR. BARRY.

BRITONS, to-night in native pomp we come,
True heroes all, from virtuous antient Rome;
In thoſe far diſtant times when Romans knew
The ſweets of guarded liberty, like you;
And, ſafe from ills which force or faction brings,
Saw freedom reign beneath the ſmile of kings.
Yet from ſuch times, and ſuch plain chiefs as theſe,
What can we frame a poliſhed age to pleaſe?
Say, can you liſten to the artleſs woes
Of an old tale, which every ſchool-boy knows?
Where to your hearts alone the ſcenes apply,
No merit their's but pure ſimplicity.
Our bard has play'd a moſt adventurous part,
And turn'd upon himſelf the critic's art:
Stripp'd each luxuriant plume from Fancy's wings,
And torn up ſimilies like vulgar things.
Nay even each moral, *ſentimental*, ſtroke,
Where not the character but poet ſpoke,
He lopp'd, as foreign to his chaſte deſign,
Nor ſpar'd an uſeleſs tho' a golden line.
Theſe are his arts; if theſe cannot atone
For all thoſe nameleſs errors yet unknown,
If ſhunning faults which nobler bards commit,
He wants their force to ſtrike th' attentive pit,
Be juſt and tell him ſo; he aſks advice,
Willing to learn, and would not aſk it twice.
Your kind applauſe may bid him write—beware!
Or kinder cenſure teach him to forbear.

PRO-

PROLOGUE, *written and ſpoken by Mr.* WOODWARD, *on his firſt Appearance on* Covent Garden *Theatre*, October 5, *in the Character of* MARPLOT, *after having been Manager at* Dublin *four Years.*

BEHOLD! the prodigal *return'd*—quite *tame*—
And (though you'll hardly think it) full of *ſhame*:
Aſham'd! ſo long t'have left my patrons here—
On random ſchemes—the Lord knows *what* and *where!*
—With *piteous* face (long ſtranger to a *grin*)
Receive the *penitent*—and, let him in!
Forgive his *errors*—ope the *friendly* door;
And, then, he's *your's* 1 *—and *your's* 2—and *your's* 3;
—as heretofore—
—Ye Gods! what havock does *ambition* make—
Ambition drove me to the grand miſtake!
Ambition! made me *mad* enough to roam—
But, now, I feel (with joy) that *home* is *home*—
—Faith! they put *powder in my drink*, d'ye ſee?
Or elſe, by *Pharaoh's foot*, it could not be!
Belike queen *Mab* toucht me (at *full o'th' moon*)
With a *Field Marſhal Manager's* battoon—
And, ſo, I dreamt of *riches—honour—pow'r*—
'Twas but a *dream* tho'—and, that *dream* is o'er—
—How happy, now, I walk my native ground;
Above—below—nay! faith—all *round and round*,
I gueſs ſome pleaſures in your boſoms burn,
To ſee the *prodigal* poor *ſon return*—
Perhaps I'm *vain*, tho', and the caſe miſtake;
No—no—yes—yes—for old acquaintance ſake.
Some gen'rous, hoſpitable, ſmiles you'll ſend—
Beſides! I *own* my faults and mean to *mend*—
†—Oh, ho! they ring—how *ſweet* that ſound appears!
After an abſence of four *tireſome* years—
Marplot, to-night—ſo ſays the *bill of fare* ‡,
Now waits your pleaſure, with his *uſual* air—
Oh! may I *act* the part ſtill *o'er* and *o'er!*
But never BE the BUSY body more.

* 1, 2, 3, Pit, Boxes, Galleries.
† The warning-bell rings. ‡ Pointing to a play-bill.

EPI-

An EPILOGUE,

Deſigned to be ſpoken by Mrs. WOFFINGTON, *in the Character of a* Volunteer, *in the Year* 1746.

Enter, reading a Gazette.

CURSE on all cowards, ſay I! why, bleſs my eyes——
No, no, it can't be true: this *Gazette* lies:
Our men retreat before a ſcrub banditti,
Who ſcarce cou'd fright the buff coats of the city!
Well, if 'tis ſo, and that our men can't ſtand,
'Tis time we women take the thing in hand.
Thus, in my country's cauſe, I now appear,
A bold, ſmart, *Khevenhuller'd* volunteer.
And really, mark ſome heroes in the nation,
Ye'll think this no unnatural transformation:
For if in valour real manhood lies,
All cowards are but——women in diſguiſe.
They cry theſe rebels are ſo ſtout and tall:
Ay, Lord, I'd lower the proudeſt of them all:
Try but my mettle, place me in the van,
And poſt me, if I don't bring down my man.
Had we an army of ſuch valorous wenches,
What men, d'ye think, wou'd dare attack our trenches?
Oh! how th' artillery of our eyes wou'd maul 'em!
ut our maſk'd batteries! Lord, how they wou'd gall 'em!
No rebel 'gainſt ſuch force durſt take the field,
For, damme, but we'd die before we'd yield.
Joking apart: we women have ſtrong reaſon,
To ſtop the progreſs of this popiſh treaſon;
For now, when female liberty's at ſtake,
All women ought to buſtle for its ſake.
Shou'd theſe audacious ſons of *Rome* prevail,
Vows, convents, and that heathen thing a veil,
Muſt come in faſhion; and ſuch inſtitutions
Wou'd ſuit but oddly with our conſtitutions:
What gay coquet wou'd brook a nun's profeſſion?
And I've ſome private reaſons 'gainſt confeſſion.
Beſides, our good men of the church, they ſay,
(Who, now, thank heav'n, may love as well as pray)

Muſt

Muſt then be only wed to cloyſter'd houſes:
Stop,—there we're fobb'd of twenty thouſand ſpouſes:
And, faith, no bad ones, as I'm told; then judge ye,
Is't fit we loſe our——benefit of clergy.
In freedom's cauſe, ye patriot-fair, ariſe,
Exert the ſacred influence of your eyes;
On valiant merit deign alone to ſmile,
And vindicate the glory of our iſle;
To no baſe coward proſtitute your charms,
Diſband the lover who deſerts his arms;
So ſhall you fire each hero to his duty,
And *Britiſh* rights be ſav'd by *Britiſh* beauty.

EPILOGUE
TO THE
MAID OF BATH,
WRITTEN BY MR. CUMBERLAND.

Spoken by MRS. JEWELL.

CONFIDING in the juſtice of the place,
To you *the Maid of Bath* ſubmits her caſe:
Wrong'd and defeated of three ſeveral ſpouſes,
She lays her damages for nine full houſes.
Well, ſirs, you've heard the parties *pro* and *con*.
Do the *pro*'s carry it? Shall the ſuit go on?
Speak hearts for us, to them we make appeal;
Tell us not what you think, but what you feel:
Aſk us, why bring a private cauſe to view?
We anſwer, with a ſigh—becauſe 'tis true:
For tho' invention is our poet's trade,
Here he but copies parts, which others play'd.
For on a ramble late, one ſtarry night,
With Aſmodeo, his familiar ſprite,
High on the wings, by his conductor's ſide,
This guilty ſcene the indignant Bard deſcry'd:
Soaring in air, his ready pen he drew,
And daſh'd the glowing ſatire as he flew:
For in theſe rank luxuriant times there needs
Some ſtrong bold hand to pluck the noxious weeds.

The

The rake of ſixty, crippl'd hand and knee,
Who ſins on claret, and repents on tea:
The witleſs Macaroni, who purloins
A few cant words, which ſome pert gambler coins:
The undomeſtic Amazonian dame,
Staunch to her *Coterie*, in deſpite of fame:
Theſe are the victims of our poet's plan,
But moſt, that *monſter*—an unfeeling man.
When ſuch a foe provokes him to the fight,
Tho' maim'd, out ſallies the puiſſant knight:
Like Withrington, maintains the glorious ſtrife,
And only yields his laurels—with his life.

PROLOGUE

TO THE

CAPUCHIN.

WRITTEN BY GEORGE COLMAN, ESQ.

Spoken by MR. FOOTE.

CRITICS, whene'er I write, in every ſcene
Diſcover meanings that I never mean;
Whatever character I bring to view,
I am the father of the child 'tis true,
But every babe his chriſtening owes to you.
"The comic poet's eye, with humorous air,
Glancing from Watling-ſtreet to Groſvenor-ſquare,
He bodies forth a light ideal train,
And turns to ſhape the phantoms of his brain:
Meanwhile your fancy takes more partial aim,
And gives to airy nothing, place and name."
A limner once, in want of work, went down
To try his fortune in a country town;
The waggon, loaded with his goods, convey'd
To the ſame ſpot his whole dead ſtock in trade,
Originals and copies—ready made.
To the new painter all the country came,
Lord, Lady, Doctor, Lawyer, 'Squire, and Dame,
The humble Curate, and the Curate's wife,
All aſk a likeneſs—taken from the life.

Behold

Behold the canvas on the eaſel ſtand!
A pallet grac'd his thumb, and bruſhes fill'd his hand:
But, ah! the painter's ſkill they little knew,
Nor by what curious rules of art he drew.
The waggon-load unpack'd, his antient ſtore,
Furniſh'd for each a face drawn long before,
God, Dame, or Hero—of the days of yore.
The Cæſars, with a little alteration,
Were turn'd into the Mayor and Corporation:
To repreſent the Rector, and the Dean,
He added wigs and bands to Prince Eugene:
The Ladies, blooming all, deriv'd their faces
From Charles the Second's beauties, and the Graces.
Thus done, and circled in a ſplendid frame,
His works adorn'd each room, and ſpread his fame.
The countrymen of taſte, admire and ſtare,
"My Lady's leer! Sir John's majeſtic air!
Miſs Dimple's languiſh too!—extremely like!
And in the ſtile and manner of Vandyke!
Oh! this new limner's pictures always ſtrike!
Old, young, fat, lean, dark, fair; or big, or little;
The very man or woman to a tittle!"
Foote and this limner in ſome points agree,
And thus, good Sirs, you often deal by me.
When, by the royal licence and protection,
I ſhew my ſmall academy's collection,
The Connoiſſeur takes out his glaſs, to pry
Into each picture with a curious eye;
Turns topſy-turvy my whole compoſition,
And makes mere portraits all my exhibition.
But ſtill the copy's ſo exact, you ſay;
Alas, the ſame thing happens every day!
How many a modiſh well-dreſs'd Fop you meet,
Exactly ſuits his ſhape—in Monmouth-ſtreet;
In Yorkſhire warehouſes, and Cranborn-alley,
'Tis wonderful how ſhoes and feet will tally!
As honeſt Criſpin underſtands his trade,
On the true human ſcale his laſts are made,
The meaſure of each ſex and age to hit,
And every ſhoe, as if beſpoke, will fit.
My warehouſe thus for nature's walks ſupplies
Shoes for all ranks, and laſts of every ſize.

Sit ſtill, and try them, Sirs! I long to pleaſe ye!
How well they fit! I hope you find them eaſy:
If the ſhoe pinches, ſwear you cannot bear it,
But if well made—I wiſh you health to wear it.

EPILOGUE
TO
SCHOOL FOR WIVES.

Spoken by Mrs. ABINGTON.

CAN it be thought, ye wives! this ſcribbling fool,
Will draw you here, by calling you to *School?*
Does not he know, poor ſoul! to be directed,
Is what you hate, and more to be corrected!
Long have theſe walls to public fame been known,
An *antient College* to inſtruct the town!
We've *Schools* for *Rakes*, for *Fathers*, *Lovers*, *Wives*,
For naughty girls and boys, to mend their lives:
Where ſome to yawn, ſome round about to look,
Some to be ſeen, few come to mind their book:
Some with high wit and humour hither run,
To ſweat the maſters—and they call it fun.
Some modiſh ſparks, true ſtoicks, and high bred,
Come, but ne'er know what's done, or ſung, or ſaid;
Should the whole herd of critics round them roar,
And with one voice cry out, *encore! encore!*
Or louder yet, *off, off; no more! no more!*
Should Pit, Box, Gall'ry, with convulſions ſhake,
Still are they half aſleep, nor t'other half awake:
O, Ladies fair! are theſe fit men to wed?
Such huſbands, *half*, had better be *quite* dead.
But, to return—vain men, throughout the nation,
Boaſt, they alone, have *College education:*
Are not *we* qualify'd to teach degrees?
We've *caps* and *gowns*, nay *bands* too, if you pleaſe,
Cornelly's, and *Almack*'s, our *Univerſities!*
Young female ſtudents riſe, if girls of parts,
From under graduates,—*miſtreſſes of arts!*
The baſhful ſpinſters, turn important ſpouſes,
Strive to be *maſters*, and the *heads of houſes!*

Will any of you here, bleſt with a wife,
Diſpute the fact,—you dare not for your life.
Pray tell me truly, critics, and be free,
Do you this night, prefer the *Wife* to *me*?
Shall Mrs. *Belville* give the Play a name?
What are her merits? a cold, ſmiling dame,
While I, a ſalamander, liv'd in flame!
Preſs'd by *three* lovers!—'twas indeed provoking!
Ladies, upon my word, it was no joking.
Can you from mortal woman more require,
Than ſave her fingers, and yet play with fire?
The riſks I run, the partial Bard upbraids;
Wives won't be taught,—be it the *School for Maids.*

PROLOGUE
TO THE
WEST INDIAN.

Spoken by Mr. REDDISH.

CRITICS, hark forward! noble game and new,
A fine Weſt Indian ſtarted full in view:
Hot as the ſoil, the clime, which gave him birth,
You'll run him on a burning ſcent to earth;
Yet don't devour him in his hiding place,
Bag him, he'll ſerve you for another chace;
For ſure that country has no feeble claim,
Which ſwells our commerce, and ſupports your fame.
And in this humble ſketch, we hope you'll find,
Some emanations of a noble mind;
Some little touches, which, tho' void of art,
May find perhaps their way into the heart.
Another hero your excuſe implores,
Sent by your ſiſter kingdom to your ſhores;
Doom'd by Religion's too ſevere command,
To fight for bread againſt his native land:
A brave, unthinking, animated rogue,
With here and there a touch upon the brogue:
Laugh, but deſpiſe him not, for on his lip
His errors lie; his heart can never trip.

Others

Others there are—but may we not prevail
To let the Gentry tell their own plain tale?
Shall they come in? They'll pleaſe you, if they can;
If not, condemn the Bard—but ſpare the *man*.
For ſpeak, think, act, or write in angry times,
A wiſh to pleaſe is made the worſt of crimes;
Dire ſlander now with black envenom'd dart,
Stands ever arm'd to ſtab you to the heart.
Rouſe, Britons, rouſe for honour of your iſle,
Your old good-humour; and be ſeen to ſmile.
You ſay we write not like our fathers—true,
Nor were our fathers half ſo ſtrict as you.
Damn'd not each error of the poet's pen,
But judging man, remember'd they were men,
Aw'd into ſilence by the time's abuſe,
Sleep many a wiſe, and many a witty muſe;
We that for mere experiment come out,
Are but the light arm'd rangers on the ſcout:
High on Parnaſſus' lofty ſummit ſtands
The immortal camp; there lie the choſen bands!
But give fair quarters to us puny elves,
The giants then will ſally forth themſelves;
With wit's ſharp weapons vindicate the age,
And drive ev'n *Arthur*'s magic from the *Stage*.

PROLOGUE

TO

ALMIDA.

WRITTEN BY WILLIAM WHITEHEAD, ESQ.

Spoken by Mr. REDDISH.

CRITICS be dumb—To-night a lady ſues,
From ſoft Italia's ſhores an Engliſh muſe;
Tho' fate there binds her in a pleaſing chain,
Sends to our Stage the offspring of her brain,
True to her birth ſhe pants for Britiſh bays,
And to her country truſts for genuine praiſe.
From infancy we'll read in tragic lore,
She treads the path her father trod before;

To the ſame candid judges truſts her cauſe,
And hopes the ſame indulgence and applauſe.
No Salick Law here bars the female's claim,
Who pleads hereditary right to fame.
Of Love and Arms ſhe ſings, the mighty two,
Whoſe powers uniting muſt the world ſubdue;
Of Love and Arms! in that heroic age,
Which knew no poet's, no hiſtorian's page;
But war to glory form'd th' unletter'd mind,
And chivalry alone taught morals to mankind;
Nor taught in vain, the youth who dar'd aſpire
To the nice honours of a lover's fire,
Obſerv'd with duteous care each rigid rule,
Each ſtern command of labour's patient ſchool;
Was early train'd to bear the ſultry beams
Of burning ſuns, and winter's fierce extremes;
Was brave, was temperate: to one idol fair
His vows he breath'd, his wiſhes center'd there:
Honour alone could gain her kind regard,
Honour was virtue, beauty its reward.
And ſhall not Britiſh breaſts, in beauty's cauſe,
Adopt to-night the manners which ſhe draws?
Male writers we confeſs are lawful prize,
Giants and monſters that but rarely riſe!
With their enormous ſpoils your triumphs grace,
Attack, confound, exterminate the race;
But when a Lady tempts the critic war,
Be all knights-errant, and proteſt the fair.

PROLOGUE

TO

DOUBLE GALLANT.

COU'D thoſe, who never try'd, conceive the ſweat,
The toil requir'd, to make a Play compleat;
They'd pardon, or encourage all that cou'd
Pretend to be but tolerably good.
Plot, wit, and humour's hard to meet in one,
And yet without 'em all—all's lamely done:

One

One wit, perhaps, another humour paints;
A third deſigns you well, but genius wants;
A fourth begins with fire—but, ah! to weak too hold it, faints.

A modern Bard, who late adorn'd the bays,
Whoſe muſe advanc'd his fame to envy'd praiſe,
Was ſtill obſerv'd to want his judgment moſt in Plays.

Thoſe, he too often found, required the pain,
And ſtronger forces of a vig'rous brain:
Nay, even alter'd Plays, like houſes mended,
Coſt little leſs than new, before they're ended;
At leaſt, our Author finds the experience true,
For equal pains had made this wholly new;
And tho' the *name* ſeems old, the *ſcenes* will ſhow
That 'tis, in fact, no more the ſame, than now
Fam'd *Chatſworth* is, what 'twas ſome years ago.

Pardon the boldneſs, that a Play ſhou'd dare,
With works of ſo much wonder to compare:
But as that fabrick's antient walls or wood
Were little worth, to make this new one good;
So of this Play, we hope, 'tis underſtood.

For tho' from former *ſcenes* ſome hints he draws,
The ground-plot's wholly chang'd from what it was:
Not but he hopes you'll find enough that's new,
In plot, in perſons, wit, and humour too:
Yet what's not his, he owns in other's right,
Nor toils he now for fame, but your delight.
If that's attain'd, what matters whoſe the Play's;
Applaud the *ſcenes*, and ſtrip him of the praiſe.

PROLOGUE,

At the Revival of EVERY MAN IN HIS HUMOUR.

Spoken by MR. GARRICK.

CRITICS! your favour is our author's right—
The well-known ſcenes, we ſhall preſent to-night,
Are no weak efforts of a modern pen,
But the ſtrong touches of immortal BEN;
A rough old Bard, whoſe honeſt pride diſdain'd
Applauſe itſelf unleſs by merit gain'd——

And

And wou'd to night your loudeſt praiſe diſclaim,
Shou'd his great ſhade perceive the doubtful frame,
Not to his labours granted, but his name.
Boldly he wrote, and boldly told the age,
" He dar'd not proſtitute the uſeful Stage,
" Or purchaſe their delight at ſuch a rate,
" As for it, he himſelf muſt juſtly hate:
" But rather begg'd they would be pleas'd to ſee
" From him, ſuch plays, as other plays ſhou'd be;
" Wou'd learn from him to ſcorn a motley ſcene,
" And leave their monſters, to be pleas'd with men."
Thus ſpoke the Bard—and tho' the times are chang'd,
Since his free muſe, for fools the city rang'd;
And ſatire had not then appear'd in ſtate,
To laſh the finer follies of the great:
Yet let not prejudice infect your mind,
Nor ſlight the gold, becauſe not quite refin'd;
With no ſmall niceneſs this performance view,
Nor damn for low, whate'er is juſt and true:
Sure to thoſe ſcenes ſome honour ſhou'd be paid,
Which *Cambden* patroniz'd, and *Shakeſpear* play'd.
Nature was nature then, and ſtill ſurvives;
The garb may alter, but the ſubſtance lives.
Lives in this play——where each may find complete
His pictur'd ſelf—Then favour the deceit——
Kindly forget the hundred years between;
Become *old Britons*, and admire *old* BEN.

EPILOGUE

TO

CARELESS HUSBAND.

WRITTEN BY COLLEY CIBBER, ESQ.

CONQUEST and freedom are at length our own,
Falſe fears of ſlav'ry no more are ſhown;
Nor dread of paying tribute to a foreign throne.
All ſtations now the fruits of conqueſt ſhare,
Except (if ſmall with great things may compare)
Th' oppreſt condition of the lab'ring Player.

We're ſtill in fears (as you of late in *France*)
Of the deſpotic power of ſong and dance:
For while ſubſcription, like a tyrant, reigns,
Nature's neglected, and the ſtage in chains,
And *Engliſh* actors ſlaves to ſwell the *Frenchman*'s gains.
Like *Æſop*'s crow, the poor out-witted ſtage,
That liv'd on wholeſome plays i' th' latter age,
Deluded once to ſing, ev'n juſtly ſerv'd,
Let fall her cheeſe to the fox mouth, and ſtarv'd:
O that our judgment, as your courage has
Your fame extended, wou'd aſſert our cauſe,
That nothing *Engliſh* might ſubmit to foreign laws.
If we but live to ſee that joyful day,
Then of the *Engliſh* ſtage, reviv'd we may,
As of your honour now, with proper application, ſay.
So when the *Gallick* fox by fraud of peace,
Had lull'd the *Britiſh* lion into eaſe,
And ſaw that ſleep compos'd his couchant head,
He bids him wake, and ſee himſelf betray'd
In toils of treacherous politics around him laid:
Shews him how one cloſe hour of *Gallick* thought
Retook thoſe towns for which he years had fought.
At this th' indignant ſavage rolls his fiery eyes,
Dauntleſs, tho' bluſhing at the baſe ſurpriſe,
Pauſes awhile—but finds delays are vain:
Compell'd to fight, he ſhakes his ſhaggy mane;
He grinds his dreadful pangs; and ſtalks to *Blenheim*'s plain.
There with erected creſt, and horrid roar,
He furious plunges on through ſtreams of gore,
And dyes with falſe *Bavarian* blood the purple *Danube*'s ſhore.
In one puſht battle frees the deſtin'd ſlaves;
Revives old *Engliſh* honour, and an empire ſaves.

PRO-

PROLOGUE

TO

SEMIRAMIS.

WRITTEN BY G. E. AYSCOUGH, ESQ.

Spoken by MR. REDDISH.

CRITICS! I come your favour to implore
For one, who never quak'd ſo much before!
He, for a while, has left the gay parade,
Has doff'd the gorget!—and the ſmart cockade!
Each inſtrument of war has thrown aſide,
To fret! and ſtrut it here—in tragic pride!
From foreign ſhores are rich materials brought,
Which to your *Engliſh* mode our Bard has wrought.
Phœbus forefend—leſt he new dangers run,
And riſe, like *Icarus*, too near the ſun;
On waxen pinions juſt about to ſink,
On his own raſhneſs then too late he'll think,
And drown in a *black ſea* of——critic's ink!
Ye gentle, feeling, female hearts be kind!
A ſoldier ſues!—his brows with laurels bind!
In this—your empire, your protection yield!
At life's expence—he'll pay you in the *field!*
Nor fighting battles, nor beſieging towns,
He dreads!—and only trembles at your frowns!
But hold!—our Author bid me ſay one word
To all his honour'd brothers of the ſword!
He begs by them this night to be befriended;
And bids me promiſe, (this great buſ'neſs ended)
He'll gladly re-aſſume the *ſaſh* once more,
If they his priſtine rank will then reſtore,
Nor deem him a *deſerter* from the *CORPS*.

PROLOGUE

TO THE

DUELLIST.

WRITTEN BY THE AUTHOR.

Spoken by Mr. SMITH.

DEAF to the bar, the pulpit, and the throne.
And aw'd, if aw'd, by ridicule alone,
The daring Duellift, in captious pride,
Hath long his friend, his king, his God defied.
Thrice happy we, if laughter from the ſtage
Should cure this frantic folly in the age:
Happy the father, ſiſter, mother, wife,
Who prize a ſon's, a brother's, huſband's life,
Should we dethrone the tyrant, whoſe caprice
So oft endangers and deſtroys their peace;
Whoſe fell deſpotic ſway doth ev'n enſlave
The great, the good, the generous, and the brave;
Nay, arrant cowards, forc'd into a fray,
Now fight, becauſe they fear—to run away,
Our modiſh heroes, it is true, may bluſter,
Take heart of grace, and all their ſpirits muſter.
This peaceful reformation to oppoſe,
And take, *in talk*, our author by the noſe.——
But, when the comic muſe true humour fires,
And zeal the poignant ſatirift inſpires
Againſt abſurdity to ſet his wit,
And folly's mark, altho' in mirth, to hit,
There lies more peril in his pointed words,
Than lies, alack, in twenty of their ſwords!
Encourag'd hence, the poet of to-night,
Againſt theſe angry boys hath dar'd to write;
For, by the way, it is on you he reckons,
Nature's own cauſe eſpouſing, as his ſeconds.
On this preſumption doth he take the field,
Hoping to make the ſtouteſt bluſterer yield;
If ſilent they, who neither love nor fear him,
Conſent to ſit, and patiently will hear him,
If they do this, he doubts not to diſperſe
Their preſent prejudice for *carte* and *tierce*;

Their

Their pointleſs ſwords to parry with his pen,
And piſtol-proof, put down theſe mighty men!

EPILOGUE

TO

SEMIRAMIS.

WRITTEN BY R. B. SHERIDAN, ESQ.

Spoken by MRS. YATES.

DIſhevell'd ſtill, like *Aſia*'s bleeding queen,
Shall I with jeſts deride the tragic ſcene?
No, beauteous mourners!—from whoſe downcaſt eyes—
The Muſe has drawn her nobleſt ſacrifice!
Whoſe gentle boſoms, *pity's altars*—bear
The chryſtal incenſe of each falling tear!—
—There lives the Poet's praiſe!—no critic art
Can match the comment of a feeling heart!
When gen'ral plaudits ſpeak the fable o'er—
Which mute attention had approv'd before,
Tho' ruder ſpirits love th' accuſtom'd jeſt,
Which chaſes ſorrow from the vulgar breaſt,
Still hearts refin'd their ſadden'd tint retain—
—The ſigh is pleaſure! and the jeſt is pain!
—Scarce have they ſmiles to honour grace or wit,
—Tho' *Roſcius* ſpoke the verſe himſelf had writ!
Thus thro' the time when vernal fruits receive
The grateful ſhow'rs that hang on *April*'s eve;
Tho' ev'ry coarſer ſtem of foreſt birth
Throws with the morning beam its dews to earth,
—Ne'er does the gentle *roſe* revive ſo ſoon—
But bath'd in nature's tears, it droops till noon.
O could the Muſe one ſimple moral teach,
From ſcenes like theſe, which all who heard might reach!
—Thou child of ſympathy—whoe'er thou art,
Who with *Aſſyria*'s queen has wept thy part—
Go ſearch, where keener woes demand relief,
Go—while thy heart yet beats with fancy'd grief;
Thy lip ſtill conſcious of the recent ſigh,
The graceful tear ſtill ling'ring in thy eye—

Go—and on real miſery beſtow
The bleſt effuſion of fictitious woe!—
So ſhall our Muſe, ſupreme of all the nine,
Deſerve, indeed, the title of—*Divine!*—
Virtue ſhall own her favour'd from above,
And *pity*—greet her—with a ſiſter's love!

PROLOGUE

TO

SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER:
Or, THE MISTAKES OF A NIGHT.

WRITTEN BY MR. GARRICK.

Spoken by Mr. WOODWARD, *dreſſed in Black, and holding a Handkerchief to his Eyes.*

EXCUSE me, Sirs, I pray—I can't yet ſpeak,
I'm crying now—and have been all the week!
'Tis not alone this mourning ſuit, good maſters;
I've that within—for which there are no plaiſters!
Pray would you know the reaſon why I'm crying?
The Comic Muſe, long ſick, is now a dying!
And if ſhe goes, my tears will never ſtop;
For as a play'r, I can't ſqueeze out one drop;
I am undone, that's all—ſhall loſe my bread—
I'd rather, but that's nothing—loſe my head.
When the ſweet maid is laid upon the bier,
Shuter and *I* ſhall be chief mourners here.
To *her* a mawkiſh drab of ſpurious breed,
Who deals in *ſentimentals* will ſucceed!
Poor *Ned* and *I* are dead to all intents,
We can as ſoon ſpeak *Greek* as *ſentiments!*
Both nervous grown, to keep our ſpirits up,
We now and then take down a hearty cup.
What ſhall we do?—If Comedy forſake us!
They'll turn us out, and no one elſe will take us;
But why can't I be moral? Let me try—
My heart thus preſſing—fix'd my face and eye—
With a ſententious look, that nothing means,
(Faces are blocks in ſentimental ſcenes)

Thus

Thus I begin—*All is not gold that glitters,*
Pleaſure ſeems ſweet, but proves a glaſs of bitters:
When ign'rance enters, folly is at hand;
Learning is better far than houſe and land.
Let not your virtue trip, who trips may ſtumble,
And virtue is not virtue, if ſhe tumble.
I give it up——morals won't do for me;
To make you laugh, I muſt play tragedy.
One hope remains——hearing the maid was ill,
A *doctor* comes this night to ſhew his ſkill.
To chear her heart, and give your muſcles motion,
He in *five draughts* prepar'd, preſents a potion;
A kind of magic charm——for be aſſur'd,
If you will *ſwallow it,* the maid is cur'd:
But deſp'rate the Doctor, and her caſe is,
If you reject the doſe, and make wry faces!
This truth he boaſts, will boaſt it while he lives,
No *poiſ'nous drugs* are mix'd in what he gives;
Should he ſucceed, you'll give him his degree,
If not, he will within receive no fee!
The college *you,* muſt his pretenſions back,
Pronounce him *regular,* or dub him *quack.*

EPILOGUE
TO
EARL OF WARWICK.
WRITTEN BY DAVID GARRICK, ESQ.

Spoken by MRS. YATES.

EXHAUSTED quite with priſons, racks, and death,
Permit me here to take a little breath!
You who have ſeen my actions, known their ſprings,
Say, are we women ſuch *inſipid* things?
Say, lords of the creation, mighty men!
In *what* have you ſurpaſs'd us, *where?* and *when?*
I come to know to *whom* the palm is due,
To us weak veſſels, or to ſtronger you?
Againſt your conqu'ring ſwords, I draw—my fan,
Come on!—now parry Marg'ret, if you can.
(*Sets herſelf in a poſture of defence.*

Stand up, ye boaſters! *(to the pit)* don't there ſneaking ſit;
Are you for *pleaſure, politics,* or *wit?*
The boxes ſmile to ſee me ſcold the pit.
Their turn is next—and though I will not wrong 'em,
A woeful havock there will be among 'em,—
You our beſt friends, *(to the pit)* love, cheriſh, and reſpect us;
Not take our fortunes, marry, and neglect us.
You think indeed, that as you pleaſe, you rule us,
And with a ſtrange importance often ſchool us!
Yet let each citizen deſcribe a brother,
I'll tell you what you ſay of one another.
My neighbour leads, poor ſoul, a woeful life,
A worthy man—but govern'd by his wife!
How, ſay you? what all ſilent?—then, 'tis true:
We rule the city—Now, great ſirs, to you. *(to the boxes.)*
What is *your* boaſt?—Wou'd you, like me, have done,
To free a captive wife, or ſave a ſon?
Rather than run ſuch dangers of your lives,
You'd leave your children and lock up your wives.
When with your nobleſt deeds, a nation rings!
You are but puppets, and we play the ſtrings.
We plan no battles—true—but out of ſight,
Crack goes the fan,—and armies halt or fight!
You have th' advantage, Ladies—wiſely reap it,
And let me hint the only way to keep it.
Let men of vain ideas have their fill,
Frown, bounce, ſtride, ſtrut,—while you, with happy ſkill,
Like anglers, uſe the fineſt ſilken thread;
Give line enough—nor check the tugging head:
The fiſh *will* flounder—you with gentle hand,
And ſoft degrees muſt bring the *trout* to land:
A more ſpecific noſtrum cannot be—
Probatum eſt—and never fails with *me.*

EPILOGUE.

EPILOGUE

TO

ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS.

Spoken by Miſs MACKLIN.

ESCAPED from my Guardian's tyrannical ſway,
By a fortunate voyage on a proſperous day,
I am landed in *England*, and now muſt endeavour,
By ſome means or other, to curry your favour,
Of what uſe to be freed from a *Gallic* ſubjection,
Unleſs I'm ſecure of a *Britiſh* protection.
Without caſh,—but one friend—and he too juſt made,
Egad I've a mind to ſet up ſome trade;
Of what ſort! in the papers I'll publiſh a puff
Which wont fail to procure me cuſtom enough:
"That a Lady from *Paris* is lately arriv'd,
"Who with exquiſite art has nicely contriv'd
"The beſt paint for the face,—the beſt paſte for the
"hands,
"A water for freckles, for ſluſhings, and tans.
"She can teach you the melior coeffeure for the head,
"To liſp—amble—and ſimper—and put on the red;
"To rival, to rally, to backbite, and ſneer,
"Um—no; that they already know pretty well here.
"The Beaux ſhe inſtructs to bow with a grace,
"The happieſt ſhrug,—the newеſt grimace.
"To *parler François*,—fib, flatter, and dance,
"Which is very near all that they teach ye in *France*.
"Not a Buck, nor a Blood, through the whole *Engliſh*
"nation,
"But his roughneſs ſhe'll ſoften, his figure ſhe'll faſhion.
"The meereſt John Trot in a week you ſhall zee
"*Bien poli bien frizé tout à fait un Marquis.*"
What d'ye think of my plan, is it form'd to your gout?
May I hope for diſciples in any of you.
Shall I tell you my thoughts, without guile, without art,
Though abroad I've been bred, I have *Britain* at heart.
Then take this advice which I give for her ſake,
You'll gain nothing by any exchange you can make,
In a country of commerce, too great the expence
For their baubles and bows, to give your good ſenſe.

ENOUGH of *Greece* and *Rom*
Of either nation now can c
Ev'n adventitious helps in vain
Our triumphs languiſh in the pul
And grave proceſſions muſically ſl
Here paſs unheeded,—as a Lord M
On eagle wings the poet of to-r
Soars for freſh virtues to the ſource
To *China*'s eaſtern realms: and bo
Confucius' morals to *Britannia*'s e:
Accept th' imported boon; as echo
Receiv'd from wand'ring chiefs her
Nor only richer by the ſpoils becon
But praiſe th' advent'rous youth, wh
One dubious character, we own,
A patriot zealous in a monarch's ca
Nice is the taſk the varying hand to g
And teach the blending colours to c
Where, rainbow-like, th' encroachi
Each other's bounds, and mingle lig
If then, aſſiduous to obtain his en
You find too far the ſubject's zeal ex
If undiſtinguiſh'd loyalty prevails,
Where nature ſhrinks, and ſtrong af
On *China*'s tenets charge the fond m
And ſpare his error for [illegible]

PROLOGUE

TO

ENGLISH MERCHANT.

Spoken by Mr. KING.

EACH year how many Engliſh viſit France,
To learn the language, or to learn to dance!
'Twixt Dover-cliffs and Calais, in July,
Obſerve how thick the birds of paſſage fly!
Fair-weather fops in ſwarms, freſh-water ſailors,
Cooks, mantua-makers, milliners, and tailors!
Our bard too made a trip; and, ſtand'rers ſay,
Brought home, among ſome more run-goods, a play:
Here, on this quay, prepar'd t' unload his cargo,
If on the freight you lay not an embargo.
"What! am I branded for a ſmuggler?" cries
Our little Bayes, with anger in his eyes.
"No. Engliſh poets, Engliſh Merchants made,
"To the whole world of letters fairly trade:
"With the rich ſtores of antient Rome and Greece,
"*Imported duty-free*, may fill their piece:
"Or, like Columbus, croſs th' Atlantick ocean,
"And ſet Peru and Mexico in motion;
"Turn Cherokees and Catabaws to ſhape;
"Or ſail for *wit* and *humour* to the Cape."
Is there a *weaver* here from Spitalfields?
To his award our author fairly yields.
The *pattern*, he allows, is not quite new,
And he imports the *raw materials* too.
Come whence they will, from Lyons, Genoa, Rome,
'Tis Engliſh ſilk when wrought in Engliſh loom.
Silk! he recants; and owns, with lowly mind,
His manufacture is a coarſer kind.
Be it drab, drugget, flannel, doyley, frieze,
Rug, or whatever *winter-wear* you pleaſe,
So it have leave to rank in any claſs,
Pronounce it *Engliſh Stuff*, and let it paſs!

... and immortal *Sha*
T *Venice* is grown familiar to our stag
Here the *R*... often has display'd
At once a bridge, a street, and mart of
Here, treason threat'ning to lay *Venice* fl.
Grave candle-snuffers oft in Senate sat.
To-night in *Venice* we have plac'd our
Where I have been—liv'd—died—as you
Yet, that my travels I may not disgrace,
Let me—since now reviv'd—describe the
Nor wou'd the Tour of *Europe* prove our
Cou'd every *Macaroni* do the same.
The City's self—a wonder, all agree—
Appears to spring, like *Venus*, from the se
Founded on piles, it rises from the strand,
Like Trifle plac'd upon a silver stand:
While many a lesser isle the prospect crown
Looking like sugar plums, or floating tow
Horses and mules ne'er pace the narrow
Where crouded walkers elbow all they mee
No carts and coaches o'er the pavement cla
Ladies, Priests, Lawyers, Nobles,—go by
Light boats and gondolas transport them al
Like one eternal party to *Vauxhall*.
Now hey for merriment!—hence grief a
The jolly Carnival leads in the

There dear Ridottos conſtantly delight,
And ſweet Harmonic Meetings ev'ry night!
Once in each year the *Doge* aſcends his barge,
Fine as a *London* Mayor's, and thrice as large;
Throws a huge ring of gold into the ſea,
And cries—"Thus We, thy Sov'reign, marry thee.
"Oh may'ſt thou ne'er, like many a mortal ſpouſe,
"Prove full of ſtorms, and faithleſs to thy vows!"
One word of politics—and then I've done—
The ſtate of *Venice* Nobles rule alone.
Thrice happy *Britain*, where with equal hand
Three well-pois'd ſtates unite to rule the land!
Thus in the theatre, as well as ſtate,
Three ranks muſt join to make us bleſs'd and great.
King, Lords, and Commons, o'er the nation ſit;
Pit, Box, and Gallery, rule the realms of wit.

PROLOGUE

TO THE

BANKRUPT.

Written and Spoken by Mr. FOOTE.

FOR Wit's keen Satire, and this laughing Stage,
What theme ſo fruitful as a Bankrupt age?
For not confin'd to Commerce is the curſe,
The Head is near as empty as the Purſe.
Equally ſunk, our Credit and our Wit,
Nor is the Sage more ſolvent than the Cit:
All theſe;—but ſoft, ere thus abroad we roam,
Were it not prudent firſt to look at home?
You, gentle Sirs, have giv'n me credit long,
And took my word for many an idle Song;
But if exhauſted, I give notes to-day
For Wit and Humour which I cannot pay,
I muſt turn Bankrupt too, and hop away;
Unleſs, indeed, I modeſtly apply
For leave to ſell my Works—by Lottery;
Tho' few will favour where's no Caſh to ſee 'em;
Poor hopes, that way, to part with *my* MUSEUM!

My old friend *Smirk*, indeed, may lend his aid,
And ſell by Auction all my Stock in Trade;
His placid features, and imploring eye,
May tempt, perhaps, the tardy Town to buy;
His winning manner, and his ſoft addreſs,
To other Sales of mine have giv'n ſucceſs;
But after all, my ever honour'd friends,
On you alone my fate this night depends.
I've fought ſome battles, gain'd ſome vict'ries here,
And little thought a Culprit to appear
Before this Houſe; but if reſolv'd you go
To find me guilty, or to make me ſo,
To grant me neither Wit, nor Taſte, nor Senſe,
Vain were my Plea, and uſeleſs my Defence:
But ſtill I need not ſteal, I will not beg,
Tho' I've a paſſport in this wooden leg;
But to my cot contentedly retire,
And ſtew my cabbage by my only fire.
Mean-time, great Sirs, my ſentence yet unknown,
E'en as your Juſtice be your Candour ſhewn,
And when you touch my honour, don't forget your own.

PROLOGUE

TO THE

OXONIAN IN TOWN.

Spoken by Mr. WOODWARD.

FRESH from the Schools, behold an Oxford Smart,
No Dupe to Science, no dull Slave of Art;
As to our Dreſs, faith, Ladies, to ſay truth,
It is a little aukward and uncouth;
But after all, my ever-honour'd friends,
On you alone my fate this night depends.
I've fought ſome battles, gain'd ſome vict'ries here,
And little thought a Culprit to appear;
No ſword, cockade, to lure you to our arms—
But then, this ſilky taſſel has it's charms;
What mortal *Oxford* Laundreſs can withſtand
This, and the graces of a well-ſtarch'd band?
In this array, our Spark, with whining air,
Boldly accoſts the froth-compelling Fair;

Tells

Faſt by the tub, with folded arms he ſtands,
And ſees his ſurplice whiten in her hands;
And as ſhe dives in o the ſoapy floods,
Wiſhes almoſt—himſelf were in the ſuds.
Sometimes the car he drives impetuous on,
Cut, laſh, and flaſh, a very Phaethon;
Swift as the fiery Courſers of the Sun,
Up hill and down, his raw-bon'd Hackneys run,
Leaving, with heat half dead, and duſt half blind,
Turppikes and bawling Hoſts behind..
You think, perhaps, we read—perhaps we may,
The News, a Pamphlet, or the laſt new Play;
But for the Scribblers of th' Auguſtan age,
Horace, and ſuch queer mortals—not a page;
His brilliant ſterling Wit we juſtly hold,
More brilliant far, transform'd to ſterling Gold:
Though *Euclid* we digeſt without much pain,
And ſolve his Problems—into briſk Champaigne.
Fir'd with this juice—why, let the Proctor come;
"Young men, 'tis late—it's time you were at home."
"Zounds! are you here, we cry, with your dull rules,
"Like *Banquo*'s Ghoſt, *to puſh us from our ſtools?*"
Such are the ſtudies Smarts purſue at College;
Oh! we are great Proficients in ſuch knowledge.
But now, no more from claſſic fields to glean,
The Muſe to *Covent-Garden* ſhifts the Scene:
There ſhall I enter next, *ſans* Cap and Gown,
And play my part on this great Stage, *the Town.*
[*Bowing, and going, returns.*
Soft ye; a word or two before I go;
Our Piece is call'd a *Comedy* you know;
A two-act Comedy! though *Rome* enacts,
That ev'ry Comedy be juſt five Acts.
Hence Parent Dullneſs, the vain title begs,
For ſqualling, dancing monſters on five legs.
The Bantling of to-night, if rear'd by you,
Shall run, like men and women, *upon two.*

SCRUB's STRATFORD JUBILEE.

FROM Stratford arriv'd—piping hot—gentlefolks,
From the rareſt of ſhows and moſt wonderful jokes,
Yours

Your ſimple acquaintance, Scrub, comes to declare
'Twas fuller, by far, than our Litchfield great fair;
Such crowds of fine ladies, ſerenading, and ſinging,
Such firing of loud pateraroes, and ringing,
To tell it in London muſt ſeem all a fable,
And yet I will tell it as well as I'm able:
Firſt, ſomething, in linguo of ſchools, call'd an ode;
All critics, they told me, allow'd very good:
One ſaid—You may take it for tru h, I aſſure ye,
'Twas made by the little great man of old Drury.
By my brother Martin, (for whoſe ſake, d'ye hear)
This night I'd a mind for a touch at Shakeſpear: *
But, honeſtly ſpeaking, I take more delight in
A bit of good ſun, than drums, trumpets, and fighting.
The proceſſion, 'twas ſaid, would have been a fine train,
But could not move forwards—oh, la!—for the rain.
Such tragical, comical folks, and ſo fine;
What pity it was that the ſun did not ſhine!
Since ladies and baronets, aldermen, 'ſquires,
All went to the jubilee full of deſires,
In crowds, as they go for to ſee a new play;
And when it was done—why they all came away!
Don't let me forget—a main part of the ſhow
Was long-tail'd fine comets by fam'd Angelo.
Some turtle I got, which they call'd paſhapee,
But honeſt roaſt beef's the beſt turtle for me.
I hate all ragouts, and, like a bold Briton,
Prefer good plumb pudding to aught I e'er bit on:
I drank too, (and now I a Poet may be)
From a charming fine cup of the mulberry-tree.
To bed I muſt go—for which, like a ninny,
I paid, like my betters, no leſs than a guinea,
For rolling—not ſleeping—in linen ſo damp,
As ſtruck my great toe, ever ſince, with the cramp:
Thus fleec'd—in my pocket I felt a great ſmarting,
Yet griev'd not when I and the ſplinters were parting,
'Twas worth ten times more to hear ſweet brother Martin:
He ſpoke till poor Scrub was juſt fit with one eye
To laugh, while the other was ready to cry;

* This alludes to Mr. Weſton's deſign of [illegible] Richard

Which makes me now tell you, without any brag,
He's ſecond to none but the Warwickſhire wag.
The jubilee over, I came to this place,
To tell you my ſtory and ſue for your grace:
You never refus'd it—yet never before,
With granting ſuch kindneſs, bound gratitude more.
I love, but to own with a diligent ſpirit,
Your favours have ever out-run my ſlight merit.

PROLOGUE

TO THE

JUBILEE.

Spoken in the Character of a WAITER.

FROM *London* your honours, to *Stratford* I'm come,
I'm a waiter your honours, you know buſtling *Tom*;
Who proud of your orders, and bowing before ye,
'Till ſupper is ready, I'll tell you a ſtory.
'Twixt *Hounſlow* and *Colebrooke*, two houſes of fame,
Well known on that road, the two Magpyes by name,
The one of long ſtanding, the other a new one,
This boaſts it's the old one, and that it's the true one.
Sure we the old Maggye, as well as the younger,
May boaſt that our liquor is clearer and ſtronger;
Of bragging and puffing you make but a jeſt,
You taſte of us both, and will ſtick at the beſt;
A race we have had, for your paſtime and laughter,
Young Mag ſtarted firſt, with old Mag hopping after;
'Tis ſaid the old houſe, hath poſſeſt a receipt,
To make a choice mixture, ſour, ſtrong, and ſweet:
A JUBILEE punch, which, right ſkilfully made,
Inſur'd the old Magpye, a good running trade;
But think you we mean to monopolize, No! No!
We are like brother *Aſhley*, *pro publico bono*.
Each Magpye your honours, will peck at his brother,
And their natures were always to crib from each other;
Young landlords and old one's are taught by their calling,
To laugh at engroſſing—but to practiſe foreſtalling;
Our landlords are game cocks, and fair play but grant 'em,
I'll warrant you paſtime from each little bantum.

Let's

Let's return to the punch—I hope from my ſoul,
That now the old Magpye may ſell you a bowl;
We have all ſorts and ſizes, a quick trade to drive,
As one ſhilling, two ſhilling, three ſhilling, five;
In this town of *Stratford*, you'll have each ingredient,
Beſide a kind welcome, from me your obedient;
I'll now ſqueeze my fruit, put ſugar and rum in,
And be back in a moment, (*Bell rings*) a coming, a coming, a coming.

PROLOGUE
TO
BON TON.

WRITTEN BY GEORGE COLMAN, ESQ.

Spoken by Mr. KING.

FASHION in ev'ry thing bears ſov'reign ſway,
And words and perriwigs have both their day:
Each have their purlieus too, are modiſh each
In ſtated diſtricts, wigs as well as ſpeech.
The *Tyburn* ſcratch, thick club, and *Temple* tye,
The parſon's feather-top, frizz'd broad and high!
The coachman's cauliflower, built tiers on tiers!
Differ not more from bags and brigadiers,
Than great St. George's, or St. James's ſtiles,
From the broad dialect of Broad St. Giles.
What is BON TON?—Oh, damme, cries a Buck—
Half drunk—aſk me, my dear, and you're in luck!
Bon Ton's to ſwear, break windows, beat the watch,
Pick up a wench, drink healths, and roar a catch.
Keep it up, keep it up! damme, take your ſwing!
Bon Ton is *life*, my boy: Bon Ton's *the thing!*
Ah! I loves life, and all the joys it yields—
Says Madam Puſſock, warm from Spital-fields.
Bon Ton's the ſpace 'twixt Saturday and Monday,
And riding in a one-horſe chair o' Sunday!
'Tis drinking tea on ſummer afternoons
At Bagnigge-Wells, with china and gilt ſpoons!
'Tis laying by our ſtuffs, red cloaks and pattens,
To dance *Cow-tillions*, all in ſilks and ſattins!

Vulgar!

Vulgar! cries Miſs. Obſerve in higher life
The feather'd ſpinſter, and thrice feather'd wife!
The *Club*'s *Bon Ton*. *Bon Ton*'s a conſtant trade
Of Rout, *Feſtino*, Ball and Maſquerade!
'Tis plays and puppet-ſhews; 'tis ſomething new!
'Tis loſing thouſands ev'ry night at lu!
Nature it thwarts, and contradicts all reaſon;
'Tis ſtiff French ſtays, and fruit when out of ſeaſon!
A roſe, when half a guinea is the price;
A ſet of bays, ſcarce bigger than ſix mice;
To viſit friends, you never wiſh to ſee;
Marriage 'twixt thoſe, who never can agree;
Old dowagers, dreſt, painted, patch'd, and curl'd;
This is *Bon Ton*, and this we call *the world!*
* [True, ſays my Lord; and thou my only ſon,
Whate'er your faults, ne'er ſin againſt *Bon Ton!*
Who toils for learning at a public ſchool,
And digs for Greek and Latin is a fool.
French, French, my boy's the thing! *jaſez!* prate, chatter!
Trim be the mode, whipt-ſyllabub the matter!
Walk like a Frenchman! for on Engliſh pegs,
Moves native aukwardneſs with two left legs.
Of courtly friendſhip form a treach'rous league;
Seduce men's daughters, with their wives intrigue;
In ſightly ſemicircles round your nails;
Keep your teeth clean—and grin, if ſmall-talk fails—
But never *laugh*, whatever jeſt prevails!
Nothing but nonſenſe e'er gave laughter birth,
That vulgar way the vulgar ſhew their mirth.
Laughter's a rude convulſion, ſenſe that juſtles,
Diſturbs the cockles, and diſtorts the muſcles.
Hearts may be black, but all ſhould wear clean faces;
The graces, boy! the graces, graces, graces!]
Such is *Bon Ton!* and walk this city thro',
In building, ſcribbling, fighting, and virtù,
And various other ſhapes, 'twill riſe to view.
To-night our *Bayes*, with bold, but careleſs tints,
Hits off a ſketch or two, like Darly's prints.
Should connoiſſeurs allow his rough draughts ſtrike 'em,
'Twill be *Bon Ton* to ſee 'em and to like 'em.

* The lines between crotchets are omitted at the Theatre.

AN

AN OCCASIONAL PROLOGUE.

TO

MISS IN HER TEENS.

WRITTEN BY MR. HAVARD.

Spoken by Maſter and Miſs SIMSON.

FOND of your praiſe—the praiſe which moſt I love,
Once more I come your clemency to prove;
Our little train muſt be included here,
They act with inexperience and much fear;
And let this ſmall apology be made,
The author ſuffers thro' our poor parade.
For my own part—(I feel a warmth within——
And ſure ambition is a charming ſin:)
Boldly I come—Genius ſometimes appears,
And ſtarts beyond the promiſe of its years:
Beneath the ſun-ſhine of my patron's eye
Some haſty plants muſt riſe—and, why not I?
O cou'd I follow!—but how poor my claim!
How few the candidates that reach to fame!
Yet let me with an humbler eye adore
The envy'd height to which I cannot ſoar—
Let me by imitation——————

[*Miſs Simſon enters.*

Miſs.——————Jack-ha' done;
Tho' you're no woman, yet your tongue will run:
'Tis ours the province ſure to laugh and chat;——
Yours the dull ſenſeleſs chord of low and flat.
Ladies, I durſt to ſwear, my little brother,
Tho' for himſelf he can make ſuch a pother,
Has never once ſo much as mention'd me—
And yet I hope, that very ſoon you'll ſee,
I have my merits too—as well as he.

Maſter. Siſter, this girliſh prattle will not do—

Miſs. Be quiet, Jacky—hey day!—Who are you?
Shall you cajole the audience with fine ſpeeches,
And leave me out—becauſe you wear the breeches?
No, by the charter of our ſex I ſwear,
If any praiſe goes forward, I'll have ſhare.

Maſter,

Maſter. Well, my bold ſiſter, ſince you are ſo hearty,
A match! your hand! you ſhall be o' the party.
Now to the audience grateful turn with me,
And thank 'em for their paſt indulgency.
O be propitious to our early claim;
Our hearts ſpring upwards, and we pant for fame!
With friendly warmth receive us to your care!
What you have planted, let your kindneſs rear;
Still will we labour to deſerve your praiſe,
And dedicate to you the fruit you raiſe.

EPILOGUE
TO THE
INCONSTANT.

WRITTEN BY NATHANIEL ROWE, ESQ.

Spoken by MR. WILKS.

FROM *Fletcher*'s great original, to-day
We took the hint of this our modern Play:
Our Author, from his lines, has ſtrove to paint
A witty, wild, inconſtant, free gallant:
With a gay ſoul, with ſenſe, and will to rove,
With language, and with ſoftneſs fram'd to move,
With little truth, but with a world of love.
Such forms on maids in morning ſlumbers wait,
When fancy firſt inſtructs their hearts to beat,
When firſt they wiſh, and ſigh for what they know not yet.
Frown not, ye Fair, to think your Lovers may
Reach your cold hearts by ſome unguarded way;
Let *Villeroy*'s misfortune make you wiſe,
There's danger ſtill in darkneſs and ſurpriſe;
Tho' from his rampart he defy'd the foe,
Prince *Eugene* found an aqueduct below.
With eaſy freedom, and a gay addreſs,
A preſſing lover ſeldom wants ſucceſs:
Whilſt the reſpectful, like the *Greek*, ſits down,
And waſtes a ten years ſiege before one town.
For her own ſake, let no forſaken maid,
Our wanderer, for want of love, upbraid;

Since

Since 'tis a ſecret, none ſhou'd e'er confeſs,
That they have loſt the happy pow'r to pleaſe.
If you ſuſpect the rogue inclin'd to break,
Break firſt, and ſwear you've turn'd him off a week;
As Princes, when they reſty Stateſmen doubt,
Before they can ſurrender, turn 'em out.
Whate'er you think, grave uſes may be made,
And much even for Inconſtancy be ſaid.
Let the good man for marriage-rites deſign'd,
With ſtudious care, and diligence of mind,
Turn over every page of womankind;
Mark every ſenſe, and how the readings vary,
And, when he knows the worſt on't,—let him marry.

EPILOGUE
TO
MISS IN HER TEENS.

Spoken by Mrs. PRITCHARD.

GOOD folks, I'm come at my young Lady's bidding,
To ſay, you all are welcome to her wedding.
Th' exchange ſhe made what mortal here can blame?
Shew me the Maid that would not do the ſame.
For ſure the greateſt monſter ever ſeen,
Is doating *ſixty* coupled with *ſixteen!*
When winter age had almoſt caught the Fair,
Youth, clad in ſunſhine, ſnatch'd her from deſpair:
Like a new *Semele* the Virgin lay,
And claſp'd her lover in the blaze of day.
Thus may each maid, the toils almoſt intrapt in,
Change *old Sir Simon* for the briſk *young Captain.*
I love theſe men of arms, they know their trade:
Let Daſtards ſue; the Sons of fire invade!
They cannot bear around the bait to nibble,
Like pretty, powder'd, patient Mr. *Fribble:*
To dangers bred, and ſkilful in command,
They ſtorm the ſtrongeſt fortreſs, ſword in hand!
Nights without ſleep, and floods of tears when waking,
Shew'd poor Miſs *Biddy* was in piteous taking:
She's now quite well; for maids, in that condition,
Find the young Lover is the beſt Phyſician;

And

And without help of art, or boaſt of knowledge,
They cure more women, faith, than all the College!
But to the point—I come with low petition,
For, faith, poor *Bayes* is in a ſad condition;
* *The huge tall hangman* ſtands to give the blow,
And only waits your pleaſures—ay, or no.
If you ſhould—*Pit*, *Box*, and *Gallery*, egad!
Joy turns his ſenſes, and the man runs mad:
But if your ears are ſhut, your hearts are rock,
And you pronounce the ſentence—block to block,
Down kneels the Bard, and leaves you when he's dead,
The empty tribute of an Author's head.

PROLOGUE

TO

A CHRISTMAS TALE.

Muſic plays, and ſeveral perſons enter with different kinds of diſhes. After them, Mr. PALMER, *in the Character of* CHRISTMAS.

GO on—prepare my bounty for my friends,
And ſee that mirth with all her crew attends:

To the AUDIENCE.

Behold a perſonage well known to fame;
Once lov'd and honour'd—*Chriſtmas* is my name!
My officers of ſtate my taſte diſplay;
Cooks, ſcullions, paſtry-cooks, prepare my way!
Holly, and ivy, round me honours ſpread,
And my retinue ſhew, I'm not ill-fed:
Minc'd pies by way of belt, my breaſt divide,
And a large carving knife, adorns my ſide;
'Tis no *Fop*'s weapon, 'twill be often drawn;
This turban for my head is collar'd brawn!
Tho' old, and white my locks, my cheeks are cherry,
Warm'd by good fires, good cheer, I'm always merry:
With carrol, fiddle, dance, and pleaſant tale,
Jeſt, gibe, prank, gambol, mummery, and ale,

* Alluding to *Bayes*'s Prologue to the *Rehearſal*.

I, Engliſh hearts rejoic'd in days of yore;
For new ſtrange modes, imported by the ſcore,
You will not ſure turn *Chriſtmas* out of door!
Suppoſe yourſelves well ſeated by a fire,
(Stuck cloſe, you ſeem more warm than you deſire)
Old father *Chriſtmas* now in all his glory,
Begs, with kind hearts, you'll liſten to his *ſtory:*
Clear well your minds from politics and ſpleen,
Hear my *Tale* out—ſee *all* that's to be ſeen!
Take care, my children, that you well behave,
You, Sir, in blue, red cape—not quite ſo grave:
That critic there in black—ſo ſtern and thin,
Before you frown, pray let the tale begin—
You in the crimſon capuchin, I fear you,
Why, Madam, at this time ſo croſs appear you?
Excuſe me pray—I did not ſee your huſband near you.
Don't think, fair Ladies, I expect that you,
Should hear my tale—you've ſomething elſe to do:
Nor will our beaux, old Engliſh fare encourage;
No foreign taſte could e'er digeſt plumb-porridge.
I have no ſauce to quicken lifeleſs ſinners,
My food is meant for * *honeſt hearty grinners!*
For you—you ſpirits with good ſtomachs bring;
O make the neighb'ring roof with rapture ring;
Open your mouths, pray ſwallow every thing!
Critics beware, how you our pranks deſpiſe;
Hear well my tale, or you ſha'nt touch my pies;
The proverb change—be *merry, but not wiſe.*

PROLOGUE
TO THE
REFUSAL.
WRITTEN BY MR. CIBBER.
Spoken by the AUTHOR.

GALLANTS! behold before your eyes the wight,
Whoſe actions ſtand accountable to-night,
For all your dividends of profit or delight.

* To the upper gallery.

New

New Plays reſemble bubbles, we muſt own,
But their intrinſic value ſoon is known:
There's no impoſing pleaſure on a Town.
And when they fail, count o'er his pains and trouble,
His doubts, his fears, the Poet is the bubble.
As Heroes by the Tragic Muſe are ſung;
So to the Comic, knaves and fools belong:
Follies, to-night, of various kinds we paint,
One, in a female philoſophic Saint,
That wou'd by learning Nature's laws repeal,
Warm all her ſex's boſoms to rebel,
And only, with Platonic raptures, ſwell.
Long ſhe reſiſts the proper uſe of beauty,
But fleſh and blood reduce the dame to duty.
A Coxcomb too of modern ſtamp we ſhow,
A wit——but impudent——a *South Sea* Beau.
Nay more——our Muſe's fire (but pray protect her)
Roaſts, to your taſte, a whole *South Sea* Director.
But let none think we bring him here in ſpite,
For all their actions, ſure, will bear the light;
Beſides, he's painted here in height of power,
Long e'er we laid ſuch ruin at his door:
When he was levee'd, like a Stateſman, by the Town,
And thought his heap'd up millions all his own.
No, no; ſtock's always at a thouſand here,
He'll almoſt honeſt on the Stage appear.
Such is our fare, to feed the mind our aim,
But Poets ſtand, like warriors, in their fame;
One ill day's work brings all their paſt to ſhame.
Thus having taſted of your former favour,
The chance ſeems now for deeper ſtakes than ever.
As, after runs of luck, we're more accurſt,
To loſe our winnings, than have loſt at firſt;
A firſt ſtake loſt has often ſav'd from ruin,
But on one caſt to loſe the tout——is hard undoing.
But be it as it may——the dye is thrown,
Fear now were folly——Paſs the *Rubicon*.

PROLOGUE
TO THE
GRECIAN DAUGHTER.

Spoken by Mr. WESTON.

He peeps in at the Stage Door.

HIP! muſic! muſic!—Have you more to play?
Somewhat I'd offer—Stop your cat-gut, pray.
Will you permit, and not pronounce me rude,
A Bookſeller one moment to intrude?
My name is Fools Cap:—Since you ſaw me laſt,
Fortune hath giv'n me a rare helping caſt.
To all my toils a wife hath put a ſtop——
A devil then; but now I keep a ſhop.
My maſter died, poor man!—He's out of print
His widow,—ſhe had eyes, and took my hint.
A prey to grief ſhe could not bear to be,
And ſo turn'd over a new leaf with me.
I drive a trade; have Authors in my pay,
Men of all work, per week, per ſheet, per day.
Trav'llers—who not one foreign country know;
And *Paſt'ral Poets* in the ſound of Bow.
Tranſlators—from the Greek they never read;
Cantabs and *Sophs*—in Covent-Garden bred.
Hiſtorians, who can't write;—who only take
Sciſſars and paſte;—cut, vamp; a book they make.
I've treated for this Play; can buy it too,
If I could learn what you intend to do.
If for nine nights you'll bear this tragic ſtuff;
I have a News-paper, and there can puff.
A news-paper does wonders!—None can be
In debt, in love, dependent, or quite free,
Ugly or handſome, well, or ill in bed,
Single or married, or alive or dead,
But we give life, death, virtue, vice with eaſe;
In ſhort, a News-paper does what we pleaſe.
There jealous Authors at each other bark;
Till truth leaves not one glimpſe, no, not one ſpark;
But lies meet lies, and joſtle in the dark.
Our Bard within has often felt the dart
Sent from our quiver, levell'd at his heart.

I've

I've preſs'd him, ere he plays this deſp'rate game,
To anſwer all, and vindicate his name,
But he, convinc'd that all but Truth muſt die,
Leaves to it's own mortality the Lie.
Would any know,—while Parties fight pellmell,
How he employs his pen?—his Play will tell.
To that he truſts; that he ſubmits to you,
Aim'd at your tend'reſt feelings,—moral,—new.
The Scenes, he hopes, will draw the heart-felt tear:
Scenes that come home to ev'ry boſom here.
If this will do, I'll run and buy it ſtraight;
Stay—Let me ſee;—I think I'd better wait—
Yes;—I'll lie ſnug, till you have fix'd it's fate.

EPILOGUE
TO THE
LYAR.

Between Miſs GRANTHAM and OLD WILDING.

WRITTEN BY A MAN OF FASHION.

M. Gr. HOLD, Sir.
Our plot concluded, and ſtrict juſtice done,
Let me be heard as counſel for your ſon.
Acquit I can't; I mean to mitigate:
Proſcribe all lying, what would be the fate
Of this, and every other earthly ſtate?
Conſider, Sir, if once you cry it down,
You'll ſhut up ev'ry coffee-houſe in town:
The tribe of politicians will want food;
Ev'n now half-famiſh'd—for the public good.
All Grub-ſtreet murderers of men and ſenſe,
And every office of intelligence,
All would be bankrupts, the whole lying race,
And no Gazette to publiſh their diſgrace.

O. Wild. Too mild a ſentence! muſt the good and great
Patriots be wrong'd, that Bookſellers may eat?

M. Gr. Your patience, Sir; yet hear another word.
Turn to that hall where juſtice wields her ſword:
Think in what narrow limits you would draw,
By this proſcription, all the ſons of law:

For 'tis the fix'd, determin'd rule of courts,
Vyner will tell you, nay, even Coke's Reports,
All pleaders may, when difficulties riſe,
To gain one truth, expend a hundred lyes.
O. Wild. To curb this practice I am ſomewhat loath;
A lawyer has no credit but on oath.
M. Gr. Then to the ſofter ſex ſome favour ſhew:
Leave no poſſeſſion of our modeſt No!
O. Wild. Oh, freely, Ma'am, we'll that allowance give,
So that two Noes be held affirmative,
Provided ever, that your piſh and fie,
On all occaſions, ſhould be deem'd a lye.
M. Gr. Hard terms!
On this rejoinder then I reſt my cauſe;
Should all pay homage to Truth's ſacred laws,
Let us examine what would be the caſe:
Why, many a great man would be out of place.
O. Wild. 'Twould many a virtuous character reſtore.
M. Gr. But take a character from many more.
O. Wild. Tho' on the ſide of bad the ballance fall,
Better to find few good, than fear for all.
M. Gr. Strong are your reaſons; yet, ere I ſubmit,
I mean to take the voices of the pit.
Is it your pleaſures that we make a rule,
That ev'ry lyar be proclaim'd a fool,
Fit ſubjects for our author's ridicule?

EPILOGUE
TO THE
WORD TO THE WISE.
WRITTEN BY A FRIEND.

Spoken by Mrs. BULKELEY.

HARD is the taſk to trace the Poet's life,
Where praiſe and cenſure ever are at ſtrife;
Where wit and weakneſs in ſucceſſion reign,
And hold, by turns, the Enthuſiaſt in their train.
He (to whoſe rapid eye the Muſe hath giv'n,
"To glance from Heav'n to earth, from earth to Heav'n;")
O'erlooks

O'erlooks all vulgar arts and ſober rules,
And leaves the world to knaves and thriving fools:
By all admir'd, rewarded, and careſt,
No future cares perplex his anxious breaſt;
No gloomy wants the ſmiling hours o'ercaſt,
He paints each year propitious as the laſt;
Whilſt his warm heart, for ever unconfin'd,
Expands for all the wants of all mankind.
Hence private griefs from virtuous weakneſs flow;
Hence ſocial pleaſures prove domeſtic woe.
Oft on this ſpot the Muſe, with ſolemn mien,
And artful ſadneſs, fills the tragic ſcene;
The well-feign'd ſorrows your attention gain,
Whilſt the prompt tear atteſts the pleaſing pain.
But our ſad ſtory needs no Poet's art,
To tutor grief, and heave the ſwelling heart.
To you the deep diſtreſs is not unknown;
And, Britons! you have made the cauſe your own.
——O may your gentle boſoms never prove
The untimely loſs of thoſe you dearly love!
Since thus your feeling hearts the aid ſupply,
To ſoothe the Widow's pangs, and Orphan's ſigh.

EPILOGUE
TO
MATILDA.
BY THE AUTHOR OF THE TRAGEDY.

Spoken by Miſs YOUNGE.

HA! ha! poor creature! how you trembling ſtand!
Come to the Bar, Sir, and hold up your hand;
You won't—by Council then you'd have it done,
And I muſt plead your cauſe—well, get you gone.
[*Coming forward to the Audience.*
Now for the great Tribunal of old Drury;
Are you all ſworn there—Gem'men of the Jury?
Good men, and true, I hope—ſtay, let me ſee,
Amongſt you all he challenges—but three.
Phyſicians, Lawyers, Parſons he admits,
Beaux, Ladies, Courtiers, Macaronies, Cits,
And only ſcratches—*Critics*, *News-writers*, and *Wits*.

The *Critic* firſt we baniſh from our ſeſſion,
Death is his trade, and damning—his profeſſion;
Diſqualify'd—becauſe, to ſay no further,
Butchers are never heard in caſe of murther.
Next we diſclaim'd th' *Artificers* of *News*,
Who live by fibs, and flouriſh by abuſe;
They muſt condemn, or loſe their daily bread;
If they don't cut, and ſlaſh—they're never read;
Like fabled Giants here they roam for food,
And ſe! fa! ſum! ſnuff up an Author's blood;
In the next *Ledger* hang him up to roaſt,
Or tear him piece-meal in—the *Morning Poſt*.
To *Wits* we laſt except, and 'have all other,
The hero of our tale—a *Rival Brother!*
As rogues, juſt ſcap'd the gallows, join the ſhrieves,
Turn hangmen, and tuck up their fellow thieves;
So Bards condemn'd, exert the Critic's ſkill,
And execute their Brethren of the Quill!
If like their own, indeed, the brat ſhould die,
They'll gladly join to write—its Elegy;
But if the child is ſtrong, and like to live,
That is a crime they never can forgive.
From ſuch let Engliſh Juries ſtill be free,
Our Author here appeals to your decree,
The Public is—a Court of Equity.
If he has ſhock'd your taſte, your ſenſe, or reaſon,
Or againſt nature guilty been of treaſon,
Off with his head;—but if with honeſt art
His well-meant ſcenes have touch'd the feeling heart;
If they have rais'd your pity, wak'd your fears,
Or ſweetly have "beguil'd you of your tears."
Let venial errors your indulgence claim,
Your voice his triumph, your applauſe his fame.
Speak by your Foreman—what ſays Goodman Pit?
Will you condemn the Priſoner, or acquit?
Your Verdict, Sirs, *Not Guilty*—if you pleaſe—
You ſmile—*Acquitted*—hope you'll pay his fees.

EPI-

EPILOGUE
TO THE
OXONIAN IN TOWN.

Spoken by Mrs. MATTOCKS.

Enter as Lucy *with a pack of cards.*

HERE they are ladies!—Should theſe charming packs
Be doubly loaded with a filthy tax?
"My card to your's, my lord, a thouſand pound!"
Oh! charming ſport!—Oh! might I deal 'em round!
Yet I will uſe them, and, oh! deign to liſt,
Though 'tis no lecture on the game of whiſt.
The future doom of gameſters to explore,
I, like the *Sybil's* leaves, the cards turn o'er;
Nor think, ye fair, theſe books of fate deceive,
Theſe only books, 'tis modiſh to believe.
Firſt, with long ſtaff, ſhort coat, a ſwag'ring ſpark,
Some gambler 'prentice, or attorney's clerk,
His fortune aſks.—What card deſcribes theſe cubs?
Oh! here I have him—in *the knave of clubs.*
By clear conſtruction of theſe pips I read,
Thus he will play his cards, and thus ſucceed.
At Hazard, Faro, Brag, he joins the groupe,
And ends a knave, as he commenc'd a dupe:
And thence, his broken fortunes to repair,
At *Hounſlow* firſt, then *Tyburn*, takes the air.
Here, in the *king of diamonds*, pictur'd ſtands
An heir, juſt warm in his dead father's lands.
Now hey for cards and dice, his elbows ſhake,
The ſympathizing trees and acres quake!
His cooks lament, dogs howl, and grooms regret,
Their fate depending on each deſp'rate bet.
Now dup'd, the bullet whizzes through his head,
And ſhatters duſt to duſt, by lead to lead.
Lo! next to the prophetic eye there ſtarts
A beauteous gameſter, in *the queen of hearts!*
The cards are dealt, the fatal pool is loſt,
And all her golden hopes for ever croſt.
Yet ſtill this card-devoted fair I view,
Whate'er her luck, to *honour* ever true:

... meer hags;
... and ugly, as *the* ...

E P I L O

TO THE

B U T I

Spoken by a SCOT

He enters singi

HOW ſweet are the Banks
Troth very ſweet it is agree
But *England* has ſuch ſweets in ſtore
As never bleſs'd our *Scottiſh* ſhore,
Till bonny *Sawney* came in pow'r.
Our Patriarch, Patriot, muckle *Sa*
Makes *Scotland* flow with milk and
By dint of pow'rful *Engliſh* Money.
The Southern Lads, ſo trim and ga
To *Caledonian* Lads give way,
I ken they dinna like the Play.
But that is neither here or there,
For *Sawney* has the Royal Ear,
So let 'em rail, we need nae care.
This Book which I juſt now have

So let the *Engliſh* Loons rage on,
And thou ſtand firm, bra' muckle *John*;
For ſtill when Fortune turns the ſcale,
The Loſers muſt have leave to rail; [*With a ſneer.*
But that we need nae h·ed a pin,
Since thoſe may likewiſe laugh who win. [*A ſneer.*
Exit Sawney—*ſinging the* Highland Laddie.

PROLOGUE
TO
POLLY HONEYCOMBE.

Spoken by Mr. KING.

HITHER, in days of yore, from *Spain* or *France*
Came a dread Sorcereſs; her name ROMANCE.
O'er *Britain*'s Iſle her wayward ſpells ſhe caſt,
And Common Senſe in magic chain bound faſt.
In mad Sublime did each fond Lover wooe,
And in Heroicks ran each *Billet-Doux:*
High deeds of Chivalry their ſole delight,
Each Fair a Maid diſtreſs'd, each Swain a Knight.
Then might *Statira Oroondates* ſee,
As tilts and tournaments, arm'd cap-a-pie.
She too, on milk-white palfrey, lance in hand,
A Dwarf to guard her, pranc'd about the land.
This fiend to quell, his ſword *Cervantes* drew,
A truſty *Spaniſh* blade, *Toledo* true:
Her Taliſmans and Magic Wand he broke—
Knights, Genii, Caſtles—vaniſh'd into ſmoke.
But now, the dear delight of later years,
The younger ſiſter of ROMANCE appears:
Leſs ſolemn is her air, her drift the ſame,
And NOVEL her enchanting, charming name.
ROMANCE might ſtrike our grave Forefathers pomp,
But NOVEL for our Buck and lively Romp!
Caſſandra's Folios now no longer read,
See, two neat Pocket Volumes in their ſtead!
And then ſo *ſentimental* is the Stile,
So chaſte, yet ſo bewitching all the while!
Plot and elopement, paſſion, rape, and rapture,
The total ſum of ev'ry dear—dear—chapter.

'Tis not alone the Small-talk and the Smart,
'Tis NOVEL moſt beguiles the female heart.
Miſs reads—ſhe melts—ſhe ſighs—Love ſteals upon her—
And then—Alas, poor Girl!—good night, poor Honour!
" * Thus of our *Polly* having lightly ſpoke,
" Now for our Author!—but without a joke.
" Tho' Wits and Journals, who ne'er fibb'd before,
" Have laid this Bantling at *a certain door*,
" Where, lying ſtore of faults, they fain'd heap more.
" I now declare it, as a ſerious truth,
" 'Tis the firſt folly of a ſimple Youth.
" Caught and deluded by our Harlot Plays:——
" Then cruſh not in the ſhell this infant *Bayes!*
" Exert your favour to a young beginner,
" Nor uſe the ſtripling like a batter'd ſinner."

PROLOGUE
TO THE
KNIGHTS.

Written and Spoken by Mr. FOOTE.

HAPPY my Muſe, had ſhe firſt turn'd her art,
From Humour's dang'rous path, to touch the Heart,
They, who in all the bluſter of blank verſe,
The mournful tales of Love and War rehearſe,
Are ſure the Critic's cenſure to eſcape,
You hiſs not Heroes now, you only—gape.
Nor (ſtrangers quite to Heroes, Kings, and Queens)
Dare you intrude your judgment on their Scenes.
A different lot the Comic Muſe attends,
She is oblig'd to treat you with your Friends;
Muſt ſearch the Court, the Forum, and the City;
Mark out the Dull, the Gallant, and the Witty;
Youth's wild Profuſion, th' Avarice of Age;
Nay, bring the Pit itſelf upon the Stage.
Firſt to the Bar ſhe turns her various face;
Hem, my Lord, I am Council in this Caſe,

* Theſe Lines were added by Mr. GARRICK, on its being reported, that he was the Author of this Piece: and, however humorous and poetical, contain as ſtrict matter of fact as the ſulleſt Proſe.

And

And if ſo be your Lordſhip ſhould think fit,
Why to be ſure my Client muſt ſubmit;
For why, becauſe—then off ſhe trips again,
And to the Sons of Commerce ſhifts her Scene:
There, whilſt the griping Sire, with mopeing care,
Defrauds the World himſelf, t'enrich his Heir,
The pious Boy, his Father's toil rewarding,
For Thouſands throws a Main at *Covent-Garden.*
Theſe are the Portraits we're oblig'd to ſhow;
You all are Judges if they're like or no:
Here ſhould we fail, ſome other ſhape we'll try,
And grace our future Scenes with Novelty.
I have a plan to treat you with *Burletta,*
That cannot miſs your taſte, *Mia Spilletta.*
But ſhould the following Piece your mirth excite,
From Nature's Volume we'll perſiſt to write,
Your partial favour bad us firſt proceed;
Then ſpare th' Offender, ſince you urg'd the Deed.

PROLOGUE,

Written by Mr. MURPHY, *and Spoken by Mrs.* HAMILTON, *on his firſt Appearance, as a Player, in the Character of* OTHELLO, *at* COVENT-GARDEN.

HUSH!—ſuch a ſcene!—enough to make one ſplit!
We have him ſure—this critic, journaliſt, and wit.
What ſay the knowing ones?—D'ye think he'll do?—
How run the betts?—what odds!—come, *entre nous.*
'Tis five to one that he can never thrive;—
For 'tis the fearfulleſt poor dev'l alive.
'Thro' that ſlit curtain he ſurvey'd the rows,
Promiſcuous fill'd with critics, friends, and foes.
"Ay now, (ſays he) I pay for ev'ry ſin—
"Would I were writing eſſays in *Gray*'s-*Inn.*
"'Sdeath, what had I to do with play'rs or jews,
"Or true intelligence, by way of news?"
Thou ſilly gentleman!—you're ſcar'd at nought;
Your *Gray*'s-*Inn Journal*'s long ago forgot.
"How like a court cenſorial do they ſit,
"The jury all impannell'd in the pit!

" Do, my dear Madam—you've a ſoothing way,
" Go—ſoften prejudice, before the play."
Pho! prithee!—prejudice can't here obj.ct—
An audience will preſerve it's own reſpect.
Thus far in frolic jeſt—now let me wave
Each lighter topic for a ſtile more grave.
How to the ſenate can he grace his cauſe,
When at each word he dreads the critic's laws?
When doubt and fear to diſconcert him ſerve,
Throb in each pulſe, and feel along the nerve,
How can the handkerchief poſſeſs his mind?
Or how ſhall grace and character be join'd!
Hard is his lot in this politer age,
Who boldly dares adventure on the ſtage!
If wrong—you damn him for a ſenſeleſs drone—
If right—by leading faſhion he's undone.
You then, who in the upper regions fix,
Suſpend a while the tumult of your ſticks.
Ye box-keepers, each ruder noiſe give o'er,
And all be huſh'd, as fruit-girls were no more.
Unbend ye critic brows, and O ye beaux,
Forget the gay anxiety of cloaths.
Ye fair, complacent hear—if you attend
Crouds muſt obey, and ev'ry murmur end.
He copies no man—of what *Shakeſpeare* drew,
His humble ſenſe he offers to your view.
If genius prompt him, and not vain deſire,
'Tis your's this night to fan the ſtruggling fire.
Each random ſtroke, each fault indulgent ſee;
For there lies no appeal from your decree.—

EPILOGUE
TO
ZENOBIA.

WRITTEN BY DAVID GARRICK, ESQ.

Spoken by Mrs. ABINGTON.

(*She peeps thro' the Curtain*)

HOW do you all, good folks?—In tears for certain,
I'll only take a PEEP BEHIND THE CURTAIN;
You're

You're all ſo full of tragedy, and ſadneſs!
For me to come among ye, would be madneſs:
This is no time for giggling—when you've leiſure,
Call out for me, and I'll attend your pleaſure;
As ſoldiers hurry at the beat of drum,
Beat but your hands, that inſtant I will come.
[*She enters upon their clapping.*
This is ſo good, to call me out ſo ſoon——
The COMIC MUSE by me intreats a BOON;
She call'd for PRITCHARD, her firſt maid of honour,
And begg'd of her to take the taſk upon her;
But ſhe,—I'm ſure you'll all be ſorry for't,
Reſigns her place, and ſoon retires from court:
To bear this loſs, we courtiers make a ſhift,
When good folks leave us, worſe may have a lift,
The COMIC MUSE whoſe ev'ry ſmile is grace,
And her STAGE SISTER, with her tragic face,
Have had a quarrel——each has writ a CASE.
And on their friends aſſembled now I wait,
To give you of THEIR DIFFERENCE A TRUE STATE.
MELPOMENE, complains when ſhe appears,——
For five good acts, in all her pomp of tears,
To raiſe your ſouls, and with her raptures wing 'em,
Nay wet your handkerchiefs, that you may wring 'em.
Some flippant huſſey, like myſelf comes in;
Crack goes her fan, and with a giggling grin,
Hey! PRESTO PASS!—all topſy turvy tee,
For HO, HO, HO! is chang'd to HE, HE, HE!
We own the fault, but 'tis a fault in vogue,
'Tis theirs, who call and bawl for—EPILOGUE!
O! ſhame upon you——for the time to come,
Know better—and go miſerable home.
What ſays our COMIC GODDESS?——with reproaches,
She vows her SISTER TRAGEDY encroaches!
And ſpite of all her virtue, and ambition,
Is known to have an am'rous diſpoſition:
For in FALSE DELICACY—wond'rous ſly,
Join'd with a certain IRISHMAN—O fye!
She made you, when you ought to laugh, to cry——
Her ſiſter's ſmiles with tears ſhe try'd to ſmother,
Rais'd ſuch a tragi-comic kind of pother,
You laugh'd with one eye, while you cry'd with t'other.

What

What can be done?—ſad work behind the ſcenes!
Their comic females ſcold with tragic queens.
Each party different ways the foe aſſails,
Theſe ſhake their daggers, thoſe prepare their nails.
'Tis YOU alone muſt calm theſe dire miſhaps,
Or we ſhall ſtill continue pulling caps.
What is your will?—I read it in your faces;
That all hereafter take their proper places,
Shake hands, and kiſs and friends, and—BURN THEIR CASES.

EPILOGUE
TO
ZARA.

Spoken by Mrs. CLIVE.

HERE, take a ſurfeit, Sirs, of being *jealous*,
And *ſhun* the *pains* that plague thoſe *Turkiſh* fellows:
Where *love* and *death* join hands, their darts *confounding*,
Save us, good Heav'n! from this *new way* of WOUNDING!
Curs'd climate!—where, to CARDS, a lone-left woman
Has only one of her *black-guards* to *ſummon!*
Sighs, and ſits mope'd, with her *tame beaſt* to *gaze at:*
And, that *col! treat* is all the *game* ſhe plays at!
For——ſhou'd ſhe once, ſome *abler hand* be trying,
Poignard's the *word!*—and, the firſt *deal* is——DYING!
'Slife, ſhou'd the *bloody whim* get round, in *Britain*,
Where *woman's* FREEDOM has ſuch *heights* to ſit on;
Daggers, PROVOK'D, wou'd bring on DESOLATION:
And, *murder'd Belles un-people* half the nation!——
Fain wou'd I help this Play, to *move compaſſion*;
And live, to *hunt* SUSPICION out of faſhion.——
Four motives ſtrongly recommend, to lovers,
Hate of this *weakneſs*, that our *ſcene* diſcovers:
Firſt then—A woman WILL, or WON'T—depend on't
If ſhe *will* do't, ſhe WILL:—and, *there's* an end on't.
But, if ſhe *won't*,—ſince ſafe and ſound your *truſt* is,
Fear is AFFRONT: and *jealouſy* INJUSTICE.
Next—he who bids his *dear* do what *ſhe pleaſes*,
Blunts wedlock's *edge*; and all its torture *eaſes:*

For

For——*not to feel* your ſuff'rings is the ſame,
As *not to ſuffer*:—All the diff'rence—name.
Thirdly——The *jealous* huſband wrongs his *honour*;
No wife *goes lame*, without *ſome hurt* upon her:
And, the malicious *world* will ſtill be *gueſſing*,
Who, oft' *dines out*, diſlikes her own cook's *dreſſing*.
Fourthly and laſtly——to conclude my lecture,
If you wou'd FIX th' *inconſtant wife*—RESPECT her.
She who perceives her virtues OVER-RATED,
Will *fear* to have th' account *more juſtly* ſtated:
And, *borrowing* from her *pride*, the good wife's *ſeeming*,
Grow REALLY SUCH—to *merit* your eſteeming.

EPILOGUE
TO
ZINGIS.

BY MR. GARRICK.

Spoken by Mrs. ABINGTON.

I'M ſent, good folks, to ſpeak the Epilogue,
But 'tis ſo dull——I'll cheat the ſcribling rogue;
Among ourſelves, your loſs will be but ſmall,—
YOU'RE * too polite for Epilogue to call;
But as for YOU †,——it is your joy and pride,
Ever to call—but never ſatisfied.——
Will you, ye Critics, give up Rome and Greece?
And turn Mahometans, and ſave this piece?
What, ſhall our ſtage receive this Tartar race,
Each whiſker'd hero with a copper face?
I hate the Tartars—hate their vile religion,——
We have no ſouls forſooth—that's their deciſion!
Theſe brutes, ſome horrid prejudice controuls;
Speak, Engliſh huſbands—have your wives no ſouls?
Then for our perſons—ſtill more ſhameful work,
A hundred women wed a ſingle Turk!
Again, ye Engliſh huſbands, what ſay you?
A hundred wives! you wou'd not wiſh for *two*.

* To the Boxes. † To the Gallery.

Roman

Romans and Greeks for me!—O that dear Sparta!
Their women had a noble Magna Charta!
There a young hero, had he won fair fame,
Might from her huſband aſk a lovely dame;
The happy huſband, of the honour vain,
Gave her with joy, took her with joy again;
The choſen dame, no ſtruggles had within,
For to refuſe had been a public ſin.—
And to their honour, all hiſtorians ſay,
No Spartan lady ever ſinn'd that way.—
Ye Fair, who have not yet thrown out your bait,
To tangle captives in the marriage ſtate;
Take heed, I warn you, where your ſnares you ſet,
O let not Infidels come near your net.
Let hand in hand with prudence go your wiſhes,
Men are in general the ſtrangeſt fiſhes!
Do not for miſery your beauty barter,
And, O take heed,—you do not catch a Tartar.

PROLOGUE

TO THE

ENGLISH MERCHANT.

WRITTEN BY MR. GARRICK.

Enter Lady Alton *in a Paſſion*; Spatter *following.*

L. Alton. I'LL hear no more, thou wretch!—Attend to reaſon!—
A woman of my rank!—'tis petty treaſon!
Hear reaſon, blockhead! reaſon!—What is that?
Bid me wear pattens, and a high-crown'd hat!
Won't you be gone? What want you? What's your view?
Spatter. Humbly to ſerve the tuneful nine in you.—
I muſt invoke you.—
L. Alton. I renounce ſuch things;
Not *Phœbus* now, but vengeance ſweeps the ſtrings;
My mind is diſcord all!—I ſcorn, deteſt
All human kind!—*you* more than all the reſt.
Spatter. I humbly thank you, ma'am,—but weigh the matter.
L. Alton. I won't hear reaſon! and I hate you, *Spatter!*
Myſelf, and ev'ry thing— *Spatter.*

Spatter. That I deny;
You love a little miſchief, ſo do I;
And miſchief I have for you.—
L. Alton. How, where, when?
Will you ſtab *Falbridge?*
Spatter. Yes, ma'am—with my pen.
L. Alton. Let looſe, my *Spatter*, till to death you've ſtung 'em,
That green-ey'd monſter, Jealouſy, among 'em.
Spatter. To daſh at all, the ſpirit of my trade is,
Men, women, children, parſons, lords and ladies.
There will he danger.
L. Alton. And there ſhall be pay.
[*Gives it him.*
Spatter. In an honeſt way.
[*Smiles and takes it.*
L. Alton. Should my Lord beat you—
Spatter. Let them laugh that win!
For all my bruiſes, here's *gold-beater's ſkin.*
[*Chinking the purſe.*
L. Alton. Nay, ſhould he kill you—
Spatter. Ma'am!
L. Alton. My kindneſs meant
To pay your merit with a monument.
Spatter. Your kindneſs, lady, takes away my breath;
We'll ſtop, with your good leave, on this ſide death.
L. Alton. Attack *Amelia*, both in verſe and proſe:
Your wit can make a nettle of a roſe.
Spatter. A ſtinging-nettle for his lordſhip's breaſt;
And to my *ſtars* and *daſhes* leave the reſt.
I'll make 'em miſerable, never fear;
Pout in a month, and part in half a year.
I know my genius, and can truſt my plan;
I'll break a woman's heart with any man.
L. Alton. Thanks, thanks, dear *Spatter!* Be ſevere, and bold!
Spatter. No qualms of conſcience with a purſe of gold:
Though pill'ries threaten, and though crabſticks fall,
Your's are my heart, ſoul, pen, ears, bones, and all.
Lady Alton alone. [*Exit Spatter.*
Thus to the winds, at once, my cares I ſcatter—
O 'tis a charming raſcal, this ſame *Spatter!*

His

...., and cheriſh, and be fix'd fo
Thinks marriage is a *comfortable* ſtat
No pleaſure like a *warm'd tete-a tete*
Do our lords juſtice, for i would not
There are not many ſuch poor ſouls a
Our turtles from the town will fly with
And I'll foretell the vulgar life they'll
With love and eaſe grown fat, they face
And, farmers both, trudge arm in arm
Now view their ſtock, and in their n
For ever with their children, or their c
Like the dull mill-horſe in one round th
They walk, talk, fondle, dine, and ſa
Their cuſtom always in the afternoon—
He bright as *ſol*, and ſhe *the chaſte full*
Wak'd with their coffee, madam firſt be
She rubs her eyes, his lordſhip rubs his
She ſips, and ſmirks ;—" Next week's
" Married ſev'n years!—and ev'ry ho
" gay!"
" True, *Emmy*, (cries my lord)—the b
" Our hearts in ev'ry thing (*yawns*) f
The day thus ſpent, my lord for muſ
He thrum-

PROLOGUE
TO
PERPLEXITIES.

Mr. BEARD *enters haſtily.*

I SPEAK a Prologue!—What ſtrange whim, I wonder,
Could lead the Author into ſuch a blunder?——
I aſk'd the man as much—but he (poor devil!)
Fancied a Manager might make you civil.
" *Garrick* (ſays he) can with a Prologue tame
" The Critic's rage——Why can't you do the ſame?"
Becauſe (quoth I) the caſe is diff'rent quite;
Garrick, you know, can Prologues ſpeak, and write.
If like that *Roſcius* I could write, and ſpeech it,
I might command applauſe, and not beſeech it.
But, ſure, for one who, all his live long days,
Has dealt in Crotchets, Minims, and Sol-fa's,
A Singer, to ſtand forth in Wit's defence,
And plead 'gainſt ſound the ſolemn cauſe of ſenſe;
Perſuade an audience that a play has merit,
Without a ſingle air to give it ſpirit;
'Tis ſo much out of character—ſo wrong—
No Prologue, ſir, for me,—unleſs in Song.

The ſame (quoth I) you poets reap,
And all your gains, are owing,
To ſounds that even meaſure keep,
And ſtanzas ſmoothly flowing:
But me the lyre wou'd better ſuit
Than verſes of Apollo;
The fiddle, hautboy, horn, or flute,
I'm always us'd to follow.

" Sir (ſays he) you'll mar
" My verſe and meaning too"—
Sir, muſt I turn fool,
To humour ſuch as you?
I'll ſing it if you pleaſe—
" Sing! cries he, in huff,
" Of you and your Sol-fa's
" The town has had enough."—

Oh!

... me to ſhew a ſingle ſ
Of what I bragg'd—I did—as for e

The ſcene is prepar'd, the Critics
The judges all rang'd—a territ
E're tryal begins the Prologue's a
A debt on demand---ſo take wha

And this is the way, Mr. Author,
To trick a plain muſe up with ar
In modiſh Fal-lal's you muſt cloath
And warm a cold Critic's hard he
With

Wherefore I thus entreat, with due ſub
Between the bard and me you'd make

The whole now on your arbitration
And Prologues henceforward ſhall ſu
In what mode ſoever your taſte ſhall
Which non

For, howe'er cruel critics and witlings
That at times I, alas! ſomewhat ...
If to you ...

EPILOGUE
TO THE
SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL.

WRITTEN BY GEORGE COLMAN, ESQ.

And ſpoken by Mrs. ABINGTON, *in the Character of* Lady Teazel.

I, Who was late ſo volatile and gay,
Like a trade-wind muſt now blow all one way;
Bend all my cares, my ſtudies, and my vows,
To one old ruſty weather-cock—my ſpouſe;
So wills our virtuous Bard—the pye-ball'd Bayes
Of crying Epilogues and laughing Plays.
Old batchelors, who marry ſmart young wives,
Learn from our play to regulate your lives!
Each bring his dear to Town—all faults upon her—
London will prove the very ſource of honour;
Plung'd fairly in, like a cold bath, it ſerves,
When principles relax—to brace the nerves.
Such is my caſe—and yet I muſt deplore
That the gay dream of diſſipation's o'er;
And ſay, ye fair, was ever lively wife,
Born with a genius for the higheſt life,
Like me, untimely blaſted in her bloom;
Like me, condemn'd to ſuch a diſmal doom?
Save money—when I juſt knew how to *waſte* it!
Leave London—juſt as I began to taſte it!
Muſt I then watch the early-crowing cock?
The melancholy ticking of a clock?
In the lone ruſtic hall for ever pounded,
With dogs, cats, rats, and ſqualling brats ſurrounded?
With humble curates can I now retire,
(While good Sir Peter boozes with the Squire)
And at back-gammon mortify my ſoul,
That pants for Lu, or flutters at a vole?
Seven's the main!—dear ſound!—that muſt expire,
Loſt at hot cockles round a Chriſtmas fire;
The tranſient hour of faſhion too ſoon ſpent,
" Farewell the tranquil mind, farewell content!
" Farewell the *plumed* head—the cuſhioned *Tête*,
" That takes the cuſhion from its proper ſeat!

" The

" The ſpirit ſtirring drum !—card-drums I mean—
" Spadille, odd trick, pam, paſto, king and queen!
" And you, ye knockers, that with brazen throat
" The welcome viſitor's approach denote,
" Farewell !—All *quality* of high renown,
" Pride, pomp and circumſtance of glorious Town,
" Farewell !—your revels I partake no more,
" And Lady Teazel's occupation's o'er !"
—All this I told our Bard—he ſmil'd, and ſaid, 'twas clear
I ought to play deep Tragedy next year:
Mean while he drew wiſe morals from his play,
And in theſe ſolemn periods ſtalk'd away.
" Bleſt were the Fair, like you her faults who ſtopt,
" And clos'd her follies when the curtain dropt!
" No more in vice or error to engage,
" Or play the fool at large on life's great ſtage !"

EPILOGUE

TO

MAID OF THE OAKS.

WRITTEN BY MR. GARRICK.

Spoken by MRS. ABINGTON.

IN Parliament, whene'er a queſtion comes,
Which makes the *Chief* look grave, and bite his thumbs,
A knowing-one is ſent, fly as a mouſe,
To peep into the humour of the houſe :
I am that mouſe; peeping at friends and foes,
To find which carry it—the *Ayes* or *Noes* :
With more than pow'r of parliament you ſit,
Deſpotic repreſentatives of wit!
For in a moment, and without much pother,
You can *diſſolve* this piece, and *call* another!
As 'tis no treaſon, let us frankly ſee,
In what they differ, and in what agree,
The ſaid ſupreme aſſembly of the nation,
With this our great Dramatic *Convocation !*
Buſineſs in both oft meets with interruption :
In both, we truſt, no *brib'ry* or *corruption*;

Both

Both proud of freedom, have a turn to riot,
And the beſt *Speaker* cannot keep you quiet:
Nay, *there* as *here* he knows not how to ſteer him—
When *order, order's* drown'd in *hear him, hear him!*
We have, unlike to them, one conſtant rule,
We open doors, and chooſe our gall'ries full:
For a full houſe both ſend abroad their ſummons;
With us together ſit the Lords and Commons.
You Ladies here have votes—debate, diſpute,
There if you go (O fye for ſhame!) you're mute:
Never was heard of ſuch a perſecution,
'Tis the great blemiſh of the conſtitution!
No human laws ſhould *nature's* rights abridge,
Freedom of ſpeech! our deareſt privilege:
Ours is the wiſer ſex, though deem'd the weaker;
I'll put the queſtion—if you chuſe me ſpeaker:
Suppoſe me now be-wigg'd, and ſeated here,
I call to *Order!* you, the *Chair!* the *Chair!*
Is it your pleaſure that this Bill ſhould paſs—
Which grants this Poet, upon Mount Parnaſs,
A certain ſpot, where never grew or corn, or graſs?
You that would paſs this play, ſay Aye, *and ſave it;*
You that ſay No *would damn it—the* Ayes *have it.*

PROLOGUE
TO
SETHONA.

WRITTEN BY MR. CUMBERLAND.

Spoken by Mr. REDDISH.

IN claſſic times, as learned authors ſay,
When *Greek* or *Roman* wits produc'd a play,
The herald *Prologue*, 'ere the ſports began,
Fairly ſtept forward and announc'd the plan:
In few plain words he ran the fable through,
And, without favour, publiſh'd all he knew.
An honeſt cuſtom: for the plan was clear;
The ſcene was ſimple, and the Muſe ſincere;
No tawdry faſhions warp'd the public taſte,
The times were candid, and the ſtage was chaſte.

Can

..... will tell you all to-mor.
Authors are now ſo over modeſt grown
They publiſh all men's writings, but
But let no living bard conceive offer
Nor take the general in a partial ſenſe
Peace to all ſuch! the lab'ring bee mu
From flow'r to flow'r; perchance from
And ſhould the comb unwelcome flavo
The fault's not in the fabric, but the fi
The critic waſp, mean while upon the
(An inſect fraught with nothing but a fl
Diſturbs th' induſtrious hive, for malice
Marring that honey, which he cannot m
An abſent bard, engag'd in diſtant w
This night appears by proxy at your bar
As o'er Arabia's wilds he took his way,
From ſultry Ormus and the realms of da
His active mind, ſuperior to its toil,
Struck out theſe ſcenes upon the burning
No cooling grottoes, no umbrageous gro
To win the Graces, and allure the Love
No Heliconian fount, wherein to dip,
And ſlake the burning fever on his lip.
Before him all is ...

An ADDRESS *to the* TOWN,

by way of EPILOGUE *to*

'TIS WELL IT's NO WORSE.

Spoken by Mr. KING.

INSTEAD of an Epilogue, round, ſmart, and terſe,
Let poor ſimple me, and in more ſimple verſe,
Juſt handle the text—*It is well it's no worſe.*
The brat of this night ſhould you cheriſh and nurſe,
And huſh it, and rock it, tho' you fill not his purſe,
The *Daddy* will ſay, that—*'Tis well it's no worſe.*
Or ſhould his ſtrange fortune turn out the reverſe,
That his pockets you fill, tho' his play you ſhould curſe,
Still our author will ſay—*It is well it's no worſe.*
Should you put the poor bard and his brat in one herſe,
Yet to give to the *Actors* ſome praiſe not averſe,
We comfort ourſelves—*It is well it's no worſe.*
The town with each poet will puſh carte and tierce;
If the bard can ſo guard, that his buff you don't pierce,
Tho' you pink him a little—*'Tis well it's no worſe.*
Should the play-houſe be full, tho' the critics ſo fierce,
The managers, actors, and author aſperſe,
We ſhrug up our ſhoulders—*'Tis well it's no worſe.*
But ſhould you to damn be reſolv'd, and perverſe,
If quietly after, from hence you diſperſe,
We wiſh you good night—and—*'Tis well it's no worſe.*

PROLOGUE

TO

FALSE DELICACY.

WRITTEN BY MR. GARRICK.

Spoken by Mr. KING.

I'M vex'd—quite vex'd—and you'll be vex'd—that's worſe,
To deal with *ſtubborn Scribblers!* there's the curſe!

Write *moral Plays*—the Blockhead! why, good people,
You'll ſoon expect this Houſe to wear a Steeple!
For our fine Piece, to let you into facts,
Is quite a *Sermon*,—only preach'd in *Acts*.
You'll ſcarce believe me, 'till the proof appears,
But even I, *Tom Fool*, muſt ſhed ſome tears:
Do, Ladies, look upon me—nay, no ſimp'ring—
Think you this face was ever made for whimp'ring?
Can I a cambrick handkerchief diſplay,—
Thump my unfeeling breaſt, and roar away?
Why *this* is *comical*, perhaps he'll ſay—
Reſolving this ſtrange aukward Bard to pump,
I aſk'd him what he meant?—He, ſomewhat plump,
New purs'd his belly, and his lips thus biting,
I muſt keep up the dignity of writing!
You may; but, if you do, Sir, I muſt tell ye,
You'll not keep up that dignity of belly.
Still he preach'd on—"*Bards of a former age*
"*Held up abandon'd Pictures on the Stage;*
"*Spread out their Wit with faſcinating art,*
"*And catch'd the Fancy, to corrupt the Heart;*
"*But, happy change!—in theſe more moral days,*
"*You cannot ſport with Virtue, ev'n in Plays;*
"*On Virtue's ſide his pen the Poet draws,*
"*And boldly aſks a Hearing for his Cauſe.*"
Thus did he prance and ſwell—The man may prate,
And feed theſe whimſies in his addle pate,
That you'll protect his Muſe, becauſe ſhe's good,
A Virgin, and ſo chaſte!—O lud! O lud!
No Muſe the Critic Beadle's laſh eſcapes,
Tho' virtuous, if a Dowdy and a Trapes:
If *his* come forth a decent, likely Laſs,
You'll ſpeak her fair, and grant the proper paſs;
Or ſhould his brain be turn'd with wild pretences,
In three hours time you'll bring him to his ſenſes;
And well you may, when in your pow'r you get him;
In that ſhort ſpace, you bliſter, bleed, and ſweat him.
Among the *Turks*, indeed, he'd run no danger;
They ſacred hold a *Madman* and a *Stranger*.

PRO-

PROLOGUE
TO
BARBAROSSA.

Written by Mr. GARRICK, *and ſpoken by him in the Character of a* Country Boy.

Meaſter! Meaſter!

IS not my Meaſter here among you pray?
Nay, ſpeak—my Meaſter wrote this fine new Play—
The Actor-folks are making ſuch a clatter!
They want the Pro-log,—I know nought o' th' matter!
He muſt be there among you—look about—
A weezen, pale fac'd man, do find him out——
Pray, Meaſter, come—or all will fall to ſheame,
Call Miſter—hold—I muſt not tell his name.
Law! what a croud is here! what a noiſe and pother!
Fine lads and laſſes! one o'top o' t'other.
[*Pointing to the Rows of Pit and Gallery.*
I cou'd for ever here with wonder geaze!
I ne'er ſaw church ſo full in all my days!—
Your ſervant, Surs!—what do you laugh for? Eh?
You donna take me ſure for one o' th' Play!
You ſhou'd not flout an honeſt Country lad,—
You think me fool, and I think you half mad:
You're all as ſtrange as I, and ſtranger too,
And, if you laugh at me, I'll laugh at you. [*Laughing.*
I donna like your London tricks, not I,
And ſince you've rais'd my blood, I'll tell you why?
And if you wull, ſince now I am before ye,
For want of Pro-log, I'll relate my ſtory.
I came from country here to try my fate,
And get a place among the Rich and Great;
But troth I'm ſick o' th' journey I ha' ta'en,
I like it not—wou'd I were whoame again.—
Firſt, in the City I took up my ſtation,
And got a place, with one of th' Corporation,
A round big man—he eat a plaguy deal,
Zooks! he'd have beat five ploomen at a meal!
But long with him I cou'd not make abode,
For, cou'd you think't?—He eat a great *Sea-toad!*
It came from *Indies*—'twas as big as me,
He call'd it *Belly patch* and *Capapee:*

661814 A

Law! how I ſtar'd!—I thought,—who knows, but I,
For want of monſters, may be made a pye;
Rather than tarry here for bribe or gain,
I'll back to whoame, and country-fare again.
I left *Toad*-eater; then I ſarv'd a Lord,
And there they promis'd!—but ne'er kept their word,
While 'mong the Great, this geaming work the trade is,
They mind no more poor ſervants, than their Ladies.
A Lady next, who lik'd a ſmart young lad,
Hir'd me forthwith—but, troth, I thought her mad.
She turn'd the world top down, as I may ſay,
She chang'd the day to neet, the neet to day!
One day I ſtood with coach, and did but ſtoop
To put the foot-board down, and with her *hoop*
She cover'd me all o'er—*where are you, Lout?*
Here, *Madam*, for Heaven's ſake, pray let me out.
I was ſo ſheam'd with all her freakiſh ways,
She wore her gear ſo ſhort, ſo low her ſtays—
Fine folks ſhew all for nothing now-a days!
Now I'm the Poet's mon—I find with wits,
There's nothing ſartain—Nay, we eat by fits.
Our meals, indeed, are ſlender,—what of that?
There are but three on's—Meaſter, I, and Cat.
Did you but ſee us all, as I'm a ſinner,
You'd ſcarcely ſay, which of the three is thinner.
My wages all depend on this night's piece,
But ſhou'd you find that all our ſwans are geeſe!
E'feck I'll truſt no more to Meaſter's brain,
But pack up all, and whiſtle whoame again.

PROLOGUE
TO
CLEMENTINA.

BY GEORGE COLMAN, ESQ.

Spoken by Mr. BENSLEY.

IN theſe, our moral and religious days,
Men dread the crying ſin of writing Plays:
While ſome, whoſe wicked wit incurs the blame,
However they love the treſpaſs, fly the ſhame.

If,

If, a new Holy War with Vice to wage,
Some preacher quits the pulpit for the ſtage,
The Rev'rend Bard, with much remorſe and fear,
Attempts to give his Evening Lecture here.
The work engender'd, to the world muſt riſe;
But yet the father may elude our eyes.
The pariſh on this trick of youth might frown,
And thus, unown'd, 'tis thrown upon the Town,
At our Director's door he lays the ſin,
Who ſees the Babe, relents, and takes it in;
To ſwathe and dreſs it firſt unſtrings his purſe,
Then kindly puts it out to You—to nurſe.
Should ſome young Counſel, thro' his luckleſs ſtar,
By writing Plays turn truant to the Bar.
Call'd up by you to this High Court of Wit,
With *non-inventus* we return the writ.
No *latitat* can force him to appear,
Whoſe failure and ſucceſs cauſe equal fear.
Whatever fees his clients here beſtow,
He loſes double in the Courts below.
Grave ſolemn Doctors, whoſe preſcribing pen
Has in the trade of Death kill'd many men,
With venturous quill here tremblingly engage
To ſlay Kings, Queens, and Heroes, on the ſtage.
The Great, if great men write, of ſhame afraid,
Come forth *incog.*—and Beaux, in maſquerade.
Some Demireps in wit, of doubtful fame,
Tho' known to all the town, withhold their name.
Thus each by turns ungratefully refuſe
To own the favours of their Lady-Muſe;
Woo'd by the Court, the College, Bar and Church,
Court, Bar, Church, College, leave her in the lurch.
'Tis your's to-night the work alone to ſcan;
Arraign the Bard, regardleſs of the man!
If Dulneſs waves her poppies o'er his play,
To Critic fury let it fall a prey;
But if his art the tears of Pity draws,
Aſk not his name—but crown him with applauſe.

EPILOGUE
TO
CYMON.

WRITTEN BY GEORGE KEATE, ESQ.

Spoken by Mrs. ABINGTON.

Enter, peeping in at the Stage Door.

IS the ſtage clear!—bleſs me!—I've ſuch a dread!
It ſeems enchanted ground, where'er I tread!
[*Coming forward.*
What noiſe was that!—huſh!—'twas a falſe alarm—
I'm ſure there's no one here will do me harm:
Among'ſt you can't be found a ſingle knight,
Who would not do an injur'd damſel right.
Well—Heav'n be prais'd! I'm out of magic reach,
And have once more regain'd the pow'r of Speech:
Aye, and I'll uſe it—for it muſt appear,
That my poor tongue is greatly in arrear——
There's not a female here but ſhar'd my woe,
Ty'd down to YES, or, ſtill more hateful, NO.
NO is expreſſive—but I muſt confeſs,
If rightly queſtion'd, I'd uſe only YES.
In MERLIN'S walk this broken wand I found,
[*Shewing a broken wand.*
Which to *two words* my ſpeaking organs bound.
Suppoſe upon the town I try his ſpell——
Ladies, don't ſtir!—You uſe your tongues too well:
How tranquil every place, when by my ſkill,
Folly is mute, and even *ſlander* ſtill;
Old Goſſips ſpeechleſs—*Bloods* would breed no riot,
And all the tongues at *Jonathan's* lie quiet!
Each *grave profeſſion* muſt new buſh the wig;
Nothing to ſay, 'twere needleſs they look big!
The *reverend Doctor* might the change endure,
He would ſit ſtill, and have his *Sine Cure!*
Nor could *great folks* much hardſhip undergo;
They do their buſineſs with an AYE or NO!—
But, come, I only jok'd—diſmiſs your fear;
Tho' I've the pow'r, I will not uſe it here.
I'll only keep my magic as a guard,
To awe each critic who attacks our Bard.

I ſee

I ſee ſome malcontents their fingers biting,
Snarling, "The antients never knew ſuch writing—
"The drama's loſt!—the Managers exhauſt us
"With *Op'ras, Monkies, Mab,* and *Dr. Fauſtus.*"
Dread Sirs, a word!—the Public taſte is fickle;
All palates in their turn we ſtrive to tickle;
Our cat'rers *vary*; and you'll own, at leaſt,
It is *Variety* that makes the feaſt,
If this fair circle ſmile—and *the Gods* thunder,
I with this wand will keep the critics under.

PROLOGUE

TO THE SAME.

For NEW YEAR'S DAY.

Spoken by Mr. KING.

I Come, obedient at my brethren's call,
From top to bottom, to ſalute you all;
Warmly to wiſh, before our Piece you view,
A happy Year—to you—you—you—and you!
[*Boxes*—*Pit*—1 *Gallery*—2 *Gallery*.
From you the Play'rs enjoy and feel it here,
The *merry Chriſtmas*, and the *happy Year*.
There is a good old ſaying—pray attend it;
As you begin the year, you'll ſurely end it.
Should any one this night incline to evil;
He'll play for twelve long months the very devil!
Should any married dame exert her tongue,
She'll ſing the *Zodiac* round, the ſame ſweet ſong:
And ſhould the huſband join his muſic too,
Why then 'tis *Cat* and *Dog*, the whole year thro'.
Ye ſons of *Law* and *Phyſic*, for your eaſe,
Be ſure this day you never take your fees:
Can't you refuſe?—then the diſeaſe grows ſtrong,
You'll have two itching palms—Lord knows how long!
Writers of News by this ſtrange fate are bound,
They fib to-day, and fib the whole year round.
You wits aſſembled here, both great and ſmall,
Set not this night afloat your critic gall;

If you ſhould ſnarl, and not incline to laughter,
What ſweet companions for a twelvemonth after!
You muſt be muzzled for this night at leaſt;
Our author has a right this day to feaſt.
He has not touch'd one bit as yet—Remember,
'Tis a long *Faſt* from now to next December.
'Tis *Holiday!* you are *our Patrons* now;
[*To the upper Gallery.*
If you but grin, the critics won't *Bow, wow.*
As for the plot, wit, humour, language—I
Beg you ſuch trifles kindly to paſs by;
The moſt eſſential part, which ſomething means,
As dreſſes, dances, ſingings, flyings, ſcenes,—
They'll make you ſtare—nay, there is ſuch a thing,
Will make you ſtare ſtill more!—for I muſt ſing:
And ſhould your taſte, and ears, be over nice,
Alas! you'll ſpoil my ſinging in a trice.
If you ſhould *growl*, my notes will alter ſoon,
I can't be *in*—if you are *out* of tune!
Permit my fears your favour to beſpeak,
My Part's a ſtrong one, and *poor I but weak.*
[*Alluding to his late Accident.*
If you but ſmile, I'm firm, if frown, I ſtumble—
Scarce well *of one*, ſpare me a *ſecond tumble!*

The OCCASIONAL PROLOGUE,

Spoken by Mr. King,

At the Opening of Drury-Lane *Theatre.*

[*Enter, reading a Superſcription.*]

I'M right—your ſervant, ſirs,—th' addreſs is plain—
To the high Court of Critics, *Drury-Lane.*
Two Ladies, ſiſters, women of condition,
Have ſent by me, their *Courier*, a *petition.*
Who are thoſe Ladies? Should the Curious aſk,
See their broad ſeal—a *dagger* and a *maſk!*
Here, *Braſi*, take this,—I anſwer'd to the name,
And at their call, and for your ſervice came.
'Tis ſign'd, as you may plainly ſee,
Thalia and *Melpomene*,
Alias, *Tragedy* and *Comedy.*

Poor

Poor ſouls! they're angry,—and to hint is treaſon,
That angry Ladies have not always reaſon;
In Claſſic language they complain of wrong,
Which thus I change to mine—the vulgar tongue.
They ſet forth at large, that their caſe is ſo ſad,
That poor Comedy weeps, and that Tragedy's mad;
That *Op'ra*, their rival, heretofore Maid of Honour;
Has got to your hearts, and took too much upon her,
That this foreign Minx has engroſs'd all your favours;
And fritter'd their paſſions, and humour to quavers,
That ſhe walks cheek by jole, and won't hold up their tail,
So humbly they beg, that you'll ſend her to jail,
There ſtrip her, and whip her, and ſend her away,
And as bound in duty, for ever they'll pray.
My mettled Miſtreſſes ſo high in blood,
Would ſcratch poor Op'ra's eyes out if they cou'd.
Suppoſe your Honours, to avoid a fuſs,
And ſave the pulling caps, adjuſt it thus:
When Tragedy has *harrow'd up the ſoul*,
Plung'd deep her dagger, or toſs'd off her bowl;
When grief, rage, murder, ſtrew the palace round,
Muſic ſhould pour her balm into the wound;
Or when the Comic Laſs has ſhook your ſides,
That laughter ſwell'd ſo high, burſts out in tides,
Then muſic, with it's ſweet enchanting ſtrain,
Should to it's banks lure back the tide again.
But how ſhall we your various fancies bind,
When ev'ry Briton has a diff'rent mind?
Muſic's a Harlot—(thus *Tom Surly* ſpoke)
Whoſe charms will bend our honeſt *Hearts of Oak*?
What are the *Romans now*, once brave and free?
Nothing but Tweedle-dum and Tweedle-dee,
Read Shakſper (cries his wife) he'll blunt your ſatire,
Who has not muſic in his ſoul's a traitor.
Ev'n ſavage beaſts are mov'd by Muſic's touch,
And you, my dear, to be unmov'd—is much.
MyMammy's right (liſps Miſs)—you're wrong my Daddy;
I'd hear for ever *Through the wood my Laddie*.
How's this, roars out a Bard, in tragic pride,
This catgut peſt comes on with mighty ſtride;
In Muſic's lulling magic we are bound,
Like yawning ſpreads the epidemic ſound,
"For when one *yawns*, by turns we all *yawn* round."

THEATRICAL BOUQUET.

... what! Harmony an evil!
... —Tragedy the Devil.
... ng, how ſhall we find the teſt?
... of t'other is a jeſt;
... y, or ſing, as you like beſt.
... t Turk, ſhall cull our choiceſt treaſures;
... v'n-born beauties wait your pleaſures,
... happy, ſhould you ſmile with favour,
... low out your handkerchief, and you ſhall have her.

PROLOGUE

TO THE

FASHIONABLE LOVER.

Spoken by Mr. WESTON *in the Character of a* Printer's Devil.

I AM a Devil, ſo pleaſe you—and muſt hoof
Up to the poet yonder with this proof:
I'd read it to you, but, in faith, 'tis odds
For one poor Devil to face ſo many Gods.
A ready imp I am, who kindly greets
Young authors with their firſt exploits in ſheets;
While the Preſs groans, in place of dry-nurſe ſtands,
And takes the bantling from the midwife's hands.
If any author of prolific brains,
In this good company, feels labour-pains;
If any gentle poet, big with rhime,
Has run his reck'ning out and gone his time;
If any critic, pregnant with ill-nature,
Cries out to be deliver'd of his ſatire;
Know ſuch that at our Hoſpital of Muſes
He may lye-in, in private, if he chuſes;
We've ſingle lodgings there for ſecret ſinners,
With good encouragement for young beginners.
Here's one now that is free enough in reaſon;
This bard breeds regularly once a ſeaſon;
Three of a ſort, of homely form and feature,
The plain-coarſe progeny of humble Nature;
Home-bred and born; no ſtrangers he diſplays,
Nor tortures free-born limbs in ſtiff French ſtays:

Two

Two you have rear'd; but between you and me,
This youngeſt is the fav'rite, of the three.
Nine tedious months he bore this babe about,
Let it in charity live nine nights out;
Stay but his month up; give ſome little law;
'Tis cowardly to attack him in the ſtraw.
Dear Gentlemen Correctors, be more civil;
Kind courteous Sirs, take counſel of the Devil;
Stop your abuſe, for while your readers ſee
Such malice, they impute your work to me;
Thus, while you gather no one ſprig of fame,
Your poor unhappy friend is put to ſhame:
Faith, Sirs, you ſhou'd have ſome conſideration,
When ev'n the Devil pleads againſt Damnation.

PROLOGUE

TO

ZOBEDIE.

IN thoſe bad times, when learning's ſons explore
The diſtant climate, and the ſavage ſhore;
When wiſe aſtronomers to India ſteer,
And quit for Venus many a brighter here;
While botaniſts are cold to ſmiles and dimpling,
Forſake the fair, and patiently go ſimpling,
Our bard into the general ſpirit enters,
And fits his little frigate for adventures;
With Scythian ſlaves and trinkets deeply laden,
He this way ſteers his courſe in hopes of trading;
Yet e'er he lands, he'as ordered me before
To make an obſervation on the ſhore.
Where are we driv'n? our reck'ning ſure is loſt!
This ſeems a rocky and a dang'rous coaſt.
Lord! what a ſultry climate am I under!
Yon ill-forboding cloud ſeems big with thunder.
[*Upper Gallery.*]
Thoſe mangroves ſpread, and larger than I have ſeen 'em.
[*Pit.*]
Here trees of ſtately ſize—and billing turtles in 'em—
[Balconies.]
Here

Here ill condition'd oranges abound——[*Stage.*]
And apples (*takes up one and taſtes it*) *bitter* apples ſtrew the ground.
Th' inhabitants are Canibals I fear,
I heard a hiſſing, there are ſerpents here!
O! there the people are—but keep my diſtance;
Our Captain, gentle natives, craves aſſiſtance;
Our ſhip's well ſtor'd, in yonder brook we've laid her,
His honour is no mercenary trader.
This is his firſt adventure, lend him aid,
And we may chance to drive a thriving trade.
His goods, he hopes, are prime, and brought from far,
Equally fit for gallantry and war.
What, no reply to promiſes ſo ample?
I'd beſt ſtep back and order up a ſample.

EPILOGUE
TO THE
FOUNDLING.

WRITTEN BY MR. GARRICK.

Spoken by Mrs. CIBBER.

I Know, you all expect, from ſeeing me,
An *Epilogue*, of ſtricteſt purity;
Some former lecture, ſpoke with prudiſh face,
To ſhew our preſent joking, giggling race,
True joy conſiſts in—gravity and grace!
But why am I, for ever made the tool,
Of every ſqueamiſh, moralizing fool?
Condemn'd to ſorrow all my life, muſt I
Ne'er make you laugh, becauſe I make you cry?
Madam (ſay they) your face denotes your heart,
'Tis your's to melt us in the mournful part.
So from the looks, our hearts they prudiſh deem!
Alas, poor Souls!—*we are not what we ſeem!*
Tho' prudence oft, our inclination ſmothers,
We grave ones, love a joke—as well as others.
From ſuch dull ſtuff, what profit can you reap?
You cry—'Tis very fine,—(*yawns*) and fall aſleep.
Happy that Bard!—Bleſt with uncommon art,
Whoſe wit can chear, and not corrupt the heart!

Happy

Happy that Play'r, whoſe ſkill can chace the ſpleen,
And leave no worſe inhabitant within.
'Mongſt friends, our Author is a modeſt man,
But wicked Wits will cavil at his plan.
Damn it (ſays one) this ſtuff will never paſs,
The GIRL wants nature, and the RAKE's an aſs.
Had I, like BELMONT, heard a damſel's cries,
I wou'd have pink'd her keeper, ſeiz'd the prize,
Whipt to a coach, not valu'd tears a *farding*,
But drove away like ſmoke—to *Covent-Garden*;
There to ſome houſe convenient wou'd have carry'd her,
And then—dear ſoul!—the devil ſhou'd have married her.
But this our Author thought too hard upon her;
Beſides, his ſpark, forſooth, muſt have ſome honour!
The fool's a *Fabuliſt!*—and deals in fiction;
Or he had giv'n him vice—without reſtriction.
Of *fable*, all his characters partake,
Sir CHARLES is virtuous—and for virtue's ſake;
Nor vain, nor bluſt'ring is the SOLDIER writ,
His RAKE has conſcience, modeſty, and wit.
The Ladies too—how oddly they appear!
His PRUDE is chaſte, and his COQUET ſincere:
In ſhort, ſo ſtrange a group, ne'er trod the ſtage,
At once to pleaſe, and ſatirize the age!
For you, ye FAIR, his Muſe has chiefly ſung,
'Tis you, have touch'd his heart, and tun'd his tongue;
The ſex's champion, let the ſex defend,
A ſoothing Poet is a charming friend:
Your favours, here beſtow'd, will meet reward,
So as you love dear flatt'ry—ſave your BARD.

PROLOGUE
TO
VENICE PRESERV'D;
OR, A
PLOT DISCOVER'D.

IN theſe diſtracted times, when each man dreads
The bloody ſtratagems of buſy heads;

When

When we have fear'd three years we know not what,
'Till witneſſes begin to die o' th' rot,
What made our Poet meddle with a plot?
Was't that he fancy'd for the very ſake
And name of Plot, his trifling play might take?
For there's not in't one inch-broad evidence,
But 'tis, he ſays, to reaſon plain and ſenſe,
And that he thinks a plauſible defence.
Were truth by ſenſe and reaſon to be try'd;
Sure all our ſwearers might be laid aſide.
No, of ſuch tools, our Author has no need,
To make his Plot, or make his Play ſucceed;
He, of black bills has no prodigious tales,
Or *Spaniſh* pilgrims caſt aſhore in *Wales*;
Here's not one murther'd magiſtrate at leaſt:
Kept rank like ven'ſon for a city feaſt:
Grown four days ſtiff, the better to prepare
And fit his pliant limbs to ride in chair:
Yet here's an army rais'd, though under ground,
But no man ſeen, nor one commiſſion found:
Here is a traitor too, that's very old,
Turbulent, ſubtle, miſchievous, and bold,
Bloody, revengeful, and to crown his part,
Loves fumbling with a wench, with all his heart;
Till after having many changes paſt,
In ſpight of age (thanks t'Heav'n) is hang'd at laſt.
Next is a Senator that keeps a whore;
In *Venice* none a higher office bore;
To lewdneſs every night the letcher ran:
Shew me, all *London*, ſuch another man,
Match him at Mother *Creſwold's* if you can.
O *Poland! Poland!* had it been thy lot,
T'have heard in time of this *Venetian* plot,
Thou ſurely choſen hadſt one king from thence,
And honour'd them as thou haſt *England* ſince.

PROLOGUE
TO
CAIUS MARIUS.

Spoken by Mr. BETTERTON.

IN ages paſt, (when will thoſe times renew?)
When Empires flouriſh'd, ſo did Poets too.

When

When Great *Auguſtus* the world's empire held,
Horace and *Ovid*'s happy verſe excell'd.
Ovid's ſoft genius, and his tender arts
Of moving nature, melted hardeſt hearts.
It did th' imperial beauty, *Julia*, move
To liſten to the language of his love.
Her father honour'd him: and on her breaſt,
With raviſh'd ſenſe in her embraces preſt,
He lay tranſported, fancy-full and bleſt.
Horace's lofty genius boldlier rear'd
His manly head, and through all nature ſteer'd;
Her richeſt pleaſures in his verſe refin'd,
And wrought 'em to the reliſh of the mind.
He laſh'd, with a true Poet's fearleſs rage,
The villanies and follies of the age.
Therefore *Mecænas*, that great fav'rite, rais'd
Him high, and by him was he highly prais'd.
Our *Shakeſpeare* wrote too in an age as bleſt,
The happieſt Poet of his time, and beſt;
A gracious Prince's favour chear'd his Muſe,
A conſtant favour he ne'er fear'd to loſe.
Therefore he wrote with fancy unconfin'd,
And thoughts that were immortal as his mind:
And from the crop of his luxuriant pen
E'er ſince ſucceeding Poets humbly glean.
Though much the moſt unworthy of the throng,
Our this day's Poet fears h'has done him wrong.
Like greedy beggars that ſteal ſheaves away,
You'll find h'has rifl'd him of half a play.
Amidſt this baſer droſs you'll ſee it ſhine
Moſt beautiful, amazing, and divine.
To ſuch low ſhifts of late are Poets worn,
Whilſt we both wit's and *Cæſar*'s abſence mourn.
Oh! when will he and poetry return?
When ſhall we there again behold him ſit
'Midſt ſhining boxes and a courtly pit,
The Lord of hearts, and Preſident of wit?
When that bleſt day (quick may it come) appears,
His cares once baniſh'd, and his nation's fears,
The joyful Muſes on their hills ſhall ſing
Triumphant ſongs of *Britain*'s happy king.
Plenty and peace ſhall flouriſh in our iſle,
And all things, like the *Engliſh* beauty, ſmile.

You,

You, Criticks, ſhall forget your natural ſpite,
And Poets with unbounded fancy write.
Ev'n this day's Poet ſhall be alter'd quite:
His thoughts more loftily and freely flow;
And he himſelf, whilſt you his verſe allow,
As much tranſported as he's humble now.

PROLOGUE
TO
ALFRED.

WRITTEN BY JOHN, EARL OF CORKE.

Spoken by Mr. GARRICK.

IN arms renown'd, for arts of peace ador'd,
ALFRED, the nation's father, more than lord,
A *Britiſh* Author has preſum'd to draw,
Struck deep, even now, with reverential awe!
And ſets the godlike figure fair in view—
O may diſcernment find the likeneſs true.
When *Daniſh* fury, with wide-waſting hand,
Had ſpread pale fear, and ravage o'er the land,
This prince ariſing bade confuſion ceaſe;
Bade order ſhine, and bleſt his iſle with peace;
Taught liberal hearts to humanize the mind,
And heaven-born ſcience to ſweet freedom join'd.
United thus, the friendly ſiſters ſhone,
And one ſecur'd, while one adorn'd, his throne.
Amidſt theſe honors of his happy reign,
Each Grace and every Muſe compos'd his train:
As grateful ſervants, all exulting ſtrove,
At once to ſpread his fame, and ſhare his love.
To night, if aught of fiction you behold,
Think not, in virtue's cauſe, the Bard too bold.
If ever angels from the ſkies deſcend,
It muſt be—truth and freedom to defend.
Thus would our Author pleaſe—be it your part,
If not his labors, to approve his heart.
True to his country's, and to honor's cauſe,
He fixes, there, his fame, and your applauſe;
Wiſhes no failing from your ſight to hide,
But, by free BRITONS, will be freely try'd.

PRO-

PROLOGUE

TO THE

DRUMMER:

OR, THE

HAUNTED-HOUSE.

IN this grave age, when Comedies are ſew,
We crave your patronage for one that's new;
Tho' 'twere poor ſtuff, yet bid the Author fair,
And let the ſcarceneſs recommend the ware.
Long have your ears been fill'd with tragic parts,
Blood and Blank Verſe have harden'd all your hearts;
If e'er you ſmile, 'tis at ſome party ſtrokes,
Round heads and *wooden ſhoes* are ſtanding jokes;
The ſame conceit gives claps and hiſſes birth,
You're grown ſuch politicians in your mirth!
For once we try (tho' 'tis, I own, unſafe,)
To pleaſe you all, and make both parties laugh.
Our Author, anxious for his fame to-night,
And baſhful in his firſt attempt to write,
Lies cautiouſly obſcure and unreveal'd,
Like antient Actors in a maſque conceal'd,
Cenſure, when no man knows who writes the play,
Were much good malice merely thrown away.
The mighty Criticks will not blaſt, for ſhame,
A raw young thing, who dares not tell his name:
Good-natur'd judges will th' unknown defend,
And fear to blame, leſt they ſhou'd hurt a friend:
Each wit may praiſe it, for his own dear ſake,
And hint he writ it, if the thing ſhou'd take.
But if you're rough, and uſe him like a dog,
Depend upon it——He'll remain incog.
If you ſhou'd hiſs, he ſwears he'll hiſs as high,
And, like a *Culprit*, join the hue-and-cry.
If cruel men are ſtill averſe to ſpare
Theſe ſcenes, they fly for refuge to the fair.
Tho' with a Ghoſt our Comedy be heighten'd,
Ladies, upon my word, you ſhan't be frighten'd;
O, 'tis a Ghoſt that ſcorns to be uncivil,
A well-ſpread, luſty, jointure-hunting devil;

And

An am'rous Ghoſt, that's faithful, fond and true,
Made up of fleſh and blood——as much as you.
Then every evening come in flocks, undaunted,
We never think this Houſe is too much Haunted.

PROLOGUE
TO
DOUGLAS.

WRITTEN BY NICHOLAS ROWE, ESQ.

Spoken by Mr. SPARKS.

IN antient times, when *Britain*'s trade was arms,
And the lov'd muſick of her youth, alarms.
A god-like race ſuſtain'd fair *England*'s fame:
Who has not heard of gallant PIERCY's name?
Ay, and of DOUGLAS? Such illuſtrious foes
In rival *Rome* and *Carthage* never roſe!
From age to age bright ſhone the *Britiſh* fire,
And every hero was a hero's ſire.
When powerful fate decreed one warrior's doom,
Up ſprung the Phœnix from his parent's tomb.
But whilſt theſe generous rivals fought and fell,
Theſe generous rivals lov'd each other well:
Tho' many a bloody field was loſt and won,
Nothing in hate, in honour all was done.
When PIERCY wrong'd defy'd his Prince or Peers,
Faſt came the DOUGLAS, with his *Scottiſh* ſpears;
And, when proud DOUGLAS made his King his foe,
For DOUGLAS, PIERCY bent his *Engliſh* bow.
Expell'd their native homes by adverſe fate,
They knock'd alternate at each other's gate:
Then blaz'd the caſtle, at the midnight hour,
For him whoſe arms had ſhook its firmeſt tower.
This night a DOUGLAS your protection claims;
A wife! a mother! pity's ſofteſt names:
The ſtory of her woes indulgent hear,
And grant your ſupphant all ſhe begs, a tear.
In confidence ſhe begs; and hopes to find
Each *Engliſh* breaſt, like noble PIERCY's kind.

EPI-

EPILOGUE
TO THE
BEAUX STRATAGEM.

IF to our play your judgment can't be kind;
Let its expiring Author pity find; *
Survey its mournful caſe with melting eyes,
Nor let the Bard be damn'd before he dies.
Forbear, ye fair, on his laſt ſcene to frown,
But his true *Exit* with a plaudit crown;
Then ſhall the dying Poet ceaſe to fear
The dreadful knell, while your applauſe he hears.
At *Leuctra* ſo the conqu'ring *Theban* dy'd,
Claim'd his friends praiſes, but their tears deny'd:
Pleas'd in the pangs of death, he greatly thought
Conqueſt with loſs of life but cheaply bought.
The diff'rence this, the *Greek* was one wou'd fight;
As brave, tho' not ſo gay as ſerjeant *Kite:*
Ye ſons of *Will's*, what's that to thoſe who write?
To *Thebes* alone the *Grecian* ow'd his bays,
You may the Bard above the Hero raiſe,
Since yours is greater than *Athenian* praiſe.

EPILOGUE
TO THE
EARL OF ESSEX.

WRITTEN BY MR. GARRICK.

Spoken by Mrs. PRITCHARD, in the Character of QUEEN ELIZABETH.

IF any here, are Britons but in name,
Dead to their country's happineſs and fame:
Let 'em depart this moment—Let 'em fly
My awful preſence, and my ſearching eye!

* Mr. FARQUHAR was then on his death-bed, and died before the run of the Play was over.

No

No more your Queen, but upright judge I come,
To try your deeds abroad, your lives at home;
Try you in ev'ry point, from ſmall to great,
Your *Wit*,—*Laws*,—*Faſhions*,—*Valor*,—*Church* and *State*!—
Search you, as Britons ne'er were ſearch'd before:
"O tremble! for you hear the lion roar!"
Since that moſt glorious time that here I reign'd,
An age and half!—What have you loſt or gain'd?
Your *Wit*—Whate'er your Poets ſing or ſwear;
Since *Shakeſpeare*'s time is ſomewhat worſe for wear.
Your *Laws* are good, your *Lawyers* good of courſe;
The ſtreams are ſurely clear, when clear the ſource:
In greater ſtore theſe bleſſings now are ſent ye;
Where I had one attorney, you have twenty.
Faſhions, ye fair, deſerve nor praiſe nor blame;
Unleſs they riſe as foes to ſenſe or ſhame;
Wear ruffs, or gauze—But let your ſkill be ſuch,
Rather to ſhew too little, than too much.
As for your *Valour*—here my lips I cloſe—
Let thoſe who beſt have prov'd it—ſpeak—Your foes.
Your *Morals*, *Church*, and *State*, are ſtill behind—
But ſoft—prophetic fury fills my mind!—
I ſee thro' time—Behold a youthful hand,
Holding the ſceptre of this happy land;
Whoſe heart with juſtice, love, and virtue fraught—
Born amongſt Britons, and by Britons taught;
Shall make the barking tongues of faction ceaſe,
And weave the garland of domeſtic peace:
Long ſhall he reign—no ſtorms to beat his breaſt,
Unruly paſſions that diſturb'd my reſt!
Shall live, the bleſſings he beſtows, to ſhare,
Reap all my glory, but without my care.

EPILOGUE

TO THE

DOUBLE MISTAKE.

Spoken by Miſs WILFORD, in the Character of Lady LOUISA.

I Had an Epilogue to ſpeak to-night,
But I'm ſo hurried, put in ſuch a fright,
Deuce take me!—if I han't forgot it quite.
To ſee my name in firſt night's play-bill printed,
A character quite new, in time quite ſtinted;
An Epilogue, beſides, to get by heart,
'Tis moſt unmerciful, too long a part——
But they ſo coax'd and wheedled me to duty,
Leſt I ſhould fret—for fretting ſpoils one's beauty,
That, in obedience to the kind command,
A ſuppliant to your favour, here I ſtand:
And hope, inſtead of what had been prepar'd,
My own extempore may now be heard.
Well! I have had a great eſcape, I own,
From being made the jeſt of all the town;
For from the court end I could claim no pity,
Nor had I more to hope for, from the city;
Such matches rarely anſwer either ſide,
For induſtry is ſuited ill with pride.
But, to divert your cenſure, let me ſhew
A folly more compleat, a city beau!
What contraſt can there be ſo ſtrong in nature,
As Engliſh plainneſs apeing *petit-maître!*
And yet poor I, by miſſing ſuch a lover,
May wait, 'till all my dancing days are over!
Next, ſhift the ſcene—behold a virtuoſo!
An old illiterate, feeble amoroſo!
What weakneſs can the human heart diſcover,
More ſhameful, than a climacteric lover?
Men, who have turn'd the period of threeſcore,
Become more virtuoſo's—in amour.
Nor does Aunt Bridget merit better quarter,
Who, ſcorning to abide by female charter,

Invades

Invades a province, to our ſex deny'd,
Aiming at knowledge with a pedant's pride;
When, after all our boaſt, we find, at length,
To know our weakneſs is our ſureſt ſtrength,
One path of ſcience only, wiſe men ſay,
Is left for female learning—to obey.— [*Curtſying.*
If characters like theſe your mirth excite,
And furniſh ſome amuſement for the night,
If nought offend the maxims of the ſtage,
Or ſhock the nicer morals of the age,
If only venial errors here you find,
Critics be dumb—ye Men of Candour, kind.

EPILOGUE
TO
MEROPE.

Spoken by Mrs. PRITCHARD.

I'M glad with all my heart, I've *ſcap'd* my wedding—
Glad! cry the maids?——Heaven keep ſuch joy from *ſpreading!*
Marriage, (poor things) don't move their heart ſo *coldly.*
'Tis a *dark leap,* they own—but, love *jumps boldly.*—
Fair fall th' advent'rers! I'm no huſband-hater,—
Only, be warn'd by *me,* and *wed no* TRAITOR.
Pain hunting *murm'rer!* born, to *growl,* and *grumble!*
No *King* can pleaſe him,—and no *Wife* can *humble!*
Sick to the *ſoul,* be HEAVEN his kind Phyſician!
Earth's ableſt drugs are *loſt,* upon *ambition.*
All *Warwick-lane* falls ſhort; and, to my knowledge,
No cure is hop'd for, in *our female college.*
Shun *plotting-heads,* dear Ladies!—all *miſcarries,*
When one, who *hums* and *haws* at *midnight,* MARRIES.
Better, *plain, downright,* DUNCE—no *dream,* purſuing:
One that means bluntly—and *knows,* what he's doing!
Not him, whoſe factious mind, *outſoaring* pleaſure,
Is ſtill moſt *buſy,* when his *wife*'s at *leiſure.*
Better, a *ſportſman,* ſound of wind, and hearty——
Better, *Sir Set,*—than ſpouſe *dry* drunk, with party!

A *hunting* huſband *hallows*—and you HEAR him.——
A *drunken* deary *ſtag-gers*—and you STEER him.——
Each—*conſcious* of his *Wife*, takes care, to make her,
One way or other—an indulg'd *partaker*.
But, your ſage, ſaturnine, *ambitious* lover,
Keeps no *one ſecret*, woman *wou'd diſcover*.
Stranger at home, he ſtrolls *abroad*, for *bleſſing*;
And holds what'er he has not worth poſſeſſing.
Freedom, and mirth, and health, and joy,—*deſpiſes!*
And ſcorns all REST—he, ſo pro-found-ly WISE is!
At length, thank Heav'n! he DIES: kind *vapours*
ſtrike him:
And *leaves behind*,—ten thouſand madmen, *like* him.

PROLOGUE
TO
CENTLIVRE's GAMESTER.

WRITTEN BY N. ROWE, ESQ.

Spoken by Mr. BETTERTON.

IF humble wives that drag the marriage chain
With curſed dogged huſbands, may complain;
If turn'd at large to ſtarve, as we by you,
They may, at leaſt, for *alimony* ſue.
Know, we reſolve to make the caſe our own,
Between the *Plaintiff Stage*, and the *Defendant-Town*.
When firſt you took us from our *Father*'s houſe,
And lovingly our intereſt did eſpouſe;
You kept us fine, careſs'd, and lodg'd us here,
And *honey-moon* held out above *three year*.
At length, for pleaſures known do ſeldom laſt,
Frequent enjoyments pall'd your ſprightly taſte;
And though at firſt you did not quite neglect,
We found your love was dwindled to reſpect;
Sometimes, indeed, as in your way it fell,
You ſtopp'd, and call'd to ſee if we were well.
Now, quite eſtrang'd, this wretched place you ſhun,
Like bad wine, buſineſs, duels, or a dun?
Have we for this increas'd *Apollo*'s race?
Been often pregnant with your wit's embrace?
And borne you many chopping babes of grace?

Some

Some ugly toads we had, and that's the curſe,
They were ſo like you that they far'd the worſe;
For this to-night we are not much in pain,
Look on't, and, if you like it, entertain;
If all the midwife ſays of it be true,
There are ſome features, too, like ſome of you;
For us, if you think fitting to *forſake* it,
We mean to *run away*, and let the *Pariſh* take it.

PROLOGUE

TO THE

CHOLERIC MAN.

WRITTEN BY MR. CUMBERLAND.

Spoken by Mr. SMITH.

IN Athens once, as claſſic ſtory runs,
Thalia number'd fifty living ſons;
But mark the waſte of time's deſtructive hand,
One bard ſurvives of all this numerous band;
Yet human genius ſeem'd as 'twou'd defy
Time's utmoſt rage by its variety;
For 'twas no wond'rous harveſt, in thoſe days,
From one rich ſtock to reap a hundred plays.
Ah! could we bring but one of theſe to light,
We'd give a hundred ſuch as this to-night.
Rome from her captive took the law ſhe gave,
And was at once her miſtreſs and her ſlave;
Greece from her fall immortal triumphs drew,
And prov'd her tutelar *Minerva* true:
She, goddeſs-like, confiding in her charms,
To *Mars* reſign'd the barren toil of arms,
Full well aſſur'd, when theſe vain toils were paſt,
That wit muſt triumph over ſtrength at laſt;
Then ſmiling ſaw her Athens meet its doom,
And crown'd her in the theatres of *Rome*;
Nor murmur'd *Rome* to ſee her *Terence* ſhod
With the ſame ſock in which *Menander* trod,
Nor *Lælius* ſcorn'd, nor *Scipio* bluſh'd to ſit,
And join their plaudits to *Athenian* wit.

Micio's

Micio's mild virtue and mad *Demea*'s rage,
With burſts alternate ſhook the echoing ſtage;
And from theſe models 'tis your poet draws
His beſt, his only hope of your applauſe.
A tale it is to chaſe that angry ſpleen,
Which forms the mirth and moral of his ſcene;
A tale for noble and ignoble ear,
Something for fathers and for ſons to hear:
And ſhould you on your humbler bard beſtow,
That grace which *Rome* to her's was pleas'd to ſhow,
Advantage with the modern fairly lies,
Who, leſs deſerving, gains as great a prize.

EPILOGUE
TO THE
ROMAN FATHER.

Spoken by Mrs. PRITCHARD.

LADIES, by me our courteous Author ſends
His compliments to all his female friends:
And thanks them from his ſoul for every bright
Indulgent tear, which they have ſhed to-night.
Sorrow in Virtue's cauſe proclaims a MIND,
And gives to beauty graces more refin'd.
O who could bear the lovelieſt form of art,
A Cherub's face, without a feeling heart!
'Tis there alone, whatever charms we boaſt,
Tho' men may flatter, and tho' men will toaſt,
'Tis there alone they find the joy ſincere,
The wife, the parent, and the friend are there.
All elſe, the verieſt rakes themſelves muſt own,
Are but the paltry play-things of the town;
The painted clouds, which glittering tempt the chace;
Then melt in air, and mock the vain embrace.
Well then; the private views, 'tis confeſt,
Are the ſoft inmates of the female breaſt.
But then, they fill ſo full that crouded ſpace,
That the poor Public ſeldom finds a place.
And I ſuſpect there's many a fair-one here,
Who pour'd her ſorrows on HORATIA's bier,

That ſtill retains ſo much of fleſh and blood,
She'd fairly hang the brother, if ſhe could.
Why, Ladies, to be ſure, if that be all,
At your tribunal he muſt ſtand or fall.
Whate'er his country, or his ſire decreed,
You are his judges now, and he muſt plead.
Like other culprit youths, he wanted grace;
But could have no ſelf-intereſt in the caſe.
Had ſhe been wife, or miſtreſs, or a friend,
It might have anſwered ſome convenient end:
But a mere ſiſter, whom he lov'd—to take
Her life away,—and for his country's ſake!
Faith, Ladies, you may pardon him; indeed
There's very little fear the crime ſhould ſpread.
True Patriots are but rare among the men,
And really might be uſeful now and then.
Then do not check, by your diſapprobation,
A ſpirit which once rul'd the *Britiſh* nation,
And ſtill might rule—would you but ſet the faſhion.

EPILOGUE

TO THE

JEALOUS WIFE.

WRITTEN BY MR. LLOYD.

Spoken by Mrs. CLIVE.

LADIES! I've had a ſquabble with the poet——
About his character—and you ſhall know it:
Young man, ſaid I, reſtrain your ſaucy ſatire!
My part's ridiculous—falſe—out of nature.
Fine draughts indeed of ladies! ſure you hate 'em:
Why, Sir!—my part is ſcandalum magnatum.
Lord, ma'am, ſaid he, to copy life my trade is,
And poets ever have made free with ladies:
One *Simon*—the duce take ſuch names as theſe!
A hard Greek name.——O—ay—*Simonides*——
He ſhew'd our freaks, this whim, and that deſire,
Roſe firſt from earth, ſea, air, nay ſome from fire;

Or

Or that we owe our perſons, minds, and features,
To birds forſooth, and filthy four-legg'd creatures.
The dame, of manners various, temper fickle,
Now all for pleaſure, now the conventicle!
Who prays, then raves, now calm, now all commotion,
Riſes another Venus, from the ocean.
Conſtant at ev'ry ſail, the curious fair,
Who longs for Dreſden, and old China ware;
Who doats on pagods, and gives up vile man
For niddle noddle figures from Japan;
Critic in jars and joſſes, ſhews her birth,
Drawn, like the brittle ware itſelf, from earth.
The flaunting ſhe, ſo ſtately, rich, and vain,
Who gains her conqueſts, by her length of train;
While all her vanity is under ſail,
Sweeps a proud peacock with a gaudy tail.
Huſband and wife, with ſweets! and dears! and loves!
What are they, but a pair of cooing doves?
But ſeiz'd with ſpleen, fits, humours, and all that,
Your dove and turtle, turn to dog and cat.
The goſſip, prude, old maid, coquette, and trapes,
Are parrots, foxes, magpies, waſps, and apes:
But ſhe, with ev'ry charm of form and mind,
Oh! ſhe's, ſweet ſoul—the phœnix of her kind.
The phœnix of her kind—upon my word
He's a ſly wretch—pray—is there ſuch a bird?
This his apology!—'tis rank abuſe——
A freſh affront, inſtead of an excuſe!
His own ſex rather ſuch deſcription ſuits:
Why don't he draw their characters—the brutes!
Ah let him paint thoſe ugly monſters, men!——
Mean time—mend we our lives, he'll mend his pen.

EPILOGUE
TO
ELVIRA.

WRITTEN BY MR. GARRICK.

Spoken by MRS. CIBBER.

LADIES and gentlemen——'Tis ſo ill bred——
We have no epilogue, becauſe I'm dead;

For he, our bard, with frenzy-rolling eye,
Swears you ſhan't laugh, when he has made you cry.
At which I gave his ſleeve a gentle pull,
Suppoſe they ſhould not cry, and ſhould be dull:
In ſuch a caſe, 'twould ſurely do no harm,
A little lively nonſenſe taken warm:
On critic ſtomachs delicate and queaſy,
'Twill even make a heavy meal ſit eaſy,
The town hates Epilogues—it is not true,
I anſwer'd that for *you*—and *you*—and *you*—
[*To pit, boxes, and 1ſt gallery.*
They call for Epilogues, and Hornpipes too—
[*To the upper gallery.*
Madam, the critics ſay,—To you they're civil.
Here if they have 'em not, they'll play the devil;
Out of this houſe, Sir, and to you alone,
They'll ſmile, cry Bravo! Charming!—*Here* they groan:
A ſingle critic will not frown, look big,
Harmleſs and pliant as a ſingle twig,
But crouded *here* they change, and 'tis not odd,
For twigs, when bundled up, become a rod.
Critics to bards, like beauties to each other,
When *tete a tete* their enmity they ſmother;
Kiſs me, my dear—how do you?—Charming-creature!
What ſhape! what bloom! what ſpirit in each feature!
You flatter me!—'pon honor, no.——You do—
My friend—my dear—ſincerely yours—adieu!
But when at routs, the dear friends change their tone—
I ſpeak of *foreign* ladies, not our own.
Will you permit, good Sirs, theſe gloomy folk,
To give all tragedy, without one joke?
They gravely tell us—tragedy's deſign'd,
To purge the paſſions, purify the mind;
To which I ſay, to ſtrike thoſe blockheads dumb,
With phyſic, always give a ſugar plumb;
I love theſe ſugar plumbs in proſe or rhimes;
No one is merrier than myſelf ſome times;
Yet I, poor I, with tears and conſtant moan,
Am melted down almoſt to ſkin and bone:
This night, in ſighs and ſobs I drew my breath;
Love, marriage, treaſon, priſon, poiſon, death,
Were ſcarce ſufficient to complete my fate;
Two children were thrown in to make up weight.

With

With all theſe ſuff'rings, is it not provoking,
To be deny'd at laſt a little joking?
If they will not make new laws, for mirth's ſake—break 'em,
Roar out for Epilogues, and let me ſpeak 'em.

EPILOGUE
TO
DOCTOR LAST IN HIS CHARIOT.

Spoken by a LITTLE GIRL of Five Years old.

LADIES and gentlemen, they've ſent me out—
But I'm afraid to tell you what about;
Becauſe 'twere bold in me, perhaps you'll ſay,
To come to aſk you how you like the play:
Yet that's my buſineſs; nay, more free to make,
I'm come to beg you'd like it for my ſake.
The author took me in his arms juſt now,
My dear, ſays he—he kiſs'd me too I vow—
If you'll go out and make the audience clap,
I'll give you ribbons and a fine new cap:
Beſides, he promis'd me, next time he comes
Behind the ſcenes, to bring me ſugar-plumbs.
But whatſoe'er you think the play to be,
When you go home I'm ſure you'll talk of me.
Says Lady Stingo to Sir Gilbert mild,
"At FOOT'S, Sir Gilbert, have you ſeen the child?
"'Tis really a *curoſity* to view her:
"Our little Betſy is a mountain to her!
"Such action, ſuch a tongue—and yet I query
"If ſhe be five years old—a very fairy!"
Sir Gilbert anſwers, with a peeviſh nod,
"P'ſhaw! let the little huſſey have a rod.
"There are old folks enough to play the fool:
"Children, my lady, ſhould be ſent to ſchool."
And ſo they ſhou'd, the naughty ones, no doubt,
Who'll neither books nor needle learn without:
But I am come of no ſuch idle breed;
At four years old, I con'd both write and read;

To be at work my fingers ſtill are itching—
Theſe flowers here are all of my own ſtitching.
[*Taking up and ſhewing her frock.*
But, is my prate diſlik'd, for after all,
I am but young, 'tis true, and ſomewhat ſmall;
And taller Ladies, I muſt needs confeſs,
Might ſpeak an epilogue with more addreſs.
However, ſome few things I have to plead:
Firſt, 'pon my word and credit, I'm a maid.
Will that paſs here for merit?—I don't know—
I'm a new face—which generally does ſo.
And if you want me louder, taller, bolder,
Have patience—I ſhall mend, as I grow older.

PROLOGUE
TO
MOORE's GAMESTER.

WRITTEN AND SPOKEN BY MR. GARRICK.

LIKE fam'd *La Mancha*'s knight; who, launce in hand,
Mounted his ſteed to free th' enchanted land,
Our Quixote bard ſets forth a monſter-taming,
Arm'd at all points, to fight that hydra—*gaming*.
Aloft on Pegaſus he waves his pen,
And hurls defiance at the caitiff's den,
The firſt on fancy'd giants ſpent his rage,
But this has more than windmills to engage.
He combats paſſion, rooted in the ſoul,
Whoſe pow'rs at once delight ve and controul;
Whoſe magic bondage each loſt ſlave enjoys,
Nor wiſhes freedom, though the ſpell deſtroys.
To ſave our land from this *Magician*'s charms,
And reſcue maids and matrons from his arms,
Our knight poetic comes.—And oh! ye fair!
This black *Enchanter*'s wicked arts beware!
His ſubtle poiſon dims the brighteſt eyes,
And at his touch, each grace and beauty dies.
Love, gentleneſs, and joy, to rage give way,
And the ſoft dove becomes a bird of prey.

May

May this our bold advent'rer break the ſpell,
And drive the dæmon to his native hell!
Ye ſlaves of paſſion, and ye dupes of chance,
Wake all your pow'rs from this deſtructive trance!
Shake off the ſhackles of this tyrant vice:
Hear other calls than thoſe of cards and dice:
Be learn'd in nobler arts than arts of play,
And other debts than thoſe of honour pay.
No longer live inſenſible to ſhame,
Loſt to your country, families and fame.
Cou'd our romantic muſe this work atchieve,
Wou'd there one honeſt heart in *Britain* grieve?
Th' attempt, though wild, would not in vain be made,
If ev'ry honeſt hand wou'd lend its aid.

EPILOGUE
TO
CLANDESTINE MARRIAGE.

WRITTEN BY MR. GARRICK.

SCENE, an Aſſembly.

Several Perſons at Cards, at different Tables; among the reſt Col. Trill, *Lord* Minum, *Mrs.* Quaver, *Sir* Patrick Mahony.

At the Quadrille Table.

Col. T. LADIES, with leave—
2d. Lady. Paſs!
3d. Lady. Paſs!
Mrs. Qu. You muſt do more.
Col. T. Indeed I can't.
Mrs. Qu. I play in hearts.
Col. T. Encore!
2d Lady. What luck!
Col. T. To-night at Drury-Lane is play'd
A comedy, and *toute nouvelle*—a ſpade!
Is not Miſs *Crotchet* at the play?
Mrs. Qu. My niece
Has made a party, ſir, to damn the piece.

At the Whiſt Table.

Ld. Min. I hate a playhouſe—Trump—It makes me ſick—

1st Lady. We're two by honours, ma'am.
Ld. Min. And we th' odd trick.
Pray do you know the author, colonel TRILL?
Col. T. I know no poets, heav'n be prais'd—Spadille!
1st Lady. I'll tell you who, my lord! [*Whiſpers my lord.*
Ld. Min. What, he again?
"And dwell ſuch daring ſouls in little men?"
Be whoſe it will, they down our throats will cram it!
Col. T. O, no.—I have a club—the beſt.—We'll damn it.
Mrs. Qu. O bravo, colonel! muſic is my flame.
Ld. Min. And mine, by *Jupiter!*—We've won the game.
Col. T. What, do you love all muſic!
Mrs. Qu. No, not *Handel's.*
And naſty plays—
Ld. Min. Are fit for Goths and Vandals.
[*Riſe from the table, and pay.*

From the Piquette Table.

Sir Pat. Well, faith and troth! that *Shakeſpeare* was no fool!
Col. T. I'm glad you like him, ſir!—So ends the pool!
[*Pay and riſe from table.*

SONG *by the Colonel.*

I hate all their nonſenſe,
Their *Shakeſpeares* and *Johnſons,*
Their plays, and their playhouſe, and bards:
'Tis ſinging, not ſaying;
A fig for all playing,
But playing, as we do, at cards!
I love to ſee *Jonas,*
Am pleas'd too with *Comus;*
Each well the ſpectator rewards.
So clever, ſo neat in
Their tricks, and their cheating!
Like them we would fain deal our cards.

Sir Pat. King *Lare* is touching!—And how fine to ſee
Ould *Hamlet's* ghoſt!—"To be, or not to be."
What are your op'ras to *Othello's* roar?
Oh, he's an angel of a blackmoor!
Ld. Min. What, when he choaks his wife?—
Col. T. And call'd her whore?

Sir

Sir Pat. King *Richard* calls his horſe—and then *Macbeth*,
Whene'er he murders—takes away the breath.
My blood runs cold at every ſyllable.
To ſee the dagger—that's inviſible. [*All laugh.*

Sir Pat. Laugh if you pleaſe, a pretty play—
Ld. Min. Is pretty.

Sir Pat. And when there's wit in't—
Col. T. To be ſure 'tis witty.

Sir Pat. I love the playhouſe now—ſo light and gay,
With all thoſe candles they have ta'en away!
[*All laugh.*
For all your game, what makes it ſo much brighter?

Col. T. Put out the lights, and then—
Ld. Min. 'Tis ſo much lighter.

Sir Pat. Pray do you mane, ſirs, more than you expreſs?

Col. T. Juſt as it happens—
Ld. Min. Either more, or leſs.

Mrs. Qu. An't you aſham'd, Sir? [*To Sir Patrick.*
Sir Pat. Me!—I ſeldom bluſh—
For little *Shakeſpeare*, faith! I'd take a puſh!

Ld. Min. News, news!—here comes Miſs *Crotchet* from the play.

Enter Miſs Crotchet.

Mrs. Qu. Well, *Crotchet*, what's the news?
Miſs Cro. We've loſt the day.

Col. T. Tell us, dear Miſs, all you have heard and ſeen.

Miſs Cro. I'm tir'd—a chair—here take my capuchin!

Ld. Min. And isn't it damn'd, Miſs?
Miſs Cro. No, my Lord, not quite:
But we ſhall damn it.
Col. T. When?
Miſs Cro. To-morrow night.
There is a party of us, all of faſhion,
Reſolv'd to extirminate this vulgar paſſion:
A playhouſe, what a place—I muſt forſwear it.
A little miſchief only makes one bear it.
Such crowds of city folks!—ſo rude and preſſing!
And their horſe-laughs, ſo hideouſly diſtreſſing!

Whene'er we hiſs'd, they frown'd and ſell a ſwearing,
Like their own *Guildhall* giants—fierce and ſtaring!
Col. T. What ſaid the folks of faſhion? Were they croſs?
Ld. Min. The reſt have no more judgment than my horſe.
Miſs Cro. Lord *Grimly* ſwore 'twas execrable ſtuff.
Says one, Why ſo, my lord?—My lord took ſnuff.
In the firſt act, lord *George* began to doze,
And criticis'd the author—through his noſe;
So loud indeed, that as his lordſhip ſnor'd,
The pit turn'd round, and all the brutes encor'd.
Some Lords, indeed, approv'd the author's jokes.
Ld. Min. We have among us, Miſs, *ſome* fooliſh folks.
Miſs Cro. Says poor lord *Simper:* Well now, to my mind
The piece is good;—but he's both deaf and blind.
Sir Pat. Upon my ſoul a very pretty ſtory!
And quality appears in all its glory!—
There was ſome merit in the piece, no doubt;
Miſs Cro. O, to be ſure!—if one could find it out.
Col. T. But tell us, Miſs, the ſubject of the play.
Miſs Cro. Why, 'twas a marriage—yes, a marriage. Stay!
A lord, an aunt, two ſiſters, and a merchant—
A baronet—ten lawyers—a fat ſerjeant—
Are all produc'd—to talk with one another;
And about ſomething make a mighty pother;
They all go in, and out; and to and fro;
And talk, and quarrel—as they come and go—
Then go to bed, and then get up—and then—
Scream, faint, ſcold, kiſs—and go to bed again.
[*All laugh.*
Such is the play.—Your judgment! Never ſham it.
Col. T. Oh, damn it!
Mrs. Qu. Damn it!
1ſt Lady. Damn it!
Miſs Cro. Damn it!
Ld. Min. Damn it!
Sir Pat. Well, faith, you ſpeak your minds, and I'll be free—
Good night! This company's too good for me. [*Going.*
Col. T. Your judgment, dear Sir *Patrick*, makes us proud. [*All laugh.*
Sir Pat. Laugh if you pleaſe; but pray don't laugh too loud. [*Exit.*

RE C I-

RECITATIVE.

Col. T. Now the Barbarian's gone, Miſs, tune your tongue,
And let us raiſe our ſpirits high with ſong!

RECITATIVE.

Miſs Cro. Colonel, *de tout mon cœur*—I've one *in petto*,
Which you ſhall join, and make it a *duetto*.

RECITATIVE.

Ld. Min. Bella Signora, & amico mio!
I too will join, and then we'll make a *trio*—
Col. T. Come all and join the full-mouth'd chorus,
And drive all tragedy and comedy before us!

All the Company riſe, and advance to the Front of the Stage.

AIR.

Col. T. Would you ever go to ſee a tragedy?
Miſs Cro. Never, never.
Col. T. A comedy?
Ld. M. Never, never,
Live for ever!
Tweedle-dum and Tweedle-dee!
Col. T. Ld. M. and Miſs Cro.
Live for ever!
Tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee!

CHORUS.

Would you ever go to ſee, &c.

EPILOGUE

TO THE

DUPE.

WRITTEN BY A FRIEND.

Spoken by Mrs. CLIVE.

LADIES—methinks I hear you all complain,
Lord! here's the talking creature come again!

The men ſeem frighted—for 'tis on record
A prating female *will* have the laſt word.
But you're all out; for ſure as you're alive,
Not Mrs. *Friendly* now, I'm Mrs. *Clive*;
No Character from Fiction will I borrow,
But, if you pleaſe, I'll talk again to-morrow.
Then you conclude, from cuſtom long in vogue,
That I come here to ſpeak an Epilogue,
With Satire, Humour, Spirit, quite refin'd,
Double-entendre too, with Wit combin'd,
Not for the Ladies—but to pleaſe the Men—
All this you gueſs—and now you're out again;
For to be brief, our Author bid me ſay
She tried, but cou'd n't get one to her Play.
No Epilogue! why, Ma'am, you'll ſpoil your treat,
An Epilogue's the cordial after meat;
For when the feaſt is done, without all queſtion,
They'll want liquors to help them to digeſtion;
And Critics, when they find the banquet light,
Will come next time with better appetite;
So beg your friends to write—for faith 'tis hard,
If 'mongſt them all you cannot find *one* Bard.
She took the hint—Will *you*, good Sir? or *you*, Sir?
A Siſter Scribbler! ſure you *can't* refuſe her!
Some Lawyers try'd—not one cou'd make an end on't,
They'd now *ſuch* work with Plaintiff and Defendant.
A Poet tried, but he alledged for reaſon,
The Muſes were ſo buſy at this ſeaſon,
In penning Libels, Politics, and Satires,
They had not leiſure for ſuch trifling matters.
What's to be done, ſhe cry'd? can't *you* endeavour
To ſay ſome pretty thing?—I know you're clever.
I promis'd—but unable to ſucceed,
Beg you'll accept the purpoſe for the deed;
Tho' after three long hours in Play-houſe coop'd,
I fear you'll ſay you've all been finely dup'd.

EPILOGUE

TO THE

FASHIONABLE LOVER.

Spoken by Mrs. BARRY.

LADIES, your country's ornament and pride,
Ye who the nuptial deity has tied
In ſilken fetters, will ye not impart
For pity's ſake ſome portion of your art
To a mere novice, and preſcribe ſome plan
How you would have me live with my good man?
Tell me, if I ſhould give each paſſing hour
To love of pleaſure or to love of power;
If with the fatal thirſt of deſperate play
I ſhou'd turn day to night and night to day;
Had I the faculty to make a prize
Of each pert animal that meets my eyes,
Say are theſe objects worth my ſerious aim;
Do they give happineſs, or health, or fame?
Are hecatombs of lovers hearts of force
To deprecate the demons of divorce?
Speak my adviſers, ſhall I gain the plan
Of that bold club, which gives the law to man,
At their own weapons that proud ſex defies
And ſets up a new female Paradiſe?
Lights for the Ladies! Hark, the bar bells ſound!
Show to the club-room—See the glaſs goes round—
Hail, happy meeting of the good and fair,
Soft relaxation from domeſtic care,
Where virgin minds are early train'd to loo,
And all Newmarket opens to the view.
In theſe gay ſcenes ſhall I affect to move,
Or paſs my hours in dull domeſtic love?
Shall I to rural ſolitudes deſcend
With Tyrrel my protector, guardian, friend,
Or to the rich Pantheon's round repair,
And blaze the brighteſt heathen-goddeſs there?
Where ſhall I fix? Determine ye who know,
Shall I renounce my huſband, or Soho?
With eyes half-open'd and an aking head,
And ev'n the artificial roſes dead,

When

When to my toilette's morning taſk reſign'd,
What viſitations then may ſeize my mind!
Save me juſt Heaven, from ſuch a painful life,
And make me an unfaſhionable wife!

PROLOGUE
TO THE
CARELESS HUSBAND.
Acted privately by a Perſon *of* Quality.

LADIES, I come, (if not engag'd elſewhere)
T'invite you to an entertainment here.
To-night our *Poet Laureat* makes a feaſt,
And hopes each diſh is ſeaſon'd to your taſte;
Subſtantial ſenſe you'll find, as you would wiſh,
And ſprigs of wit to garniſh every diſh.
A *Careleſs Huſband* on the board we lay;
But that's a common diſh, perhaps you'll ſay:
The next leſs common is,——an eaſy wife;
A ſpare-rib ſeldom found in modern life.
Then, for the diſhes on the ſides, we ſet
A flutt'ring coxcomb, and a falſe coquet;
Our fop ſhou'd be a fricaſſee compleat,
'Twas dreſs'd at *Paris* by the laſt receipt;
And ſure, that diſh muſt pleaſe an *Engliſh* nation,
Where *Paris* cooks have been ſo long the faſhion.
A dame antique of fifty and above,
Whoſe feeble pulſe ſtill beats a march to love,
We ſet before you next——but this cold pye
Is ſomewhat mouldy grown with ſtanding by.
Tho' ſhe herſelf will tell you to her praiſe,
She has had offers in her younger days.
Nor is this all, we have another cover;
A ſoft, obedient, ſighing, ſilly lover:
Who beſt his miſtreſs loves, when worſt ſhe treats him,
As fawns her lap-dog moſt, when moſt ſhe beats him.
But I forgot, not yet have told you all;
We have beſides a pickl'd *Abigail*;
Who ſerves her miſtreſs,—and O! ſad diſaſter,
Will undertake more work, and ſerve her maſter.

Prepare

Prepare your ſtomachs for the treat we bring,
The cloth is laid,—the bell juſt going to ring.

EPILOGUE

TO

POLLY HONEYCOMBE.

WRITTEN BY MR. GARRICK.

Spoken by Miſs POPE.

Enter, as POLLY, laughing—*Ha! ha! ha!*

MY poor Papa's in woeful agitation—
While I, the Cauſe, feel here [*ſtriking her boſom*]
no palpitation—
We Girls of Reading, and ſuperior Notions,
Who from the fountain-head drink Love's ſweet potions,
Pity our Parents, when ſuch paſſion blinds 'em,
One hears the good folks rave—one never minds 'em.
Till theſe dear Books infus'd their ſoft ingredients,
Aſham'd and fearful, I was all Obedience.
Then my good Father did not ſtorm in vain,
I bluſh'd and cry'd—*I'll ne'er do ſo again:*
But now no bugbears can my ſpirit tame,
I've conquer'd Fear—and almoſt conquer'd Shame;
So much theſe dear Inſtructors change and win us,
Without their *light* we ne'er ſhould know what's in us.
Here we at once ſupply our childiſh wants—
NOVELS are Hotbeds for your forward Plants.
Not only Sentiments refine the Soul,
But hence we learn to be the Smart and Drole;
Each aukward circumſtance for laughter ſerves,
From Nurſe's Nonſenſe to my Mother's NERVES:
Though Parents tell us that our genius lies
In mending linen, and in making pies;
I ſet ſuch formal precepts at defiance,
That preach up prudence, neatneſs, and compliance;
Leap theſe old bounds, and boldly ſet the pattern
To be a Wit, Philoſopher, and Slattern——
O! did all Maids and Wives my ſpirit feel,
We'd make this topſy-turvy World to reel:

Let

Let us to arms!—Our Fathers, Huſbands, dare!
NOVELS will teach us all the Art of War:
Our Tongues will ſerve for Trumpet and for Drum;
I'll be your Leader—General HONEYCOMBE!
Too long has human nature gone aſtray,
Daughters ſhould govern, Parents ſhould obey;
Man ſhould ſubmit the moment that he weds,
And Hearts of Oak ſhould yield to wiſer Heads:
I ſee you ſmile, bold *Britons!*—But 'tis true——
Beat *You* the *French*;—but let your *Wives* beat *You*.

EPILOGUE

TO THE

GAMESTERS,

WRITTEN BY A FRIEND,

And ſpoken by Mrs. CIBBER.

MY conduct now will every mind employ,
And all my friends, I'm ſure, will wiſh me joy:
'Tis joy indeed, and fairly worth the coſt,
To've gain'd the wand'ring heart I once had loſt.
Hold, ſays the prudiſh dame, with ſcornful ſneer,
I muſt, ſweet madam, ſtop your high career;
Where was your pride, your decency, your ſenſe,
To keep your huſband in that ſtrange ſuſpenſe?
For my part, I abominate theſe ſcenes——
No *ends* compenſate for ſuch odious means:
To me, I'm ſure—but 'tis not fit to utter——
The very thought has put me in a flutter!
Odious, ſays miſs, of quick and forward parts;
Had ſhe done more, ſhe'd given him his deſerts:
O, had the wretch but been a ſpark of mine!
By *Jove* I ſhou'd have paid him in his coin.
Another critic ventures to declare,
She thinks that couſin *Pen* has gone too far:
Nay, ſurely, *ſhe* has play'd a generous part;
A fair diſſembler with an honeſt heart.
Wou'd any cour ly dame in ſuch a caſe,
Solicit, get, and then RESIGN the place?

She

She knew, good girl, my huſband's reformation
Was (what you'll ſcarce believe) my *only* paſſion:
And when your ſcheme is good, and ſmart, and clever,
Couſins have been convenient perſons ever.
With all your wiſdom, madam, cries a wit,
Had *Pen* been falſe, you had been fairly bit;
'Twas dangerous, ſure, to tempt her youth with ſin;
The *knowing-ones* are often taken in:
The truly good ne'er treat with indignation
A natural, unaffected, generous paſſion;
But with an open, liberal praiſe, commend
Thoſe means which gain'd the honourable end.
Ye beauteous, happy fair, who know to bleſs,
Warm'd by a mutual flame, this truth confeſs;
That ſhould we every various pleaſure prove,
There's nothing like the heart of him we love.

PROLOGUE

TO THE

COUNTESS OF SALISBURY,

Spoken by Mr. WESTON, in the Character of a TEAGUE.

MY jewels, I'm come to ſpake in the behalf—
Hoot, Devil burn you all, you make me laugh,
Upon my ſoul now I don't take it well in you:
Arra, be eaſy, till I'm after telling you:
Smit with the love of glory and of pelf,
To night, a bard from Dublin its ownſelf,
Has brought a play here for your approbation,
A very pretty thing by my ſalvation——
If you'll truſt Iriſh evidence, I mean——
I can't the ſtory very well explain;
But it's about a Counteſs and an Earl,
The Counteſs is a mighty honeſt girl;
But there's a villain with a damn'd cramp'd name,
Makes ſuch propoſhals—'tis a burning ſhame——
Another too—a Knight—bekeys as why——
But hould you know, you'll ſee it by and by,
And then 'tis time enough to tell the plot.
O, but that's true, I'd like to have forgot,

The

The dreſſes—'Pon my conſcience in my days
I never ſaw their peer, they're all a blaze.
Then there's a child, the ſweeteſt little rogue——
Only excuſe a trifling ſpice of brogue——
He'll make you cry your eyes out, I'll be bound——
'Tis Ireland is the true poetic ground.
The muſes—Phœbus, heath'niſh, can't I loath!
What's Mount Parnaſſus to the Hill of Howth?
Or all the ſcenes each fooliſh poets paints——
O bub bub-boo! give me the Iſle of Saints.
Turn up your noſes, cavil now and carp,——
Muſha, I'm ſure our emblem is the harp.
But ſtop, the bell rings. Fait they'll ſoon begin;
'Tis time for me to be a going in.
I take my lave then—but dear craters mind—
Pray to our Iriſh poetry be kind:
'Tis a new manufacture in effect——
And your's, my ſowls t' encourage and protect;
No critic cuſtom then exacted be,
Paſs it like Iriſh linen, duty free.

PROLOGUE

TO THE

TRIP TO PORTSMOUTH.

[*Bell rings for the muſick to ſtop. A ſhort ſilence enſues; then a man, with a book in his hand, ſuppoſed to be the Prompter, runs upon the ſtage, after* Mr. Weſton *has been called upon two or three times behind the ſcenes.*

MAN.

MR. Weſton, Mr. Weſton!

[*Mr. Weſton anſwers behind the Curtain.*

I'm coming I tell you. Don't make ſuch a rout.

MAN. (*Running about the ſtage*)

Mr. Weſton, Mr. Weſton!

[*Mr. Weſton, pulling the curtain back, meets him.*

I'm here. Don't you ſee me? What's all this about?

MAN.

The Prologue is wanted.

WESTON.

WESTON.

It is ſo,—I grant it,
So here, take the Prologue, and now you don't want it.
[*Gives the man a ſheet of paper, and is going.*

MAN.

But, Sir,—Who's to ſpeak it?

WESTON.

To ſpeak it,——why——who?
Go aſk Mr. Foote, friend.

MAN.

He ſays, Sir, 'tis you.

WESTON.

He's miſtaken, for once, I will venture to ſay,
'Tis a ſerious affair, and quite out of my way:
Sentimental, pathetical, tender, affecting,
Juſt like his laſt piece, and his new way of acting.

MAN.

Your ſpeaking, I'am ſure, Sir, would give it ſuch grace.—

WESTON.

I wou'd;—but who'll give me a tragedy face?—
I tell you, I neither like whining nor ranting,
The groanings and toanings of tragedy canting;
To ſigh, and to ſtrut, and to ſtart, and to ſtare,
My arms throw about, up and down, here and there,
Kick my train in a pet, and with paſſionate rumble,
Make ſun, moon, and ſtars, a bombaſtical jumble;
'Till quite out of breath with heroical ſwagger,
The poiſon bowl enters, or poliſh'd tin dagger:
Then quivering I fall, or in ſimile die,
So ſo, or *as if*, or *as when*, or *as why*,
Ti, ti, tum, Ti, ti, tum, Tum, tum, tum, Ti, ti,

MAN.

But, Sir,——

WESTON.

I don't like it,—that's all I've to ſay.
So pray take yourſelf and the Prologue away,

[*Exit MAN, leaving WESTON.*]

So now I am Solus, that is, I'm alone,
Suppoſe I ſhou'd try at a ſpeech of my own—

An extempore Prologue—The fancy is new—
With your leaves, you ſhall judge what *Tom Weſton* can do.——
Once on a time, tho' 'twas in Shakeſpear's days,
Nature and Common Senſe embelliſh'd plays;
Before old Engliſh humour turn'd buffoon,
And long e'er Op'ras put Wit out of tune.
In that ſame time, folks did not think by rules,
But as they felt, they ſpoke—Our fathers were no fools.
Their ſong was, *Mirth admit me of your crew:*
But that's all old—'tisn't the thing, 'twont do;
The tone is now,—we muſt have ſomething new.
New ſights we've had, new grand Illuminations,
With Jubilees, and Trips, and Inſtallations.——
We have a trip to-night, to ſhew ſome ſhipping;
Suppoſe the Author is to-night caught tripping?—
Theſe ſame Play-jobbers, though it is ſurprizing,
Will always ſend me on, apologizing.
Thus they come o'er me: *Weſton, you're a Soul!*
Do ſpeak my Prologue—you're ſo dry and droll.
I muſt go on then—I'm ſerv'd ſo this night,
A common bail for what bad Poets write.
If—but I hope not—If we're brought to ſhame.
If you the Author, or the Actors blame,
May we in one requeſt, good Sirs, be friended,
Pray don't give ſentence till the Piece is ended.

PROLOGUE,

Spoken at the Theatre-Royal, *in* Covent-Garden, *on Occaſion of a Monument to be erected by Contribution to SHAKESPEAR.*

WRITTEN BY MR. THEOBALD.

Spoken by Mr. RYAN.

[*The Curtain drawn up to ſolemn Muſic, ſhews the Stage in Mourning.*

Methinks, to-night, I caſt my eyes around
With awe, and ſeem to tread on hallow'd ground;
The vaulted ſcene aſſumes a gloom of dread,
Like that, where ſleep the venerable dead:

And

And you, a pious train, in pleas'd array,
Are rang'd—the ſolemn obſequies to pay.
Immortal *Shakeſpeare!* we thy claim admit;
For, like thy *Cæſar, thou art mighty yet!*
Thy ſpirit walks abroad; and at our hands
The honorary tomb, thy right, demands.——
That debt is paid; and, to thy mem'ry juſt,
We preſs to execute the pious truſt.
Faſt riſe the marble, and long laſt the pile,
O'er which thy venerable buſt ſhall ſmile!
A long reſpect muſt guard the ſacred tomb,
Where flatt'ry's tongue is mute, and envy dumb.
Britons, with virtuous pride your merit know,
You've done, what kings of old, were fond to do:
Then, when the poet died, the monarch mourn'd;
And, by command, his aſhes were inurn'd.
The due reſpect, you've in this tribute ſhewn,
Beſpeaks the poet's worth, and crowns your own:
And, haply, hence ſhall ſpring new tragic rage,
And diſtant *Shakeſpears* riſe to charm the ſtage.
What muſe can languiſh, who may hope to boaſt
A fame freſh-blooming at the publick coſt?
For the dead bard, receive our thanks and praiſe;
And make us ſharers in the tomb you raiſe.
Ye fair, who have diſtinguiſh'd favours ſhewn,
And made this poet's patronage your own;
Urge thoſe, whoſe gen'rous hearts confeſs your ſway,
To follow, where your virtues point the way:
Then think, this pile his honour'd bones contains,
And frequent viſit—here—the lov'd remains.

EPILOGUE
TO
IRENE.

MARRY a *Turk!* a haughty tyrant king,
Who thinks us women born to dreſs and ſing!
To pleaſe his fancy,—ſee no other man—
Let him perſuade me to it—if he can:
Beſides he has fifty wives; and who can bear
To have the fiftieth part her paltry ſhare?

'Tis

'Tis true, the fellow's handſome, ſtrait and tall;
But how the devil ſhould he pleaſe us all!
My ſwain is little—true—but be it known,
My pride's to have that little all my own.
Men will be ever to their errors blind,
Where woman's not allow'd to ſpeak her mind.
I ſwear this eaſtern pageantry is nonſenſe,
And for one man—one wife's enough in conſcience.
In vain proud man uſurps what's woman's due;
For us alone, they honour's paths purſue:
Inſpir'd by us, they glory's heights aſcend;
Woman the ſource, the object, and the end.
Tho' wealth, and pow'r, and glory they receive,
Theſe all are trifles, to what we can give.
For us the ſtateſman labours, hero fights,
Bears toilſome days, and wakes long tedious nights:
And when bleſt peace has ſilenc'd war's alarms,
Receives his full reward in beauty's arms.

EPILOGUE
TO THE
PROVOK'D HUSBAND,
OR, A
JOURNEY TO LONDON;

Spoken by Mrs. OLDFIELD.

METHINKS I hear ſome powder'd critics ſay,
"Damn it! this wife reform'd has ſpoil'd the play!
"The coxcomb ſhould have drawn her more in faſhion,
"Have gratify'd her ſofter inclination,
"Have tipt her a galant, and clinch'd the provocation.
But there our Bard ſtopt ſhort: for 'twere uncivil
T'have made a modern *Belle*, all o'er a Devil!
He hop'd, in honour of the ſex, the age
Would bear one mended woman———on the ſtage.
From whence, you ſee, by common ſenſe's rules,
Wives might be govern'd, were not huſbands fools.
Whate'er by nature dames are prone to do,
They ſeldom ſtray but when they govern you.

When

When the wild wife perceives her deary tame,
No wonder then ſhe plays him all the game.
But men of ſenſe meet rarely that diſaſter;
Women take pride, where merit is their maſter:
Nay, ſhe that with a weak man wiſely lives,
Will ſeem t' obey the due commands he gives!
Happy obedience is no more a wonder,
When men are men, and keep them kindly under.
But modern conſorts are ſuch high-bred creatures;
They think a huſband's power degrades their features;
That nothing more proclaims a reigning beauty,
Than that ſhe never was reproach'd with duty:
And that the greateſt bleſſing heav'n e'er ſent,
Is in a ſpouſe, incurious and content.
To give ſuch dames a diff'rent caſt of thought,
By calling home the mind, theſe ſcenes were wrought.
If with a hand too rude, the taſk is done,
We hope the ſcheme, by Lady *Grace*, laid down,
Will all ſuch freedom with the ſex atone.
That virtue there unſoil'd, by modiſh art,
Throws out attractions for a *Manly*'s heart.
You, you then, ladies, whoſe unqueſtion'd lives
Give you the foremoſt fame of happy wives,
Protect, for its attempt, this hapleſs play;
Nor leave it to the vulgar taſte a prey;
Appear the frequent champions of its cauſe,
Direct the crowd and give yourſelves applauſe.

EPILOGUE
TO
SHE WOU'D and SHE WOU'D NOT,

'MONGST all the rules the ancients had in vogue,
We find no mention of an EPILOGUE.
Which plainly ſhews they're innovations, brought
Since rules, deſign, and nature, were forgot.
The cuſtom therefore, our next play ſhall break,
But now a joyful motive bids us ſpeak.
For, while our arms return with conqueſt home,
While children prattle *Vigo*, and the boom,
It's fit the mouth of all mankind, the ſtage, be dumb?

While the proud *Spaniards* read old annals o'er,
And on the leaves in lazy ſafety pore,
Essex and Raleigh thunder on their ſhore.
Again their donſhips ſtart, and mend their ſpeed,
With the ſame fear of their fore-fathers, dead.
While *Amadis de Gaul* laments in vain,
And wiſhes his young *Quixote* out of *Spain*.
While foreign ſorts are but beheld and ſeiz'd,
While *Engliſh* hearts tumultuouſly are pleas'd;
Shall we whoſe ſole ſubſiſtence purely flows
From minds in joy, or undiſturb'd repoſe:
Shall we behold each face with pleaſure glow,
Unthankful to the arms that made 'em ſo?
Shall we not ſay———
Old *Engliſh* honour now revives again,
Mem'rably fatal to the pride of *Spain*,
But hold———
While Anne repeats the vengeance of Eliza's reign.
For, to the glorious conduct ſure that drew
A *Senate's* grateful vote, our adoration's due.
From that alone all other thanks are poor,
The old triumphing *Romans* aſk'd no more,
And *Rome* indeed gave all within its power.
But your ſuperior ſtars, that know too well
You English Heroes ſhould Old Rome excel;
To crown your arms beyond the bribes of ſpoil,
Rais'd *Engliſh* beauty to reward your toil:
Tho' ſeiz'd of all the rifled world had loſt,
So fair a * circle *Rome* could never boaſt.
Proceed, auſpicious chiefs, enflame the war,
Purſue your conqueſt, and poſſeſs the fair:
That ages may record of them and you,
They only could inſpire what you alone cou'd do.

EPILOGUE
TO
BOADICEA,
Spoken by Mr. Havard.

NOW we have ſhewn the fatal fruits of ſtrife,
A hero bleeding with a virtuous wife,

A

* To the Boxes.

A field of war embru'd with nation's gore,
Which to the duſt the hopes of *Albion* bore,
If weak deſcription, and the languid flow
Of ſtrains unequal to this theme of woe
Have fail'd to move the ſympathyſing breaſt,
And no ſoft eyes their melting ſenſe expreſt;
Not all the wit, this after ſcene might ſhare,
Can give ſucceſs, where you refus'd a tear;
Much leſs, if haply ſtill the poet's art
Hath ſtol'n perſuaſive to the feeling heart,
Will he with fancy's wanton hand efface
From gen'rous minds compaſſion's pleaſing trace,
Nor from their thoughts, while penſive they purſue
This maze of ſorrow, ſnatch the mortal clue:
If yet to him thoſe pow'rs of ſacred ſong
To melt the heart and raiſe the mind belong,
Dar'd he to hope this ſketch of early youth
Might ſtand the award of nature and of truth:
Encourag'd thus, hereafter might he ſoar
With double ſtrength, and loftier ſcenes explore,
And following fortune thro' her various wiles,
Shew ſtruggling virtue, dreſs'd in tears, or ſmiles;
Perhaps his grateful labours would requite
With frequent off'rings one propitious night.

Mr. FOOT

IN THE CHARACTER OF

DR. SQUINTUM.

NEAR the mad manſions of *Moorfields* I'll bawl;
Friends, fathers, mothers, ſiſters, ſons, and all,
Shut up your ſhops, and liſten to my call.
With labour, toil, all ſecond means diſpenſe,
And live a rent-charge upon providence.
Prick up your ears; a ſtory now I'll tell,
Which once a widow and her child befel,
I knew the mother and her daughter well;
Poor, it is true, they were; but never wanted,
For whatſoe'er they aſk'd was always granted.

One fatal day the matron's truth was try'd,
She wanted meat and drink, and fairly cry'd.
(*Child*) Mother you cry! (*Moth*) Oh, child I've got no bread.
(*Child*) What matters that? Why providence a'nt dead?
With reaſon good this truth the child might ſay,
For there came in at noon that very day,
Bread, greens, potatoes, and a leg of mutton,
A better ſure a table ne'er was put on:
Ay, that might be, ye cry with thoſe poor ſouls,
But we ne'er had a raſher for the coals.
And d'ye deſerve it; How d'ye ſpend your days;
In paſtimes, prodigality, and plays!
Let's go ſee *Foote!* Ah, *Foote*'s a precious limb!
Old Nick will ſoon a foot-ball make of him!
For foremoſt rows in ſide-boxes you ſhove,
Think you to meet with ſide-boxes above?
Where giggling girls and powder'd ſops may ſit?
No you will all be cramm'd into the pit,
And crowd the houſe for *Satan*'s benefit.——
Oh! what you ſnivel? Well, do ſo no more——
Drop, to atone, your money at the door,
And, if I plea'e, I'll give it to the poor.

EPILOGUE
TO
JONES's EARL OF ESSEX.

Spoken by Mrs. CIBBER.

NEWS! news! good folks, rare news! and you ſhall know it—
I've got intelligence about our poet!
Who do you think he is?——You'll never gueſs;
An *Iriſh Bricklayer*, neither more nor leſs.
And now the ſecret's out, you cannot wonder,
That in commencing Bard he made a blunder.
Has he not left the better for the worſe,
In quitting ſolid brick for empty verſe?
Can he believe th' example of *old Ben*,
Who chang'd (like him) the trowel for the pen,

Will

Will in his favour move your critic bowels?
You rather wiſh, more poets' pens were trowels,
Our man is honeſt, ſenſible, and plain,
Nor has the Poet made him pert, or vain:
No beau, no courtier, nor conceited youth;
But then, ſo rude, *he always ſpeaks the truth*?
I told him he muſt flatter, learn addreſs,
And gain the heart of ſome rich patroneſs:
'Tis ſhe, ſaid I, your labours will reward,
If you but join the bricklay'r with the Bard:
As thus——Should ſhe be old and worſe for wear,
You muſt new-*caſe* her, *front* her, and *repair*;
If crack'd in fame, as ſcarce to bear a touch,
You cannot uſe your *trowel* then too much;
In ſhort, whate'er her morals, age, or ſtation,
Plaiſter and *white-waſh* in your dedication.
'Thus I advis'd.—But he deteſts the plan:
What can be done with ſuch a ſimple man?
A Poet's nothing worth and nought availing,
Unleſs he'll furniſh, where there is a failing.
Authors in theſe good times are made and us'd
To grant thoſe favours nature has refus'd.
If he won't *fib*, what bounty can he crave?
We pay for what we want, not what we have.——
Nay though of ev'ry *bleſſing* we have ſtore,
Our ſex will always wiſh——a little more.——
If he'll not bend his heart to this his duty,
And ſell (to who will buy) wit, honour, beauty:
The bricklay'r ſtill for him the proper trade is,
Too rough to deal with gentlemen and ladies.——
In ſhort—they'll all avoid him and neglect him,
Unleſs that you his *patrons* will protect him.

PROLOGUE
TO THE
SCHOOL FOR WIVES.

Spoken by Mr. KING.

NO coward he, who in this critic age,
Dares ſet his foot upon the dang'rous ſtage;

Theſe bards, *like Ice, your footing will betray,*
Who can tread ſure upon a ſlipp'ry way?
Yet ſome thro' five acts ſlide with wond'rous ſkill,
Skim ſwift along, turn, ſtop, or wind at will!
Some tumble, and get up; ſome riſe no more;
While cruel critics watch them on the ſhore,
And at each ſtumble make a helliſh roar!
A wiſe philoſopher hath truly noted,
(His name I have forgot, tho' often quoted,)
That fine-ſpun ſpirits from the ſlighteſt cauſe,
Draw to themſelves affliction, or applauſe:
So fares it with our bard.—Laſt week he meets
Some hawkers, roaring up and down the ſtreets,
Lives, characters, behaviour, parentage,
Of ſome who lately left the *mortal* ſtage;
His ears ſo caught the ſound, and work'd his mind,
He thought his own name floated in the wind;
As thus—"Here is a faithful, true relation,
"Of the birth, parentage, and education,
"Laſt dying ſpeech, confeſſion, character,
"Of the unhappy malefacterer,
"And comic poet, *Thomas Addle Brain!*
"Who ſuffer'd *Monday* laſt at Drury Lane;
"All for the price of half-penny a piece;"
Still in his ears theſe horrid ſounds encreaſe!
Try'd and condemn'd, half executed too;
There ſtands the culprit; 'till repriev'd by you. [*Going.*

Enter Miſs YOUNGE.

Miſs YOUNGE.

Pray give me leave—*I've* ſomething now to ſay.

Mr. KING.

Is't at the *School for Wives*, you're taught this way?
The *School for Huſbands* teaches to obey.

[Exit.

Miſs YOUNGE.

It is a ſhame, good Sirs, that brother *King*,
To joke and laughter, ſhould turn every thing.
Our frighted poet would have no denial,
But, begs me to ſay ſomething on his trial:
The School for Wives, as it to us belongs,
Should for our uſe be guarded with our tongues.

Ladies,

Ladies, prepare, arm well your brows and eyes,
From thoſe your thunder, theſe your light'ning flies,
Should ſtorms be riſing in the Pit—look down,
And ſtill the waves thus, fair ones, with a frown:
Or ſhould the Galleries for war declare;
Look up—your eyes will carry twice as far.
* Our Bard, to noble triumphs points your way,
Bids you in moral principles be gay;
Something he'd alter in your education,
Something which hurting *you*, would hurt a *nation*:
Ingenuous natures wiſh you to reclaim?
By ſmiling virtue you'll inſure your aim:
That gilds with bliſs the matrimonial hours,
And blends her laurels with the ſweeteſt flowers.
Ye married fair! deign to attend our ſchool,
And without *uſurpation* learn to rule:
Soon will he ceaſe mean objects to purſue,
In conſcience wretched till he lives to you;
Your charms will reformation's pain beguile,
And *vice* receive a ſtab from every *ſmile*.

EPILOGUE
TO
LOVE'S LAST SHIFT:
OR, THE
LADY IN FASHION.

Spoken by Miſs CROSS in the Character of *Cupid*.

NOW, gallants, for the Author. Firſt, to you
Kind City Gentlemen o' th' Middle Row;
He hopes you nothing to his charge can lay,
There's not a cuckold made in all his play.
Nay, you muſt own, if you believe your eyes,
He draws his pen againſt your enemies:
For he declares, to-day he merely ſtrives
To maul the Beaux——becauſe they maul your Wives.
Nor, Sirs, To you whoſe ſole religion's drinking,
Whoring, roaring, without the pain of thinking,

* The Concluſion of the Prologue from this line is by another hand.

He fears he's made a fault you'll ne'er forgive,
A crime beyond the hopes of a reprieve:
An honeſt rake forego the joys of life,
His whores and wine, t' embrace a dull chaſte wife!
Such out-of-faſhion ſtuff! But then again,
He's lewd for above four acts, Gentlemen.
For faith, he knew, when once he'd change his fortune,
And reform'd his vice, 'twas time—to drop the curtain.
Four acts for your coarſe palates were deſign'd,
But then the Ladies taſte is more refin'd;
They, for *Amanda*'s ſake, will ſure be kind.
Pray let this figure once your pity move:
Can you reſiſt the pleaſing *God of Love?*
In vain my pray'rs the other ſex purſue,
Unleſs your conqu'ring ſmiles their ſtubborn hearts ſubdue.

EPILOGUE,

Spoken at the Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane, April 30, 1765, *by Miſs* Hopkins, *a Child of ſix Years old, at the Benefit of Mr.* Hopkins, *Prompter, and Mrs.* Hopkins.

[*Enter, ſpeaking to Mr.* Hopkins *at the Stage Door.*]

NAY—but I muſt—I muſt, indeed, papa!
Pray, let me go!—what ſignifies mama?
Coming forwards, curtſeys.
Your ſervant, gentlemen!—Your ſervant ladies!
Papa's the *Prompter*—but to *act* my trade is:
And though my ſize is ſmall, my years but few,
I'll warrant, he ſhall find *I know my Cue.*
Females of ev'ry age have leave to tattle:
Why may not I then, like my elders, prattle?
Mamma indeed cries, "Huſh, you little elf!
"Prithee, be ſilent!—I'll talk all myſelf."
—But let her know, my tongue as her's is nimble,
And I had rather uſe it than my thimble;
Had rather goſſip, ſpeak a part, or wheedle,
Than darn, or wound my fingers with a needle,
A Sempſtreſs? No. A Princeſs let me be,
In all the pomp and ſtate of tragedy!

A Princeſs, with a page, and ſweeping train,
A bowl, a dagger, and a lover ſlain!
O, how I'll rant! how loud I'll be! and glibber
Than *Yates*, or *Pritchard*, *Bellamy*, or *Cibber*?
If for the Buſkin you object my *Size*,
Why *Garrick's little*—but has piercing eyes.
And ſo have I—But I'm too *young*, you'll ſay.
Ah, Sirs! I ſhall grow older ev'ry day:
And they that now my faint endeavours ſpare,
Miſs in her teens ſhall thank them for their care.

EPILOGUE

TO THE

MISER.

WRITTEN BY COLLY CIBBER, ESQ.

Spoken by Mrs. RAFTOR.

OUR Author's ſure bewitch'd! The ſenſeleſs Rogue
Inſiſts no good play wants an Epilogue.
Suppoſe that true, ſaid I, what's that to this?
Is yours a good one?——No, but *Moliere's* is,
He cry'd, And you muſt ſee no Epilogue was tack'd to his.
Beſides, your modern Epilogues, ſaid he,
Are but ragouts of ſmut and ribaldry.
Where the falſe jeſts are dwindled to ſo few,
There's ſcarce one double *Entendre* left that's new.
Nor wou'd I in that lovely circle miſs
One bluſh, to gain a thouſand Coxcombs praiſe.
Then for the thread-bare joke of Cit and Wit,
Whoſe fore-known rhyme is echo'd from the Pit,
Till of their laugh the Galleries are bit.
Then to reproach the Criticks with ill-nature,
And charge their malice to his ſtinging ſatyr:
And thence appealing to the nicer Boxes,
Tho' talking *ſtuff* might daſh the *Drury* Boxes.
If theſe, he cry'd, the choice ingredients be
For Epilogues, they ſhall have none for me.
Lord, *Sir*, ſays I; the Gallery will ſo bawl;
Let 'em, he cry'd, a bad one's worſe than none at all.

Madam, theſe things than you I am more expert in,
Nor do I ſee no Epilogue much hurt in,
Zounds! when the Play is ended——drop the Curtain.

EPILOGUE

TO THE

CITIZEN.

Spoken by Mr. SHUTER *and Mr.* WOODWARD, *in the Characters of Old* PHILPOT *and Young* PHILPOT.

Father.

OH! *George, George, George!* 'tis ſuch rakes as you,
Who bring vile jokes and foul diſhonour too
Upon our city youth.

Geo. 'Tis very true.

Fath. *St. James's* end o' th' town,

Geo. No place for me.

Fath. No, truly——no——their manners diſagree
With ours intirely—yet you there muſt run
To ape their follies,

Geo. And ſo am undone.

Fath. There you all learn a vanity in vice,
You turn mere fops, you game—

Geo. O, damn the dice!

Fath. Bubbl'd at play,

Geo. Yes, Sir.

Fath. By ev'ry common cheat.

Geo. Ay! here's too witneſſes [*Pulling out his pockets.*

Fath. You get well beat.

Geo. A witneſs too of that [*ſhews his head*] and there's another. [*To Young* Wilding.

Fath. You dare to give affronts,

Geo. Zounds, ſuch a pother!

Fath. Affronts to gentlemen!

Geo. 'Twas a raſh action.

Fath. Damn me, you lie; I give you ſatisfaction. [*mimicking.*
Drawn in by ſtrumpets—and detected too!

Geo. That's a ſad thing, Sir! I'll be judg'd by you.

Fath. The

Fath. The dog he has me there,
Geo. Think you it right?
Under a table.
Fath. Miſerable plight!
Geo. For grave threeſcore to ſculk with trembling knees,
And envy every lover whom he ſees!
Think you it fitting thus abroad to roam?
Fath. Would I had ſtaid to caſt accounts at home;
Geo. Ay; there's another vice.
Fath. Sirrah, give o'er,
Geo. You brood for ever o'er your moſt lov'd ſtore,
And ſcraping *cent. per cent.* ſtill pine for more.
At *Jonathan's*, where millions are undone,
Now cheat a nation, and now cheat your ſon.
Fath. Raſcal, enough!
Geo. I could add, but am loth.
Fath. Enough!—this jury will condemn us both.
[*To the audience.*
Geo. Then to the court we'd better make ſubmiſſion:
Ladies and Gentlemen, with true contrition,
I here repent my faults:——ye courtly train,
Farewell! farewell, ye giddy and ye vain!
I now take up—forſake the gay and witty,
To live, henceforth, a credit to the city.
Fath. You ſee me here, quite cover'd o'er with ſhame;
I hate long ſpeeches—but I'll do the ſame.
Come, *George*—to mend is all the beſt can boaſt.
Geo. Then let us in,
Fath. And this ſhall be our toaſt,
May *Britain's* thunder on her foes be hurl'd,
Geo. And *London* prove the market of the world.

PROLOGUE.

TO THE

SPANISH BARBER.

WRITTEN BY MR. COLMAN.

Spoken by Mr. PARSONS.

ONCE more from Ludgate-hill behold Paul Prig!
The ſame ſpruce air you ſee! ſame coat! ſame wig!

A Mercer, ſmart and dapper all allow,
As ever at ſhop-door ſhot off a bow.
This ſummer—for I love a little prance—
This Summer, Gentlefolks, I've been to France,
To mark the faſhions—and to learn to dance,
I, and dear Mrs. Prig—the firſt of graces!
At Calais, in the diligence, took places;
Travell'd thro' Boulogne, Amiens, and Chantilly,
All in a line—as ſtraight as Piccadilly!
To Paris come, their dreſſes made me ſtare—
Their fav'rite colour is *the French Queen's Hair!*
They're all ſo fine, ſo ſhabby, and ſo gay,
They look like chimney-ſweepers on May-day!
Silks of all colours in the rainbow there!
A Joſeph's coat appears the common wear.
Of ſome I brought home patterns; one to-night
We mean to ſhew—'tis true it is but ſlight,
But then for ſummer wear, you know that's right.
A *little Weaver*, whom I long have known,
Has work'd it up, and begs to have it ſhewn—
But pray obſerve, my friends—'tis not his own.
I brought it over—nay, if it miſcarries,
He'll cry—"'tis none of mine—it came from Paris."
But ſhou'd you like it, he'll ſoon let you know
'Twas ſpun and manufactur'd in *Soho*.
—'Thad a great run abroad; which always yields
Work for our Grub-ſtreet, and our Spitalfields.
France charms our Ladies, naked Bards and Beaux,
Who ſmuggle thence their learning and their cloaths;
Buckles like grid-irons, and wigs on ſprings;
Tetes built like towers, and rumps like oſtrich wings.
If this piece pleaſe, each ſummer I'll go over,
And fetch new patterns by the Straits of Dover.

EPILOGUE

TO

EDGAR AND EMMELINE.

WRITTEN BY MR. GARRICK.

Spoken by Mrs. YATES.

OLD times, old fashions, and the fairies gone;
Let us return, good folks, to sixty-one—
To this blest time, ye fair, of female glory,
When pleasures unforbidden lie before ye!
No *Sprites* to fright you now, no guardian *Elves*;
Your wise directors are—your own dear selves—
And every fair one feels, from old to young,
While these your guides——you never can do wrong.
Weak were the sex of yore—their pleasures few—
How much more wise, more spirited are *you?*
Would any Lady *Jane*, or Lady *Mary*,
Ere they did *this* or *that*, consult a *Fairy?*
Would they permit this saucy pigmy crew,
For each small slip, to pinch 'em black and blue?
Well may you shudder——for, with all your charms,
Were this the case—good heaven, what necks and arms!
Thus did they serve our grandames heretofore——
The very thought must make us moderns sore!
Did their poor hearts for cards or dancing beat,
These *Elves* rais'd blisters on their hands and feet:
Tho' *Loo* the game, and fiddles play'd most sweetly—
They could not squeeze dear *Pam*, nor foot *Mall Peatly*.
Were wives with husbands but a little wilful,
Were they at that same *Loo* a little *skilful*;
Did they with pretty fellows laugh or sport—
Wear ruffs too small, or petticoats too short:
Did they, no matter how, disturb their cloaths;
Or, over-lilied, add a little rose!—
These spiteful fairies rattled round their beds,
And put strange frightful nonsense in their heads
Nay, while the husband snor'd and pruddish aunt,
Had the fond wife but met the dear gallant:—

Tho' lock'd the door, and all as ſtill as night—
Pop thro' the key hole whips the Fairy Sprite,
Trips round the room—"My huſband!" madam cries—
"The devil! where!" the frighted beau replies—
Jumps thro' the window—ſhe calls out in vain——
He, cur'd of love—and cool'd with drenching rain,
Swears——"Dem him if he'll e'er intrigue again!"
Theſe were their tricks of old——But all allow,
No childiſh fears diſturb our Fair Ones now——
Ladies, for all this trifling, 'twould be beſt
To keep a little *Fairy* in your breaſt:
Not one that ſhould with moderate paſſions war;
But juſt to tweak you—when you go too far.

EPILOGUE
TO
MOORE's GAMESTER.

Spoken by Mrs. PRITCHARD.

ON ev'ry Gameſter in th' *Arabian* nation,
'Tis ſaid that *Mahomet* denounc'd damnation;
But in return for wicked cards and dice,
He gave them black ey'd girls in Paradiſe.
Should he thus preach, good countrymen, to you,
His converts would, I fear, be mighty few.
So much your hearts are ſet on ſordid gain,
The brighteſt eyes around you ſhine in vain.
Shou'd the moſt heav'nly beauty bid you take her,
You'd rather hold——*two aces and a maker*,
By your example, our poor ſex drawn in,
Is guilty of the ſame unnat'ral ſin;
The ſtudy now of every girl of parts,
Is how to win your money, not your hearts.
O! in what ſweet, what raviſhing delights,
Our Beaux and Belles together paſs their nights!
By ardent perturbations kept awake,
Each views with longing eyes the other's——ſtake.
The Smiles and Graces are from *Britain* flown,
Our Cupid is an errant ſharper grown,
And Fortune ſits on Cytherea's throne.

In all theſe things tho' women may be blam'd,
Sure men, the wiſer men, ſhou'd be aſham'd!
And 'tis a horrid ſcandal I declare,
That four ſtrange queens ſhou'd rival all the fair,
Four jilts with neither beauty, wit nor parts,
O ſhame! have got poſſeſſion of their hearts;
And thoſe bold ſluts, for all their queenly pride,
Have play'd looſe tricks, or elſe they're much bely'd.
Cards were at firſt for benefits deſign'd,
Sent to amuſe, and not enſlave the mind.
From good to bad how eaſy the tranſition!
For what was pleaſure once, is now perdition.
Fair Ladies then theſe wicked Gameſters ſhun,
Whoever weds one, is, you ſee undone.

EPILOGUE

TO THE

SIEGE OF AQUILEIA.

Spoken by Mrs. CIBBER.

OUR Author, as I'm told, is not to ſeek
In antient lore; in Latin, nor in Greek,
I therefore did adviſe him, as a friend,
To make his learning ſerve ſome uſeful end:
And let me know, what rules he had obſerv'd,
What unities of time and place preſerv'd.
He anſwer'd, *Poetry* is not an art;
'Tis Nature only frames the Poet's heart:
Still as he thinks, the ſcene he feels along,
And from his boſom burſts the raptur'd ſong.
This is the ſacred oracle, the ſhrine
The bard conſults, and here, the tuneful Nine.
With the ſame fire, the hearer's ſoul muſt glow,
Elſe vain to him, the tale of tragic woe.
There is a temper, which is all in all;
That ſounds reſponſive to the Poet's call.
Like Memnon's harp, which pour'd harmonious lays,
When'er its ſtings were touch'd by Phœbus' rays.
This temper of the ſoul is ſweet and wild;
It ſobs, or ſmiles, as ſudden as a child;

To

To woes imagin'd tears unfeigned gives,
And in the Poet's world of fancy lives.
Whilſt thus he ſpoke, a bell was heard to ring;
He ſtop'd, and ſtarted like a guilty thing;
Ere the dread curtain roſe, in haſte withdrew,
And at a diſtance waits his doom from you.

EPILOGUE
TO THE
NOTE OF HAND:
OR, THE
TRIP TO NEWMARKET.

OH ſuch a ſight! I've been upon the courſe,
And he may talk his nonſenſe tell he's hoarſe:
What matters an old *Canterbury* ſtory?
Upon my ſoul *Newmarket*'s in its glory.
Such galloping, ſuch gambling and ſuch betting,
Such capering, ſuch cutting and curvetting!
Oh, ſuch a world of bothering and of noiſe,
So many Cambridge hacks and College boys:
Then there is ſuch a riot and a rattle
With liſts of *terrible, terrible high-bred cattle*;
Liſt of the ſporting Ladies, Sir?—O Lord,
This fooliſh Poet's *no where*, take my word.
He's jaded at two *heats*, as I'm alive,
'Tis well it's out of rule to ſtart for five.
What ſignifies his farce! 'tis all a jeſt;
Upon my ſoul *Firetail*'s a lovely beaſt——
So ſleak, ſo trim, ſo ſlender and ſo thin,
They lead him out and then they lead him in.
Oh, if that Roman fellow now was there,
(What was his name?) that made his horſe Lord Mayor;
He might have choice and plenty, a whole ſtud
Of Senators and Conſuls, thorough blood.
What neighing after one another's ſpouſes,
What ſnorting and what kicking in both *houſes!*
Shake but the ſieve, as ſure as I am born,
There's none amongſt 'em, but wou'd *come to corn.*

Why

Why ſuch a hair-brain'd ſpark might think it wit
To turn his ſtable looſe into the pit:
Long-tail and bob-tail, blacks and ſprightly bays,
And filthy duns and old flea-bitten greys,
Young high bred fillies, and fine dappled mares,
And braying critics with long pricking ears:
Stand by your Poet, Sirs; and keep your places,
You'll get no harm at his *Newmarket Races.*

PROLOGUE

TO

'TIS WELL IT's NO WORSE.

Captain O'CUTTER *enters, croſſing the Stage; but, upon ſeeing the Audience, ſtops, and thus addreſſes them.*

OH! there ye are;—before one word I utter,
I muſt tell you, my dears—that I, Captain O'Cutter,
With ſilent reſpect, will a thing or two ſay
About my relation, who wrote this new play:
My couſin, poor ſoul, is in damnable fright,
Becauſe why?—to amuſe you he takes great delight:
I ſaid, fye for ſhame?—what a man, and be frightful?
A pale baſhful Iriſhman's never delightful;
No conqueſts are gain'd with ſuch dread looks as thoſe:
I told him, a man ſhould not ſhrink at his foes;
That you were his friends, and would taſte what he writ,
If he would not o'erload you with humour and wit;
He ſwore he would not be ſo weak and abſurd;
And, if I know my couſin, he'll not brake his word.
My couſin's no ſlouch, at your reading and writing;
Tho' now, for his play, he's as pale as a whiting.
I anſwer'd for *you*, which his heart has much eas'd,
That tho' you don't like it, I'm ſure you'll be pleas'd;
For they ſay that Old Nick, if he's pleas'd, will be civil;
You'll like it, if not pleas'd, to be unlike the Devil.
In ſhort, my dear couſin has taken a prize;
I'm ſure you'll applaud him, 'tis Spaniſh, my boys,

He brings a tale from a far diſtant age,
Ennobled by the grave hiſtoric page!
Zenobia's woes have touch'd each poliſh'd ſtate;
The brighteſt eyes of *France* have mourn'd her fate.
Harmonious *Italy* her tribute paid,
And ſung a dirge to her lamented ſhade.
Yet think not that we mean to mock the eye
With pilfer'd colours of a foreign dye.
Not to tranſlate, our bard his pen doth dip;
He takes a play, as *Britons* take a ſhip;
They heave her down, with many a ſturdy ſtroke,
Repair her well, and build with heart of oak.
To every breeze ſet *Britain*'s ſtreamers free,
New-man her, and away again to ſea.
This is our author's aim; and if his art
Waken to ſentiment the feeling of the heart;
If in his ſcenes alternate paſſions burn,
And friendſhip, love, guilt, virtue, take their turn;
If innocence, oppreſs'd, lie bleeding here,
You'll give—'tis all he aſks—one virtuous tear.

PROLOGUE

TO THE

CHANCES.

OF all men, thoſe have leaſt reaſon to care
For being laugh'd at, who can laugh their ſhare:
And that's a thing our Author's apt to uſe,
Upon occaſion, when no man can chuſe.
Suppoſe now at this inſtant one of you,
Were tickled by a fool, what wou'd you do?
'Tis ten to one you'd laugh: here's juſt the caſe
For there are fools that tickle with their face.
Your gay fool tickles with his dreſs and motions,
But your grave fool of fools with filly notions.
Is it not then unjuſt that fops ſhould ſtill
Force one to laugh, and then take laughing ill?
Yet ſince perhaps to ſome it gives offence,
That men are tickled at the want of ſenſe;

Our

Our Author thinks he takes the readieſt way
To ſhew all he has laugh'd at here fair play.
For if ill writing be a folly thought,
Correcting ill is ſure a greater fault.
Then gallants laugh, but chuſe the right place firſt,
For judging ill is of all faults the worſt.

PROLOGUE
TO THE
CARELESS HUSBAND.

OF all the various vices of the age,
And ſhoals of fools expos'd upon the Stage,
How few are laſht that call for ſatire's rage!
What can you think to ſee our plays ſo full
Of madmen, coxcombs, and the drivelling fool?
Of cits, of ſharpers, rakes and roaring bullies,
Of cheats, of cuckolds, aldermen and cullies?
Wou'd not one ſwear, 'twere taken for a rule,
That ſatire's rod, in the dramatic ſchool,
Was only meant for the incorrigible fool?
As if too vice and folly were confin'd
To the vile ſcum alone of human kind,
Creatures a muſe ſhou'd ſcorn; ſuch abject traſh
Deſerve not ſatire's but the hangman's laſh.
Wretches ſo far ſhut out from ſenſe of ſhame,
Newgate or *Bedlam* only ſhou'd reclaim;
For ſatire ne'er was meant to make wild monſters tame,
No, Sirs.——
We rather think the perſons fit for plays,
Are they whoſe birth and education ſays
They've every help that ſhou'd improve mankind,
Yet ſtill live ſlaves to a vile tainted mind;
Such as in wit are often ſeen t'abound,
And yet have ſome weak part, where folly's found:
For follies ſprout, like weeds, higheſt in fruitful ground.
And 'tis obſerv'd, the garden of the mind
To no infeſtive weeds ſo much inclin'd,
As the rank pride that ſome from affectation find,
A folly too well known to make its court
With moſt ſucceſs among the better ſort.

Such

Such are the perſons we to-day provide,
And nature's fools for once are laid aſide.
This is the ground on which our play we build;
But in the ſtructure muſt to judgment yield:
And where the poet fails in art or care,
We beg your wonted mercy to the player.

PROLOGUE
TO THE
EARL OF ESSEX.
Spoken by Mr. BARRY.

OUR deſp'rate bard our bold excurſion tries,
Tho' danger damp'd his wing, he dar'd to riſe;
From hope, high rais'd, all glorious actions ſpring;
'Tis hence that heroes conquer, poets ſing.
Even he may feel the ſoul-exalting fire,
Fame prompts the humbleſt boſom to aſpire.
Without a guide this raſh attempt he made,
Without a clue from art, or learning's aid.
He takes a theme where tend'reſt paſſions glow,
A theme, your grandſires felt with pleaſing woe.
ESSEX' ſad tale he ſtrives to cloath anew,
And hopes to place it in a ſtronger view.
Poets, like painters, may, by equal law,
The labour'd piece from different maſters draw:
Perhaps improve the plan, add fire and grace,
And ſtrike th' impaſſion'd ſoul through all the face.
How far our author has ſecur'd a claim
To this exalted palm, this wiſh'd-for fame,
Your generous ſentiments will ſoon declare:
Humanity is ever prone to ſpare.
'Twere baſeneſs then your candour to diſtruſt;
A BRITISH audience will, at leaſt, be juſt.
A flattering truth he fearful muſt confeſs,
His ſanguine friends made promiſe of ſucceſs;
But that, he fears, their ardent wiſhes wrought,
Since partial favour ſeldom ſees a fault.
Then bear, like patient friends, this firſt eſſay,
His next ſhall thank you in a nobler way.

PROLOGUE

PROLOGUE
TO THE
ENGLISHMAN RETURN'D TO PARIS.

Spoken by MR. FOOTE.

OF all the paſſion that poſſeſs mankind,
The love of novelty rules moſt the mind,
In ſearch of this from realm to realm we roam,
Our fleets come fraught with every folly home.
From lybias deſarts hoſtile brutes advance,
And dancing dogs in droves ſkip here from France.
From latian lands gigantic forms appear,
Striking onr britiſh Breaſts with awe and fear,
As once the Liliputians —— Gulliver,
Not only objects that affect the ſight,
In foreign arts and artiſts we delight,
Near to that ſpot where Charles beſtrides a horſe,
In humble proſe the place is Charing-Croſs;
Cloſe by the margin of a kennel's ſide,
A dirty diſmal entry opens wide,
There with hoarſe voice, check'd ſhirt and callous hand
Duff's Indian Engliſh trader takes his ſtand,
Surveys each paſſenger with curious eyes,
And ruſtic *Roger* falls an eaſy prize,
Here's China porcelaine that Chelſea yields,
And India handkerchiefs from Spittalfields,
With Turkey carpets from Wilton came,
And Spaniſh tucks and blades from Bermingham.
Factors are forc'd to favour this deceit,
And Engliſh goods are ſmuggl'd through the ſtreet.
The rude to poliſh and the fair to pleaſe,
The hero of to-night has croſs'd the ſeas,
Tho' to be born a Briton be his crime,
He's manufactur'd in another clime.
'Tis *Buck* begs leave once more to come before ye,
The little ſubject of a former ſtory,
How chang'd, how faſhion'd whether brute or beau,
We truſt the following ſcenes will fully ſhew.
For them and him we your indulgence crave.
'Tis ours ſtill to ſin and yours to ſave.

PROLOGUE

PROLOGUE,

On the Opening of the Theatre-Royal in the Haymarket, *May* 15, 1777.

WRITTEN BY GEORGE COLMAN, ESQ.

Spoken by Mr. PALMER.

PRIDE by a thouſand arts vain honours claims,
And gives to empty nothings pompous names.
Theatric dealers thus would fain ſeem great,
And every playhouſe grows a mighty ſtate.
To fancied heights howe'er mock-monarchs ſoar,
A Manager's a *Trader*——nothing more.—
You (whom they court) their cuſtomers—and then
We Players—poor devils!—are the journeymen.
While two great Warehouſes, for winter uſe,
Eight months huge bales of merchandiſe produce,
Out with the ſwallow comes our ſummer Bayes,
To ſhew his taffata and luteſtring plays;
A choice aſſortment of ſlight goods prepares,
The ſmalleſt haberdaſher of ſmall wares.
In Laputa, we're told, a grave projector,
—A mighty ſchemer, like our new Director—
Once form'd a plan—and 'twas a deep one, Sirs!
To draw the ſun-beams out of cucumbers.
So whilſt leſs vent'rous Managers retire,
Our ſalamander thinks to live in fire.
A Playhouſe Quidnunc—and no Quidnunc's wiſer—
Reading our play-bills in the Advertiſer,
Cries "Hey! what's here? In the Haymarket a play,
To ſweat the Public in the midſt of May?
Give *me* freſh air!" then goes, and pouts alone
In country lodgings—by the two-mile ſtone:
There ſits, and chews the cud of his diſguſt,
Boil'd in the ſun, and blinded by the duſt.
Dearee, ſays Mrs. Inkle, let us go
To the Hay-market to-night, and ſee the ſhow!
Pſha, woman, cries old Inkle, you're a fool:
We'll walk to Hornſey, and enjoy the cool.
So ſaid, to finiſh the domeſtick ſtriſe,
Forth waddle the fat ſpouſe and ſatter wife:

And

And as they tug up Highgate-hill together,
He cries—"Delightful walking—charming weather!"
Now, with the napkin underneath the chin,
Unbutton'd Cits their turtle feaſts begin,
And plunge full knuckle-deep thro' thick and thin:
Throw down fiſh, fleſh, fowl, paſtry, cuſtard, jelly,
And make a ſalmagundy of their belly.
"More Chian-pepper! punch, another rummer!
"So cool and pleaſant—eating in the ſummer!"
To antient geographers 'twas not known
Mortals could live beneath the torrid zone:
But we, though toiling underneath the line,
Muſt make our hay now while the weather's fine.
Your good old Hay-maker, long here employed,
The ſunſhine of your ſmiles who ſtill enjoyed;
The fields which long he mowed will not forſake,
Nor quite forego the ſcythe, the fork and rake,
But take the field, ev'n in the hotteſt day,
And kindly help us to get in our hay.

PROLOGUE

TO

ALL THE WORLD's A STAGE.

Spoken by Mr. KING.

PRAY let me ſee, if what France ſays be true,
That ſmiling faces in this land are few.
I'll tell you how they mark you to a tittle;
They ſay, you think too much, and talk too little;
While you with ſcorn, cry out againſt their prate,
And ſwear, with heels ſo light, their heads want weight.
Be but ſome clouds of politics blown o'er,
England would ſhew its laughing face once more.
For this good end, our bard throws in his mite,
And hopes to ſteal you from your cares to-night.
Now for our title—*All the World's a Stage.*
The lively French, of every rank and age,
In acting ſcenes employ their laughing hours,
And life's rough path make gay by ſtrewing flowers.
Let but the faſhion ſpread throughout our iſle,
And what makes Frenchmen grin, will make you ſmile.

The

The drama, would like Alkalis, protect you
From thoſe ſour humours, which ſo much affect you;
Sweeten your blood, with its ſwift current mix,
And cure the crudities of politics.
Our farce exhibits ſuch a ſcene as this—
And low are our *perſonæ dramatis.*
The various ſervants at a country ſeat,
As *actors*, furniſh out the curious treat.
In *Alexander*, will the *Butler* rave,
And nought can *Clytus*, the fat *Coachman*, ſave,
From Philip's ſon—You'll ſee the hero ſoon,
Dealing death round him, with a ſilver ſpoon.
The *Cook*, *Roxana*, glowing with deſire,
Burns as ſhe baſtes—her boſom all on fire!
The groom and footmen, act their parts ſo well,
No longer Tom and Dick, they hear no bell!
The Butler mad—all's in confuſion hurl'd,
He can't *obey*, for he *commands* the *world!*
His victories alone poſſeſs his brain—
So maſter bawls, and miſtreſs ſcolds in vain.
Critics—indulge theſe heroes in their fancies—
Nor, by your frowns, reſtore 'em to their ſenſes.

EPILOGUE

TO THE

RUNAWAY.

WRITTEN BY DAVID GARRICK, ESQ.

Spoken by Miſs YOUNGE.

POST haſte from Italy arrives my Lover!
Shall I to you, good Friends, my fears diſcover?
Should Foreign modes his Virtues mar, and mangle,
And *Caro Sposo* prove—Sir *Dingle Dangle*;
No ſooner *join'd* than *ſeparate* we go,
Abroad—we never ſhall each other know,
At home—I mope *above*—he'll pick his teeth *below.*
In ſweet domeſtic chat we ne'er ſhall mingle,
And, *wedded* tho' I am, ſhall ſtill live *ſingle.*

However

However modiſh, I deteſt this plan:
For me, no maukiſh creature, weak, and wan;
He muſt be *Engliſh*, and an *Engliſh*—Man.
To Nature, and his Country, falſe and blind,
Shou'd *Belville* dare to twiſt his form and mind,
I will diſcard him—and to Britain true,
A Briton chuſe—and, may be, one of *you!*
Nay, don't be frighten'd—I am but in jeſt;
Free Men in Love, or War, ſhould ne'er be preſs'd.
If you wou'd know my utmoſt expectation,
'Tis one unſpoil'd by *travell'd* Education;
With knowledge, taſte, much kindneſs, and ſome whim,
Good ſenſe to govern *me*—and let *me* govern him:
Great love of me, muſt keep his heart from roving;
Then I'll forgive him, if he proves too loving;
If in theſe times, I ſhou'd be bleſs'd by Fate
With ſuch a *Phœnix*, ſuch a matchleſs Mate,
I will by kindneſs, and ſome ſmall diſcerning,
Take care that *Hymen*'s torch continues burning:
At weddings, now-a-days, the torch thrown down,
Juſt makes a ſmoke, then ſtinks throughout the town!
No married Puritan—I'll follow pleaſure,
And ev'n the Faſhion—but in mod'rate meaſure;
I will of Op'ra extaſies partake,
Tho' I take ſnuff to keep myſelf awake;
No rampant Plumes ſhall o'er my temples play,
Foretelling that my brains will fly away;
Nor from my head ſhall ſtrange vagaries ſpring,
To ſhew the ſoil can teem with ev'ry thing!
No *fruits*, *roots*, *greens*, ſhall fill the ample ſpace,
A *kitchen-garden*, to adorn my face!
No Rocks ſhall there be ſeen, no Windmill, Fountain,
Nor curls like Guns ſet round, to guard the Mountain!
O learn, ye Fair, if this ſame madneſs ſpreads,
Not to *hold up*, but to *keep down* your heads:
Be not miſled by ſtrange fantaſtic art,
But in your dreſs let *Nature* take ſome part;
Her ſkill alone a laſting pow'r inſures,
And beſt can ornament ſuch charms as *yours*.

PROLOGUE
TO THE
GOOD-NATURED MAN.
WRITTEN BY DR. JOHNSON.

PREST by the load of life, the weary mind
Surveys the general toil of human kind;
With cool ſubmiſſion joins the labouring train,
And ſocial ſorrow, loſes half it's pain.
Our anxious bard, without complaint, may ſhare
This buſtling ſeaſon's epidemic care.
Like *Cæſar*'s pilot, dignify'd by fate,
Toſt in one common ſtorm with all the great;
Diſtreſt alike, the ſtateſman and the wit,
When one a borough courts, and one the pit.
The buſy candidates for pow'r and fame,
Have hopes, and fears, and wiſhes, juſt the ſame;
Diſabled both to combat, or to fly,
Muſt hear all taunts, and hear without reply.
Unchack'd on both, loud rabbles vent their rage,
As mongrels bay the lion in a cage.
Th' offended burgeſs hoards his angry tale,
For that bleſt year when all that vote may rail;
Their ſchemes of ſpite the poet's foes diſmiſs,
Till that glad night, when all that hate may hiſs.
This day the powder'd curls and golden coat,
Says ſwelling *Criſpin*, begg'd a cobler's vote:
This night, our wit, the pert apprentice cries,
Lies at my feet, I hiſs him, and he dies.
The great, 'tis true, can charm th' electing tribe;
The bard may ſupplicate, but cannot bribe.
Yet judg'd by thoſe, whoſe voices ne'er were ſold,
He feels no want of ill perſuading gold;
But confident of praiſe, if praiſe be due,
Truſts without fear, to merit, and to you.

PRO-

PROLOGUE

TO THE

CLANDESTINE MARRIAGE.

WRITTEN BY MR. GARRICK.

POETS and painters, who from nature draw
Their beſt and richeſt ſtores, have made this law:
That each ſhould neighbourly aſſiſt his brother,
And ſteal with decency from one another,
To-night, your matchleſs *Hogarth* gives the thought,
Which from his canvas to the ſtage is brought.
And who ſo fit to warm the poet's mind,
As he who pictur'd morals and mankind?
But not the ſame their characters and ſcenes;
Both labour for one end, by different means:
Each, as it ſuits him, takes a ſeparate road,
Their one great object, *Marriage-a la-mode!*
Where titles deign with cits to have and hold,
And change rich blood for more ſubſtantial gold!
And honour'd trade from intereſt turns aſide,
To hazard happineſs for titled pride.
The painter dead, yet ſtill he charms the eye;
While *England* lives, his fame can never die:
But he, who *ſtruts his hour upon the ſtage*,
Can ſcarce extend his fame for half an age;
Nor pen nor pencil can the actor ſave,
The art, and artiſt, ſhare one common grave.
O let me drop one tributary tear,
On poor *Jack Falſtaff*'s grave, and *Juliet*'s bier!
You to their worth muſt teſtimony give;
'Tis in your hearts alone their fame can live.
Still as the ſcenes of life will ſhift away,
The ſtrong impreſſions of their art decay.
Your children cannot feel what you have known;
They'll boaſt of *Quins* and *Cibbers* of their own:
The greateſt glory of our happy few,
Is to be felt, and be approv'd by *you*.

PROLOGUE
TO THE
APPRENTICE.

Spoken by Mr. WOODWARD.

PROLOGUES precede the *piece*,—in mournful verſe,
As undertakers—walk before the hearſe,
Whoſe doleful march may ſtrike the harden'd mind,
And wake its feelings—for the dead—behind.
No ſmuggled, pilfer'd ſcenes from *France* we ſhew,
'Tis *Engliſh*—*Engliſh*, ſirs! from top to toe.
Our hero is a youth—by fate deſign'd
For *culling ſimples*,—but whoſe ſtage-ſtruck mind
Nor *fate* could *rule*, nor his *indentures* bind.
A Place there is where ſuch young *Quixotes* meet,
'Tis call'd the SPOUTING-CLUB;—a glorious treat!
Where prentic'd-kings—alarm the gaping ſtreet!
There *Brutus* ſtarts and ſtares by midnight taper,
Who all the *day* enacts—a *woollen-draper*.
There *Hamlet*'s Ghoſt ſtalks forth with doubl'd fiſt;
Cries out with hollow voice—*Liſt*, *liſt*, *O liſt*,
And frightens *Denmark*'s prince—a *young Tobacconiſt*.
The Spirit too, clear'd from his deadly white,
Riſes—a *Haberdaſher* to the ſight!
Not young *Attornies*—have this rage withſtood,
But change their *Pens* for TRUNCHEONS, *Ink* for BLOOD,
And (ſtrange reverſe) die for their Country's good.
Thro' all the Town this folly you may trace;
Myſelf am witneſs—'tis a common caſe
I've farther proofs, could ye but think I wrong ye,
——Look round——you'll find ſome ſpouting youths among ye,
Ye ſtage-ſtruck heroes,—*Jack*, *Dick*, *Tom*, *Will*,
Who hold the balance, or who gild the pill;
And you, who to the Ladies make your court,
And while you ſimper clip an inch too ſhort,
Quit not the ſubſtance for an empty ſhade,
Stick to the Rule of Three, and mind your trade;

But,

But hark! I'm call'd, * —be warn'd by what you ſee,
Oh! ſpout no more:—*Farewell, remember me.*

EPILOGUE
TO
BARBAROSSA,
WRITTEN BY MR. GARRICK.

Spoken by Mr. WOODWARD,

In the Character of a fine GENTLEMAN.

Enter—*Speaking to the people without.*

PSHAW! damn your Epilogue — and hold your tongue——
Shall we of rank be told what's right and wrong;
Had you ten Epilogues you ſhou'd not ſpeak 'em,
Tho' had writ 'em all in linguum grecum,
I'll do't by all the Gods!—(you muſt excuſe me)
Tho' author, actors, audience, all abuſe me!

To the AUDIENCE.

Behold a gentleman!—and that's enough!
Laugh if you pleaſe—I'll take a pinch of ſnuff!
I come to tell you—(let it not ſurpriſe you)
That I'm a wit—and worthy to adviſe you——
How could you ſuffer that ſame country booby,
That pro-logue ſpeaking ſavage,—that great looby,
To talk his nonſenſe?—give me leave to ſay
'Twas low—damn'd low!—but ſave the fellow's play——
Let the poor devil eat—allow him that,
And give a meal to *Meaſter*, *Mon*, and *Cat*:
But why attack the faſhions?—ſenſeleſs rogue!——
We have no joys but what reſult from vogue,
The mode ſhou'd all controul—nay, ev'ry paſſion,
Senſe, appetite and all, give way to faſhion;
I hate as much as he, a *Turtle-feaſt*,
But 'till the preſent *Turtle*-rage has ceas'd,
I'd ride a hundred miles to make myſelf a beaſt.
I have no ears,—yet op'ras I adore!
Always prepar'd *to die—to ſleep—no more!*

* The warning-bell rings.

The ladies too were carp'd at, and their dreſs,
He wants 'em all ruff'd up like good queen Bess!
They are, forſooth, too much expos'd and free;
Were more expos'd, no ill effects I ſee;
For more or leſs, 'tis all the ſame to me,
For gaming too, was maul'd among the reſt,
That precious cordial to a high-life breaſt!
When thoughts ariſe, I always game, or drink,
An *Engliſh* gentleman ſhou'd never think, ——
The reaſon's plain, which ev'ry ſoul might hit on—
What *trims* a *Frenchman*, *overſits* a *Briton*;
In us reflexion breeds a ſober ſadneſs,
Which always ends in politics or madneſs:
I therefore now propoſe—by your command,
That Tragedies no more ſhall cloud this land;
Send o'er your *Shakeſpear*'s to the ſons of *France*,
Let *them* grow grave—Let *us* begin to dance!
Baniſh your gloomy ſcenes to foreign climes,
Reſerve alone to bleſs theſe golden times
A Farce or two—and *Woodward*'s Pantomimes!

PROLOGUE
TO
CREUSA,
Spoken by Mr. Ross.

PROLOGUES of old, the learn'd in language ſay,
Were merely introductions to the play,
Spoken by gods, or ghoſts, or men who knew
Whate'er was previous to the ſcenes in view;
And complaiſantly came to lay before ye
The ſeveral heads and windings of the ſtory.
But modern times and *Britiſh* rules are ſuch,
Our bards beforehand muſt not tell too much;
Nor dare we, like the neighb'ring *French*, admit
Ev'n confidants, who might inſtruct the pit,
By aſking queſtions of the leading few,
And hearing ſecrets, which before they knew.
Yet what we can to help this antique piece
We will attempt.—Our ſcene to-night is *Greece*.

And,

And, by the Magic of the poet's rod,
This ſtage the temple of the *Delphic* god!
Where kings, and chiefs, and ſages came of old,
Like modern fools, to have their fortunes told;
And monarchs were enthron'd, or nations freed,
As an old prieſt, or wither'd maid decreed,
Yet think not all were equally deceiv'd,
Some knew, more doubted, many more believ'd.
In ſhort theſe oracles and witching rhimes
Were but the pious frauds of ancient times;
Wiſely contriv'd to keep mankind in awe,
When faith was wonder, and religion law!
Thus much premis'd, to every feeling breaſt
We leave the ſcenes themſelves to tell the reſt.
—Yet ſomething ſure was to the critics ſaid,
Which I forget,—ſome invocation made!
Ye critic hands, like jealous guardians, plac'd
To watch th' encroachments on the realms of taſte,
From you our author would two boons obtain,
Not wholly diffident, nor wholly vain:
Two things he aſks; 'tis modeſt ſure, for you
Who can do all things, to requeſt but two:
Firſt to his ſcenes a kind attention pay,
Then judge!—with candor judge—and we obey.

PROLOGUE

TO

VIRGINIA,

WRITTEN AND SPOKEN BY MR. GARRICK.

PROLOGUES, like compliments are loſs of time,
'Tis penning bows, and making legs in rhyme:
'Tis cringing at the door with ſimp'ring grin,
When we ſhould ſhew the company within——
So thinks our bard, who ſtiff in claſſic knowledge,
Preſerves too much the *buckram* of the college——
Lord, Sir, ſaid I an audience muſt be woo'd,
And, lady-like, with flattery purſu'd,
They nauſeate fellows, that are blunt, and rude.

Authors ſhould learn to dance as well as write——
Dance every day time of life! Z unds what a ſight!
Grown gentlemen ('tis advertis'd) do learn by night.
Your modern prologues, and ſuch whims as theſe—
The Greeks ne'er knew—turn, turn to SOPHOCLES—
I read no Greek, Sir,—when I was at ſchool,
TERENCE had prologues—TERENCE was no fool:
He had, but why? (reply'd the bard in rage)
Exotics, monſters, had poſſeſs'd the ſtage,
But we have none in this enlighten'd age!
Your Britons now from Gallery to Pit,
Can reliſh nought, but ſterling, attic wit:
Here, take my play, I meant it for inſtruction,
If rhymes are wanting for its introduction,
E'en let that nonſenſe be your own production.
Off went the Poet—It is now expedient,
I ſpeak as manager, and your obedient—
I as your cat'rer, would provide you diſhes,
Dreſs'd to your palates, ſeaſon'd to your wiſhes—
Say but your tir'd with boil'd and roaſt at home,
We too can ſend for *niceties* from Rome:
To pleaſe your taſte will ſpare not pains nor money,
Diſcard *Sirloins*, and get you *Maccaroni*.
Whate'er new *Guſto* for a time may reign,
SHAKESPEAR and *Beef* muſt have their turn again—
If novelties can pleaſe, to-night we've two——
Tho' *Engliſh* both, yet ſpare 'em as they're new——
To one at leaſt your uſual favor ſhow——
A female aſks it, can a man ſay no?——
Should you indulge our * novice yet unſeen,
And crown her with your hands a tragic queen;
Should you with ſmiles a confidence impart,
To calm thoſe fears which ſpeak a felling heart;
Affiſt each ſtruggle of ingenuous ſhame
Which curbs a genius in its road to fame,
With one wiſh more, her whole ambition ends——
She hopes ſome merit: to deſerve ſuch friends.

* A new Actreſs.

EPILOGUE.

EPILOGUE

TO THE

CHANCES.

PERHAPS you, Gentlemen, expect to-day,
The author of this fag-end of a play,
According to the modern way of wit,
Shou'd ſtrive to be before-hand with the pit;
Begin to rail at you, and ſubtle to
Prevent th' affront by giving the firſt blow.
He wants not precedents, which often ſway
In matters far more weighty than a play:
But he, no grave admirer of a rule,
Won't by example learn to play the fool.
The end of plays ſhould be to entertain,
And not to keep the auditors in pain.
Giving our price, and for what traſh we pleaſe,
He thinks the play being done, you ſhould have eaſe.
No wit, no ſenſe, no freedom and a box,
Is much like paying money for the ſtocks.
Beſides, the author dreads the ſtrut and mien
Of new-prais'd poets, having often ſeen
Some of his fellows, who have writ before,
When *Nel* has danc'd her jig, ſteal to the door,
Hear the pit clap, and with conceit of that,
Swell and believe themſelves the Lord knows what.
Moſt writers now-a-days are grown ſo vain,
That once approv'd, they write, and write again,
'Till they have writ away the fame they got,
Our friend this way of writing fancies not,
And hopes you will not tempt him with your praiſe,
To rank himſelf with ſome that write new plays.
For he knows ways enough to be undone,
Without the help of poetry for one.

Mr. MACKLIN's
FAREWELL
EPILOGUE.

POOR I, toſs'd up and down from ſhore to ſhore,
Sick, wet and weary, will to ſea no more;
Yet 'tis ſome comfort, tho' I quit the trade,
That this laſt voyage with ſucceſs is made,
The ſhip full laden, and the freight all pay'd.
Since then for reaſons I the ſtage give o'er,
And for your ſakes—write tragedies no more:
Some other ſchemes, of courſe, poſſeſs my brain,
For he who once has eat,—muſt eat again.
And leſt this lank, this melancholy phiz,
Should grow more lank, more diſmal than it is;
A ſcheme I have in hand will make you ſtare!
Tho' off the ſtage I ſtill muſt be the play'r.
Still muſt I follow the theatric plan,
Exert my comic pow'rs, draw all I can,
And to each gueſt appear a diff'rent man.
I (like my liquors) muſt each palate hit
Rake with the wild, be ſober with the cit,
Nay ſometimes act my leaſt becoming part—the w't,
With politicians I muſt nod—ſeem full—
And act my beſt becoming part—the dull.
My plan is this—man's form'd a ſocial creature,
Requiring converſe by the laws of nature;
And as the moon can raiſe the ſwelling flood,
Or as the mind is influenc'd by the blood,
So—do I make myſelf well underſtood.
I'm puzzled faith—let us like BAYES agree it,
You'll know my plot much better when you ſee it.
But truce with jeſting, let me now impart
The warm o'erflowings of a grateful heart;
Come good, come bad, while life or mem'ry laſt,
My mind ſhall treaſure up your favours paſt:
And might one added boon encreaſe the ſtore,
With much leſs ſorrow ſhould I quit this ſhore;
To mine, as you have been to me, prove kind,
Protect the pledge my fondneſs leaves behind;

To

To you her guardians, I reſign my care,
Let her with others your indulgence ſhare;
Whate'er MY fate; if this my wiſh prevails,
'Twill glad the FATHER, tho' the SCHEMIST fails.

EPILOGUE
TO THE
ROMANCE OF AN HOUR.

WRITTEN BY MR. KELLY.

Spoken by Mrs. BULKLEY.

SOMEBODY ſays, but I forgot his name,
That howe'er faults or follies we may blame,
We're all in turn, tho' all extremely wiſe,
The very things we laugh at, or deſpiſe——
The bold fox-hunter juſt come up to town,
From—"*Yoiks*, hark forward," loves to ſeem a clown.
Thro' pride, tears up politeneſs by the roots——
Ne'er combs his hair—and viſits you in boots——
Milkſops alone, he thinks their forms ſhou'd deck,
And ſcorns the man that fears to break a neck——
In three month's time, how alter'd is his note,
His head's all wings, or bak'd in papi'lotte——
The honeſt buckſkin which once clear'd the ditches,
Our modern Nimrod turns to ſattin breeches,
And grown half female, wond'rous to relate!
He ſcreams in ſlumber at a five bar'd gate.
The city buck, accuſtom'd long to bruiſe,
Who ſwears at France, and damns all "parley-voos;"
If but one week from Margate led at moſt,
To ſwill and ſmuggle on the Flemiſh coaſt,
Returning bawls in ev'ry dowdy's face——
"Comment charmante, quelle raviſſant grace!"
[*Spoken in the Engliſh accent.*
And in due courſe from Aldgate to the Strand,
Raves of a *cottilloon*, and *allemand*.
Monſieur, indeed, with cockney is quite even,
Tho' much to joke upon this nation given——
He calls a Briton—"Barbare, Unbelief!"
Yet leaves his frogs with rapture for roaſt beef;

And finds a ready fortune to be made is,
In rouge for men, and perriwigs for ladies.
At foul corruption, Surly tears his throat—
He ſcorns to give a ſhilling for a vote;
But mark the riot of the county round,
And every voice has coſt him twenty pound.
There ſome, who think our liberties divine,
Will eat them thro', in turkey, or in chine—
And other's, while at venal tools they rail,
Drown their poor country in a butt of ale.
But while our bards theſe gen'ral faults make known,
Pray let them hear a little of their own.
How many Authors of our modern ſtage,
Affect to riſe the wonders of their age,
By bare tranſlations from Moliere, Corneille,
Racine, and numbers needleſs here to tell—
Yet each a jackdaw, dreſt in foreign plumes,
On his own beauty ſaucily preſumes;
Looks on the parent bird with haughty eyes,
From whom entirely he purloin'd his dyes;
Or ſolely tells us when he comes to print,
Tho' *all* is *ſtolen*—He *borrow'd* but a *hint*—
Ah that theſe daws were fortunately toſt on
Thy coaſts Connecticut, or thine O Boſton!
Their nobleſt flights thou might'ſt for ever mar,
And ſpoil their feathers with a little tar.—
Whether by policy or juſtice led,
A diff'rent path our Author means to tread;
And tho' a petty dealer, will not ſell
As his own goods, a thought of MARMONTEL—
The timid ZELIDA you ſaw to-night,
In that great maſter firſt beheld the light;
And if you hail her now dramatic morn,
I'll ever bleſs the moment ſhe was born.

PRO-

PROLOGUE

TO THE

MAN OF BUSINESS.

Spoken by Mr. WOODWARD.

Enter as an Author with a Manuſcript.

SEE here, good folks, how genius is abus'd!
A Play of mine! the Manager refus'd!
And why?—I knew the reaſon well enough—
Only to introduce his own damn'd ſtuff.
Oh! he's an arrogant, invidious elf,
Who hates all wit, and has no wit himſelf!
As to the plays on which he builds his fame,
Boaſting your praiſe, *we all know whence they came.*
Crown him with ivy, leaſt of Brentford kings!
For ſtill, like ivy, round ſome oak he clings.
Plays you have damn'd, their Authors yet unknown,
Truſt me, good people, thoſe were all his own.
If his lame Genius ever ſtood the teſt,
'Twas but a crutch'd noun-adjective at beſt;
Or rather *expletive*, whoſe weak pretence
Occupies ſpace, but adds not to the ſenſe.
His Lady-Muſe, tho' puling, wan, and thin,
With Green-Room caudle all in ſtate lies-in;
His brats ſo ricketty, 'tis ſtill their curſe
To be ſwath'd, ſwaddled, and put out to nurſe;
Brought up on playhouſe pap, they waule and cry,
Crawl on the ſtage, or in convulſions die.
His play to night, like all he ever wrote,
Is pie-ball'd, piec'd, and patch'd, like Joſeph's coat;
Made up of ſhreds from Plautus and Corneille,
Terence, Moliere, Voltaire, and Marmontel,
With rags from fifty others I might mention,
Which proves him dull and barren of invention:
But ſhall his nonſenſe hold the place of ſenſe?
No, Damn him! Damn him, in your own defence!
Elſe on your mercy will the Dwarf preſume,
Nor e'er give Giant Genius elbow-room.
Now, now, my friends, we've brought him to the ſtake;
Bait him! and then, perhaps, ſome ſport he'll make.

The

I've lin'd the houſe in front, above, below;
Friends, like dried figs, ſtuck cloſe in every row!
Some wits in ambuſh, in the gallery ſit;
Some form a critick phalanx in the pit;
Some ſcatter'd forces their ſhrill catcalls play,
And ſtrike the Tiny Scribbler with diſmay.
On then my hearts! charge! fire! your triumph's certain!
O'er his weak battery from behind the curtain!
To-morrow's Chronicle your deeds ſhall boaſt,
And loud *Te Deums* fill the Morning Poſt.

PROLOGUE
TO
ALBUMAZAR.

Spoken by Mr. KING.

At the Revival in 1773.

SINCE your old taſte for laughing is come back,
And you have drop'd the melancholy pack
Of tragi-comic-ſentimental matter,
Reſolving to laugh more, and be the fatter,
We bring a piece drawn from our ancient ſtore,
Which made old Engliſh ſides with laughing ſore.
Some ſmiles from *Tony Lumpkin*, if you ſpare,
Let *Trincalo* of *Totnam* have his ſhare.
Tho' thieves there are, JUSTICE herſelf will own,
No ſcene to hurt your morals will be ſhown.
Each ſiſter muſe a ſep'rate ſhop ſhould keep,
Comedy to laugh, *Tragedy* to weep,
And *ſentimental laudanum* to make you ſleep.
I'll tell you what, good folks, if you don't jeſt,
But claſp the gigling goddeſs to your breaſt;
Let but the comic muſe enjoy your favour,
We'll furniſh ſtuff to make you laugh for ever!
Do laugh, pray laugh—'tis your beſt cure when ill,
The grand ſpecifick, univerſal pill!
What would I give to ſet the tide a-going,
A ſpring-tide in your heart with joy o'erflowing!
No ſuperficial ſkin-deep mirth—all from within—
Laugh till your jaws ach—'till you crack your ſkin;
The Engliſh truly laugh—your Frenchmen only grin.

Italians

Italians ſneer, Dutch grunt, and German features
Smirk thus—you only laugh like human creatures.
Who has not laughter in his ſoul's a wretch,
And fit for treaſon, ſtratagems, Jack Ketch!
Your meagre hollow eye ſpeaks ſpleen and vapors,
And ſtabs with pen and ink, in daily papers.
But the round cit, in ven'ſon to the knuckles,
He is no plotter, but eats, drinks, and chuckles;
When late to *ſentimentals* you were kind,
I thought poor *I was whiſtled down the wind,*
To prey at fortune!—O, farewel to fun,
Said I, and took a ſhop at *Iſlington.*
To ſay the truth—I'm not prepar'd as yet
To dance the wire, or throw a ſomerſet:
In ſhort, if at a pun you would not grumble,
When I can't make you laugh—I needs muſt *tumble;*
Shew you are fond of mirth—at once reſtore us,
And burſt with me in one grand laughing chorus!
True comedy reigns ſtill—I ſee it plain;
Huzza! we now ſhall live and laugh again!

[*Exit huzzaing and laughing.*

MR. GARRICK'S
ADDRESS TO THE TOWN,

In the Character of the BUSY BODY.

SINCE my good friends, tho' late, are pleas'd at laſt,
I bear with patience all my ſuff'rings paſt;
To you who ſaw my ſuff'rings, it is clear,
I bought my ſecrets moſt conſounded dear.
To any gentleman not over nice,
I'll ſell 'em all again, and at half-price.
Wou'd I had been among you—for, no doubt,
You all have ſecrets, cou'd I find them out.
Each has a ſecret fitted to his fancy;
My friends above there—honeſt *John* and *Nancy;*
How well their ſecrets with their paſſions ſuit,
Hearts full of love, and pockets full of fruit;
Each jolly ſailor thus his miſtreſs grapples,
They look, and laugh, and love, and—eat their apples.

So good or wiſe this precious town is growing;
There's ſcarce a ſecret here that's worth the knowing;
Nay, where a hungry mind expects a feaſt
'Mongſt politicians—it will get the leaſt.
They promiſe much—ſeem full—ſtare, nod, and pout,
But tap 'em, and the devil a drop comes out.
In ſhort, I'll give this buſy buſineſs over,
Where much is felt, and little to diſcover;
But ſhould the ladies wiſh, or want t'employ me,
I ſhou'd be proud and pleas'd if they would try me.
To manage meetings, or to ſlip a letter,
There's no *French* milliner can do it better.
As for the Gentlemen—the Rake, or Beau——
I wou'd not give them that—for all they know:
Indeed, for ſecrets there are none excel 'em;
But then they make 'em, and when made they tell 'em.
There is one ſecret ſtill remains behind,
Which ever did, and will diſtract the mind——
I'd give up all for that—nay, fix for ever,
To find the ſecret—to deſerve your favour.

EPILOGUE
TO
HECUBA,
WRITTEN BY MR. GARRICK.

Spoken by Miss. BRIDE.

STRIP'D of my tragic weeds and rais'd from death,
In freedom's land, again, I draw my breath:
Though late a *Trojan* ghoſt, in *Charon*'s ferry;
I'm now an Engliſh girl, alive and merry!
Hey—preſto!—I'm in *Greece* a maiden ſlain,
How—ſtranger ſtill—a maid—in *Drury Lane*,
No more by barb'rous men and laws confin'd,
I claim my native rights—to ſpeak my mind.
Though pouring pedants ſhould applaud this piece,
Behold a champion—foe profeſt of *Greece!*
I throw my gauntlet to the critic race:
[*Throws down her glove.*
Come forth, bold Græcians! meet me face to face!

Come

Come forth, ye men of learning, at my call!
Learning! a little feeling's worth it all!
And you of taſte and faſhion I defy!
[*Throws down another glove.*
But hold *you* hate the Greek as well as I;
Then let us join our force, and boldly ſpeak,
That Engliſh—every thing ſurpaſſes Greek.
Kill a young virgin, to reſiſt unable!
Kill her like houſe lamb, for a *dead* man's table!
Well may you tremble, ladies, and look pale!
Do not you ſhudder, parents, at this tale?
You ſacrifice a daughter now and then
To rich, old, wither'd, *half* departed men:
With us, there's no compulſive clauſe, that can
Make a live girl, to wed a quite dead man.
Had I been wedded to ſome ancient king!
I mean a Græcian—ancient! not the thing:
Then had our bard made ample reparation!
Then had you ſeen a Græcian *coronation!*
Sneer not ye critics, at this rage for ſhow
That honeſt hearts at coronations glow!
Nor ſnarl, that our faint copies glad their eyes,
When from the thing itſelf ſuch bleſſings riſe.

PROLOGUE
TO THE
AUTHOR,
WRITTEN AND SPOKEN BY MR. FOOTE.

SEVERE their taſk, who in this critic age,
With freſh materials furniſh out the ſtage!
Not that our fathers drain'd the comic ſtore;
Freſh characters ſpring up as heretofore—
Nature does ſtill with novelty abound;
On ev'ry ſide freſh follies may be found.
But then the taſte of ev'ry gueſt to hit,
To pleaſe at once the Gall'ries, Boxes, pit;
Requires at leaſt—no common ſhare of wit.
Thoſe who adorn the orb of higher life
Demand the lively rake, or modiſh wife;

Whilſt they, who in a lower circle move,
Yawn at their wit, and ſlumber at their love:
If light low mirth employs the comic ſcene,
Such mirth as drives from vulgar minds the ſpleen;
The poliſh'd critic damns the wretched ſtuff,
And cries,—*'twould pleaſe the Gall'ries well enough.*
Such jarring judgments who can reconcile?
Since ſops will frown where humble traders ſmile.
To daſh the poet's ineffectual claim,
And quench his thirſt for univerſal fame,
The *Grecian* fabuliſt, in moral lay,
Has thus addreſs'd the writers of his day.
Once on a time, a ſon and ſire, we're told,
(The ſtripling tender, and the father old)
Purchas'd a *Jack-Aſs* at a country fair,
To eaſe their limbs, and hawk about their ware;
But as the ſluggiſh animal was weak,
They fear'd if both ſhould mount, his back would break.
Up gets the boy, the father leads the aſs,
And thro' the gazing crowd attempts to paſs;
Forth from the throng the grey-beards hobble out,
And hail the Cavalcade with feeble ſhout.
This the reſpect to rev'rend age you ſhow?
And this the duty you to Parents owe?
He beats the doof, and you are ſet aſtide;
Sirrah! get down, and let your Father ride.
As *Grecian* lads were ſeldom void of grace,
The decent, duteous youth, reſign'd his place.
Then a freſh murmur through the rabble ran,
Boys, girls, Wives, widows, all attack the man.
Sure never was brute beaſt ſo void of nature!
Have you no pity for the pretty creature?
To your own baby can you be unkind?
Here—Suck, Bill, Betty—*put the child behind,*
Old Dimple next the Clown's compaſſion claim'd:
'Tis wonderment theſe boobies been't aſham'd:
Two at a time upon a poor dumb beaſt!
They might as well have carry'd him at leaſt.
The pair, ſtill pliant to the partial voice,
Diſmount and bear the aſs—Then what a noiſe!
Huzza, loud laughs, low gibe, and bitter joke,
From the yet ſilent ſire theſe words provoke.

Pretty

Proceed my boy, nor heed their farther call,
Vain his attempts who ſtrives to pleaſe them all.

PROLOGUE
TO THE
SCHOOL FOR LOVERS,
SPOKEN BY MR. GARRICK.

SUCCESS makes people vain,—the maxim's true,
We all confeſs it, and not over new.
The verieſt clown, who ſtumps along the ſtreets,
And doffs his hat to each grave cit he meets,
Some twelve months hence bedaub'd with livery lace,
Shall thruſt his ſaucy flambeaux in your face.
Not ſo our bard,—tho' twice your kind applauſe
Has, on this fickle ſpot, eſpous'd his cauſe:
He owns, with gratitude, th' obliging debt;
Has twice been favour'd and is modeſt yet.
Your giant wits, like thoſe of old, may climb
Olympus high, and ſtep o'er ſpace and time;
Nay ſtride, with ſeven leagu'd boots, from ſhore to ſhore,
And, nobly by tranſgreſſing, charm ye more.
Alas! our author dares not laugh at ſchools——
Vain ſenſe confines his humbler muſe to rules:
He ſhifts no ſcenes!—but here I ſtop'd him ſhort—
Not change your ſcenes! ſaid I,—I'm ſorry for't:
My conſtant friends above, around, below,
Have Engliſh taſtes, and love both change and ſhow.
Without ſuch aids—ev'n *Shakeſpeare* would be flat,
Our crowded pantomimes are proofs of that.
What eager tranſport ſtares from every eye,
When pullies rattle, and our *Genii* fly!
When tin caſcades like falling water gleam,
Or through the canvas—burſts the real ſtream:
While thirſty *Iſlington* laments in vain
Half her New River roll'd to *Drury Lane.*
Lord, Sir, ſaid I, for boxes, gallery, pit,
I'll back my harlequin againſt your wit——
Yet ſtill the author, anxious for his play,
Shook his wiſe head—what will the critics ſay?

As uſual Sir,—abuſe you all they can——
And what the ladies—he's a charming man;
A charming piece!—one ſcarce knows what it means;
But that's no matter where there's ſuch ſweet ſcenes!
Still he perſiſts,—and let him—*entre nous*——
I know your taſtes, and will indulge them too.
Change you ſhall have, ſo ſet your hearts at eaſe:
Write as *he* will, we'll act it as you pleaſe.

PROLOGUE
TO THE
CITIZEN,

WRITTEN BY A. MURPHY, ESQ.

And ſpoken by Mr. OBRIEN.

SOME ſtrange caprice for ever rules the ſtage,
And this we call the Prologue-ſpeaking age;
Without a Prologue nothing can be done,
So dearly you all love a little fun;
To tame this rage, in vain we often try
The niceſt art—*Prologue* ſtill you cry!
And yet our bard—bards will be ſtill abſurd!
Comes without one preliminary word;
He's quite forgot his Prologue—yet be quiet;
My honeſt friends above—you need not riot;
You'll have your penny-worth to appeaſe the ſtorm;
You ſee I come in black—the uſual form!
I bow, I ſmile around,—obſerve me, pray,
To the Galleries,
(*Bows to the Boxes*) An't that as well as ought theſe Poets ſay?
The Pit comes next—but how *your* taſte to hit!
—You are the ſov'reign arbiters of wit——
You have the—Oh!—nature—paſſion—art,
Wit, judgment, humour, ev'ry critic part;
Plot, ſituation, Shakeſpeare, Johnſon, Rowe,
Beaumont and Fletcher,—very high!—damn'd low!
Take all amongſt ye,—all is your's, you know.

And

And now the Gallery,—there I ſhould be witty;
What ſhall I ſay?—no hint,—Oh, ay, the city—
Attornies,—Milliners,—the tender ſqueeze,
Soft hinting elbows,—and love-kindling knees,
And—and—you take me right—ſo word it as you please.

"To you, ye *Gods*, (*to the upper Gallery*) I make my laſt appeal,"
Or mark our merit,—or our crimes conceal.
And now, I think, I've made a Prologue—no!
I ſtill ſhould bid you ſome compaſſion ſhew
To *Bayes* within,—yonder he trembles—Oh!
If tender pity e'er your heart inclines,
(*Wiping his eyes*)—That will do full as well as twenty lines.
You've had a Prologue now, you needs muſt ſay,
And ſo I hope you'll kindly hear the play.

Going off, returns.

One thing I had forgot,—this night appears
A fair adventurer*, full of doubts and fears.
If genius prompts her, and not vain deſire,
'Tis yours to fan each ſpark of ſtruggling fire.
I ſee you ſmile,—relax'd are critic laws,
Her years and form conjoin'd will plead her cauſe,
And dawning merit meet with ſure applauſe.

PROLOGUE

TO THE

EARL OF WARWICK,

WRITTEN BY MR. COLMAN,

SEVERE each poet's lot: but ſure moſt hard
Is the condition of the playhouſe bard:
Doom'd to hear all that would-be critic's talk,
And in the go-cart of dull rules to walk!
"Yet authors multiply," you ſay. 'Tis true,
But what a num'rous crop of critics too!
Scholars alone, of old durſt judge and write,
But now each journaliſt turns ſtagyrite.

* Miſs Elliot.

Quin-

Quintillians in each coffee-houſe you meet,
And many a *Longinus* walks the ſtreet.
In *Shakeſpeare*'s days, when his advent'rous muſe,
A muſe of fire; durſt each bold licence uſe,
Her noble ardour met no critic's phlegm,
To check wild fancy, or her ſlights condemn:
Ariels and *Calibans* unblam'd ſhe drew,
Or goblins, ghoſts, and witches brought to view.
If to hiſtoric truth ſhe ſhap'd her verſe,
A nation's annals freely ſhe'd rehearſe;
Bring *Rome*'s, or *England*'s ſtory on the ſtage,
And run, in three ſhort hours, through half an age.
Our bard, all terror ſtruck, and fill'd with dread,
In *Shakeſpeare*'s awful footſteps dares not tread,
Through the wild field of hiſt'ry fears to ſtray,
And builds, upon one narrow ſpot, his play;
Steps not from realm to realm, whole ſeas between,
But barely changes twice or thrice his ſcene.
While *Shakeſpears* vaults on the poetic wire,
And pleas'd ſpectators fearfully admire,
Our bard, a critic pole between his hands,
On the tight rope, ſcarce balanc'd, trembling ſtands;
Slowly and cautiouſly his way he makes,
And fears to fall at ev'ry ſtep he takes:
While then fierce *Warwick* he before you brings,
That ſetter-up and puller-down of kings,
With *Britiſh* candour diſſipate his fear!
An *Engliſh* ſtory ſits an *Engliſh* ear.
Though harſh and crude you deem his firſt eſſay,
A ſecond may your favours well repay;
Applauſe may nerve his verſe, and chear his heart,
And teach this practice of this dang'rous art.

PROLOGUE
TO
LOVE MAKES A MAN;
OR, THE
FOP'S FORTUNE.

SINCE plays are but a kind of publick feaſts,
Where tickets only make the welcome gueſts;

Methinks,

Methinks, inſtead of grace, we ſhould prepare,
Your taſtes in *Prologue*, with your bill of fare.
When you foreknow each courſe, tho' this may teaze you,
'Tis five to one, but one o'th' five may pleaſe you.
Firſt, for you critics, we've your darling chear,
Faults without number, more than ſenſe can bear.
You're certain to be pleas'd where errors are.
From your diſpleaſure, I dare vouch we're ſafe;
You never frown, but where your neighbours laugh.
Now, you that never know what ſpleen or hate is,
Who for an act or two, are welcome *Gratis*,
That tip the wink, and ſo ſneak out with *nunquam ſatis*;
For your ſmart taſtes we've toſs'd you up a ſop,
We hope the neweſt that's of late come up;
The fool, beau, wit, and rake, ſo mixt he carries,
He ſeems a *Ragou*, piping hot from *Paris*.
But for the ſofter ſex, whom moſt we'd move,
We've what the fair and chaſte were form'd for, *Love*.
An artleſs paſſion, fraught with hopes and fears,
And neareſt happy, when it moſt deſpairs.
For maſks, we've ſcandal, and for beaus, *French* airs.
To pleaſe all taſtes, we'll do the beſt we can;
For the galleries, we've *Dickey* and *Will Penkethman*.
Now, ſirs, you're welcome, and you know your fare:
But pray, in charity, the founder ſpare,
Leſt you deſtroy at once, the poet and the player.

PROLOGUE,

TO THE

LADY's LAST STAKE:

OR, THE

WIFE's RESENTMENT.

SINCE plays are but the mirrors of our lives,
And ſoon or late mankind are chain'd to wives,
Since thoſe diſſolveleſs fetters too, muſt be
Our greateſt happineſs or miſery;
What ſubject ought, in reaſon, more to pleaſe ye,
Than an attempt to make thoſe chains ſit eaſy?

The

Tho' in the nooſe ſo many ſouls ſeem curſt,
Pray who's in fault?—For when you've ſaid your worſt,
You all did feel it happineſs——at firſt.
Therefore our author drew you once the life
Of careleſs huſband, and enduring wife,
Who by her patience (tho' much out of faſhion)
Retriev'd, at laſt, her wanderer's inclination.
Yet ſome there are, who ſtill arraign the play.
At her tame temper ſhock'd, as who ſhould ſay——
The price for a dull huſband, was too much to pay.
Had he been ſtrangled ſleeping, who ſhou'd hurt ye?
When ſo provok'd——Revenge had been a virtue.
——Well then——to do his former moral right,
Or ſet ſuch meaſures in a fairer light,
He gives you now a wife, he's ſure, in faſhion,
Whoſe wrongs uſe moderate means for reparation.
No fool that will her life in ſufferings waſte,
But furious, proud, and inſolently chaſte;
Who more in honour jealous, than in love,
Reſolves reſentment ſhall her wrongs remove:
Not to be cheated with his civil face,
But ſcorns his falſhood, and to prove him baſe,
Mobb'd up in hack triumphant dogs him to the place.
Theſe modiſh meaſures, we preſume you'll own,
Are oft what wives of gallantry have done;
But if their conſequence ſhou'd meet the curſe
Of making a provok'd averſion worſe,
Then you his former moral muſt allow,
Or own the ſatire juſt he ſhews you now.
Some other follies too, our ſcenes preſent,
Some warn the fair from gaming, when extravagant.
But when undone, you ſee the dreadful ſtake,
That hard-preſs'd virtue is reduc'd to make;
Think not the terrors you behold her in,
Are rudely drawn t'expoſe what has been ſeen;
But as the friendly muſe's tendereſt way,
To let her dangers warn you from the depth of play.

EPI-

EPILOGUE,

TO

ALONZO,

Spoken by Mrs. BARRY,

THO' lately dead, a princeſs, and of Spain,
I am no ghoſt, but fleſh and blood again!
No time to change this dreſs, it is expedient,
I paſs for Britiſh, and your moſt obedient.
How happy ladies, for us all—that we,
Born in this iſle, by Magna Charta free,
Are not, like Spaniſh wives, kept under lock and key.
The Spaniard now, is not like him of yore,
Who in his whiſker'd face, his titles bore!
Nor joy nor vengeance made him ſmile or grin,
Fix'd were his features, though the devil within.
He, when once jealous, to waſh out the ſtain,
Stalk'd home, ſtabb'd madam, and ſtalk'd out again.
Thanks to the times, this dagger drawing-paſſion,
Thro' poliſh'd Europe, is quite out of faſhion.
Signior th' Italian, quick of ſight and hearing,
Once ever liſt'ning, and for ever leering,
To Cara Spoſa, now politely kind,
He, beſt of huſbands, is both deaf and blind.
Mynheer the Dutchman, with his ſober pace,
Whene'er he finds his rib has wanted grace,
He feels no branches ſprouting from his brain,
But calculation makes of loſs and gain;
And when to part with her, occaſion's ripe,
Mynheer turns out mine frow, and ſmokes his pipe.
When a briſk Frenchman's wife is giv'n to prancing,
It never ſpoils his ſinging or his dancing:
Madame, you falſe—de tout mon cœur—adieu;
Begar you cocu me, I cocu you.——
He toujours gai, diſpels each jealous vapour,
Takes ſnuff, ſings vive l'amour, and cuts a caper.
As for JOHN BULL——not he in upper life,
But the plain Engliſhman, who loves his wife,
When honeſt John I ſay has got his doubts,
He ſullen grows, ſcratches his head, and pouts.

" What is the matter with you, love? cries ſhe
" Are you not well, my deareſt! humph! cries he.
" You're ſuch a brute!" But Mr. BULL, I've done;
And if I am a brute, who made me one?
You know my tenderneſs——my heart's too full,
And ſo's my head——I thank you Mrs BULL,
O you baſe man!—Zounds, madam, there's no bearing,
She falls a weeping, and he falls a ſwearing:
With tears, and oaths, the ſtorm domeſtick ends,
The thunder dies away, the rain deſcends,
She ſobs, he melts, and then they kiſs and friends.
Whatever eaſe theſe modern modes may bring,
A little jealouſy is no bad thing;
To me, who ſpeak from nature unrefin'd,
Jealouſy is the bellows of the mind.
Touch it but gently, and it warms deſire,
If handled roughly, you are all on fire;
If it ſtands ſtill, affection muſt expire.
This truth, no true philoſopher can doubt,
Whate'er you do let not the flame go out.

PROLOGUE

TO THE

SISTER.

WRITTEN BY MR. COLMAN.

Spoken by Mrs. MATTOCKS,

THE law of cuſtom is the law of fools——
And yet the wiſe are govern'd by her rules.
Why ſhould *men* only Prologue all our plays,
Gentlemen-uſhers to each modern Bayes?
Why are the fair to Epilogues confin'd,
Whoſe tongues are loud, and gen'ral as the wind?
Mark how in real life each ſex is claſs'd!
Woman has *there* the *firſt* word and the *laſt*.
Boaſt not your gallant deeds, romantic men!
To-night a female Quixote draws the pen.
Arm'd by the comic muſe, theſe lifts ſhe enters,
And ſallies forth—in queſt of ſtrange adventures!

War,

War, open war, 'gainſt recreant knights declares,
Nor giant-vice nor windmill-folly ſpares:
Side-ſaddles Pegaſus, and courts Apollo,
While I, (you ſee!)her female Sancho, follow.
Ye that in this enchanted caſtle ſit,
Dames, ſquires, and dark magicians of the pit,
Smile on our fair knight-errantry to-day,
And raiſe no ſpells to blaſt a female play.
Oft has our author upon other ground,
Courted your ſmiles, and oft indulgence found.
Read in the cloſet, you approv'd her page;
Yet ſtill ſhe dreads the perils of the ſtage.
Reader with writer due proportion keeps,
And if the poet nods the critic ſleeps!
If lethargied by dullneſs here you ſit,
Sonorous catcalls rouſe the ſleeping pit.
Plac'd at the threſhold of the weather-houſe,
There ſtands a paſteboard huſband and his ſpouſe,
Each doom'd to mark the changes of the weather,
But ſtill—true man and wife!—ne'er ſeen together.
When low'ring clouds the face of heav'n deform,
The muffled huſband ſtands and braves the ſtorm;
But when the fury of the tempeſt's done,
Break out at once the lady and the ſun.
Thus oft has man, in cuſtom's beaten track,
Come forth, as doleful Prologue, all in black!
Gloomy prognoſtic of the bard's diſgrace,
With omens of foul feather in his face.
Trick'd out in ſilk and ſmiles let me appear,
And fix as ſign of peace, the rainbow here;
Raiſe your compaſſion and your mirth together,
And prove to-day an emblem of fair weather!

PROLOGUE

TO THE

REGISTER OFFICE.

Spoken by Mr. KING.

THE bard, whoſe hopes on *Comedy* depend,
Muſt ſtrive inſtruction with delight to blend:

While he, who bounds his leſs-aſpiring views
To *Farce*, the *combruſh* of the *Comic* Muſe,
With pleaſantry alone may fill the ſcene——
His buſineſs chiefly this; to cure the ſpleen;
To raiſe the penſive mind from *grave* to *gay*,
And help to laugh a thoughtful hour away.
If any quibbling wit diſpute my theſis,
I'd aſk the uſe of half our *petty pieces?*
Nay, Sirs, my queſtion ſtill ſhall higher climb—
Pray what's the uſe of *full-pric'd* Pantomime?
How does the pleaſur'd eye with rapture glance
When mingling witches join in *bobbling* dance!
When wriggling *Harlequin*, the magic ſage,
In hornpipe amble traverſes the ſtage!
When trembling *Pierrot* in his quiv'ring ſhines!
An Oſtrich enters, or a ſerpent twines!
When *headleſs* Taylors raiſe the laughing fit,
Or flour dredg'd Footmen twirl upon a ſpit!
But oh! How loud the roar, how dear the rumble,
When ſcaffolds, mortar-boards, and bricklayers tumble!
When *Clodpate* runs, or limps, or quaintly rears
From laundreſs-tub his *anabaptiſt* ears!
While all the wit theſe exhibitions draw
Is comprehended in the cry—*O Laa!*
Our author, in this awful court of *Drury*,
Submits his cauſe to an impartial jury.
No friendly junto he to-night employs,
To catch, by *fav'ring* hands, the public voice:
He founds on *Britiſh* candour all his truſt,
Convinc'd a *Britiſh* audience will be juſt.

EPILOGUE

TO THE

GRECIAN DAUGHTER,

WRITTEN BY A FRIEND.

Spoken by Miſs YOUNGE.

THE Grecian Daughter's compliments to all;
Begs that for Epilogue you will not call;

For

For leering, giggling, would be out of ſeaſon,
And hopes by me you'll hear a little reaſon.
A father rais'd from death, a nation ſav'd,
A tyrant's crimes by female ſpirit brav'd,
That tyrant ſtabb'd, and by her nerveleſs arm,
While virtue's ſpell ſurrounding guards could charm!
Can ſhe, this ſacred tumult in her breaſt,
Turn father, freedom, virtue, all to jeſt?
Wake you, ye fair ones, from your ſweet repoſe,
As wanton Zephyrs wake the ſleeping roſe;
Diſpel thoſe clouds which o'er your eyelids crept,
Which our wiſe bard miſtook, and ſwore you wept.
Shall ſhe to Maccaronies life reſtore,
Who yawn'd, half dead, and curs'd the tragic *bore?*
Diſmiſs 'em, ſmirking, to their nightly haunt,
Where dice and cards their moor-ſtruck minds enchant?
Some muffled, like the witches in *Macbeth*,
Brood o'er the magic circle, pale as death!
Others, *the cauldron go about—about—*
And ruin enters as the fates run out!

Bubble, Bubble,
Toil and trouble,
Paſſions burn,
And bets are double!
Double! double!
Toil and trouble,
Paſſions burns,
And all is bubble!

But jeſts apart, for ſcandle forms theſe tales;
Falſhood, be mute—let juſtice hold her ſcales:
Britons were ne'er enſlav'd by evil pow'rs;
To peace, and wedded love, they give their midnight hours;
From ſlumbers pure no rattling Dice can wake 'em!
Who *make* the laws were never known to *break* 'em.
'Tis falſe, ye fair whatever ſpleen may ſay,
That you down folly's tide are born away;
You never wiſh at deep diſtreſs to ſneer;
For eyes, tho' bright, are brighter thro' a tear.
Should it e'er be this nation's wretched fate
To laugh at all that's good, and wiſe, and great;
Arm'd at all points, let genius take the field,
And on the ſtage afflicted virtue ſhield,

Drive from the land each baſe, unworthy paſſion,
Till virtue triumph in deſpite of faſhion.

PROLOGUE
TO
MISS IN HER TEENS,

TOO long has farce, neglecting nature's laws,
Debas'd the ſtage, and wrong'd the comic cauſe;
To raiſe a laugh has been her ſole pretence,
Though dearly purchas'd at the price of ſenſe;
This child of folly gain'd increaſe with time;
Fit for the place ſucceeded Pantomime;
Reviv'd her honours, join'd her motley band,
And ſong and low conceit o'er-ran the land.
More gen'rous views inform our author's breaſt;
From real life his characters are dreſt;
He ſeeks to trace the paſſions of mankind,
And, while he ſpares the perſon, paints the mind.
In pleaſing contraſt he attempts to ſhow
The vap'ring bully, and the fribbling beau,
Cowards alike; that full of martial airs,
And this as tender as the ſilk he wears.
Proud to divert, not anxious for renown,
Oft has the bard eſſay'd to p'eaſe the town;
Your full applauſe out-paid his little art,
He boaſts no merit, but a grateful heart;
Pronounce your doom, he'll patiently ſubmit,
Ye ſov'reign judges of all works of wit!
To you the ore is brought, a lifeleſs maſs!
You give the Stamp, and then the coin may paſs.
Now whether judgment prompt you to forgive,
Whether you bid this trifling offſpring live,
Or with a frown ſhould ſend the ſickly thing
To ſleep whole ages under dulneſs' wing;
To your known candour we will always truſt;
You never were, nor can you be unjuſt.

Mr. WOODWARD's PROLOGUE TO EVERY MAN IN HIS HUMOUR,

(Perform'd March 15, 1763, *for his Benefit at* COVENT-GARDEN.

'TIS ſtrange (excuſe my gravity) 'tis paſſing ſtrange,
How much this idle world is given to change!
The days, the ſeaſons change, and men and women,
All change their minds—and all that can their linen.
Let the grave moraliſt, with curious eye
Obſerve the buſy throng that vend and buy——
Change, Sir, I muſt have change—is all the cry.
The world a meer *Change-alley* we may call,
Stars, ſtocks, and tides, and actors, riſe and fall—
Thus I, who late with worſe than tragic face,
With ſhrug repentant, and with ſad grimace,
Moſt humbly ſued you'd take the wand'rer in,
Am tempted now to more than comic grin;
Am forc'd to give theſe deep reflections birth,
And ſhew my wiſdom to diſguiſe my mirth.——
Truth is, the ſtrange delight your ſmiles impart,
Has often rais'd too high my conſcious heart;
Inſpir'd my airs, and ſometimes—ſpoil'd my part.
Hence has a Giant-Bard—you all know who,
In lines moſt ſage, and, as tis ſaid, moſt true,
Remark'd on WOODWARD's tricks, his ſtarts and whims,
His twiſted features, and his tortur'd limbs,
His wink impertinent, his ſaucy ſtare,
His grin ridiculous, his careleſs air.
His more than Ideot-vacancy of face,
His monkey arts, and mountebank grimace,
That furrow'd cheeks with untaught laughter fill,
And make ſad critics ſmile againſt their will.
Alas, poor wiſdom! doom'd to vile diſgrace,
While antic laughter ſits upon her face!
With grins deteſted, and uſurping mirth,
That make her hate herſelf, and curſe her birth—
I'm ſorry—but theſe pangs ſhe muſt endure,
Unleſs you force me to apply the cure;

If you indeed ſhould threat to lay the ſwitch on,
I ſtraight ſhall own myſelf a grave Phyſician;
To cure all lamentable mirth profeſs,
All griefs phantaſtical, and droll diſtreſs.—
This when we need—to-night I cannot fear
Th' extorted ſimper, or the ready ſneer,
When all around ſuch partial ſmiles I ſee,
And each kind aſpect ſeems to beam on me—
Oh! ſhould your favour haply be miſplac'd,
Let it, like my imputed errors laſt;
And inclination kindly take for taſte:
So ſhall I ſtill indulge a grateful heart,
And feel uncheck'd the pleaſure you impart.
Yet under Bobadil's grave maſque to-night
I'll hide the antic bauble from your ſight,
In calm compoſure ſmoke my Trinidado,
And take, for all my faults, the baſtinado.

PROLOGUE

TO

ATHELSTAN,

Spoken by MR. HOLLAND,

IN THE CHARACTER OF

THE GENIUS OF BRITAIN.

TO warn the ſons of freedom to be wiſe,
Lo, Britain's guardian genius quits the ſkies,
With pity heav'n hath ſeen, thro' many an age,
The bold invader lur'd by faction's rage;
Seen the dark workings of rebellion's train,
While patriots plan'd, and heroes bled in vain.
Behold your country's faithleſs foe, once more
With threat'ning ſquadrons crowd yon hoſtile ſhore.
Behold oppreſſion's bloody flag unfurl'd;
See bolts prepar'd, to chain the weſtern world.
Riſe, Britons, riſe! to heav'n and virtue true:
Expiring liberty looks up to you!
Pour on the common foe your rage combin'd,
And be the friends of freedom and mankind!

No

No more let diſcord Briton's peace deſtroy;
Nor ſpurn thoſe bleſſings reaſon bids enjoy:
Oh, weigh thoſe bleſſings in her equal ſcale!—
Say,—when did juſtice wear a whiter veil?
When did religion gentler looks diſcloſe,
To bleſs her friends, and pity ev'n her foes?
A richer harveſt when did commerce reap?
When rode your fleets more dreadful o'er the deep?
Or when more bright (hear, Envy! hear, and own!)
Did truth, did honour beam from Britain's throne?
Seize then the happineſs deny'd your foes,
Nor blindly ſcorn the gifts which heav'n beſtows;
Gifts, the world's envy! happy Briton's pride!
For which your gen'rous fathers toil'd and dy'd!
Let union lift the ſword, direct the blow,
And hurl a nation's vengeance on it's foe!
As your bold cliffs, when tides and tempeſts roar,
Fling back the mad'ning billows from the ſhore;
One head, one heart, one Arm, one people, riſe!
Nor fall, divided valour's ſacrifice!—
But if, by hope of proud invaſion led,
Unaw'd rebellion lift her gory head;—
Treaſon, attend!—here view the rebel's fate,
Nor hope thy arm can ſhake a free-born ſtate;
See blood and horror end what guilt began,
And tremble at thy woes in Athelſtan.

PROLOGUE
TO
ZINGIS.

Spoken by Mr. HOLLAND.

TOO much the Greek and Roman chiefs engage
The muſes care,—they languiſh on our ſtage;
The modern bard ſtruck with the vaſt applauſe
Of ancient maſters, like the painter draws
From models only;—can ſuch copies charm
The heart, or like the glow of nature warm?
To fill the ſcene, to-night our author brings
Originals at leaſt,—warriors and kings—

Heroes, who like their gems, unpoliſh'd ſhine,
The mighty fathers of the Tartar line;
Greater than thoſe, whom Claſſic pages boaſt,
If thoſe are greateſt, who have conquer'd moſt.
Such is the ſubject—ſuch the Poet's theme,
If a rough ſoldier may aſſume that name;
Who does not offer you from fancy ſtore,
Manners and men,— On India's burning ſhore,
In warlike toils, he paſs'd his youthful years,
And met the tartar, in the ſtrife of ſpears;
But tho' he liv'd amidſt the cannons roar,
Thunder like yours he never fac'd before;
Liſten indulgent to his artleſs ſtrain,
Nor let a Soldier, quarter aſk in vain.

PROLOGUE

TO THE

BUTIAD.

Spoken by ANY BODY.

THE World's a Stage (great *Shakeſpeare* ſays)
Whereon are acted many Plays,
By many Actors, many ways.
Some play the Rogue, and ſome the Whore,
Some play the Wealthy, ſome the Poor;
Some play the Spendthrift, ſome the Miſer,
Some play the Fool, and ſome the Wife, Sir;
But of all Actors now in faſhion,
On this ſmall Stage, the *Engliſh* Nation,
That ſtands unrival'd in his art,
And tops, like *Garrick*, ev'ry part:
Who, *Proteus*-like, can ſhift about,
Turn whom he pleaſes in or out;
Whoſe pow'rs no man alive can tell;
Is the fam'd Northern *Machiavel*.
Throughout this work he will amaze,
Throughout with all his ſkill he plays,
Whether as Tutor firſt he ſtand,
Or court a P** ſword in hand,

Or at the Council-board adviſe,
To bleſs the Nation,—the Exciſe,
Or greater ſtill, though ſome may blame,
On Peace, on Peace, he builds his fame.
In Art he's ready and diſcerning,
Still to encourage Men of Learning;
Mallett and *Home* confeſs his ſkill,
Or the great, candid Doctor *Hill*.
But vain is praiſe, ſay all I can,
No words can e'er deſcribe the man,
His ſubtle arts, his dirty tricks,
His beggar's pride and politics;
Whate'er with truth the Muſe can bring,
His boaſted favour with the King,
Will ſtill fall ſhort of his deſerts,
The e Scenes alone diſplay his parts.
Then thus the Author bade me ſay,
Will you peruſe this Farce—or Play,
With due attention you regard,
Conviction will be your reward;
And if you think that, in his art,
He beſt performs a *Maſkwell*'s part,
In time you'll ſee the maſk pull'd off,
And *Sawney* ſtand the public ſcoff.
Thus much the Prologue has to ſay,
Now enter, *Sawney*, and begin the Play.

EPILOGUE
TO THE
LYING VALET.

Spoken by Mr. GARRICK.

THAT I'm a *lying rogue*, you all agree:
And yet look round the world, and you will ſee
And many more, my betters, *lye* as faſt as me.
Againſt this vice we all are ever railing,
And yet, ſo tempting is it, ſo prevailing,
You'll find but few without this uſeful failing.
Lady or *Abigail*, my lord or *Will*,
The *lye* goes round, and the ball's never ſtill.

My lies were harmleſs, told to *ſhew* my parts;
And not like thoſe, when tongues *belye* their hearts,
In all profeſſions you will find this flaw;
And in the graveſt too, in *phyſic* and in *law*.
The gouty *ſerjeant* cries, with formal pauſe,
"Your plea is good, my friend, don't ſtarve the cauſe."
But when my lord decrees for t'other ſide,
Your coſts of ſuit convince you—that *he ly'd*.
A *doctor* comes with formal wig and face,
Firſt feels your pulſe, then thinks, and knows your caſe.
"Your fever's ſlight, not dang'rous, I aſſure you;
"Keep warm, and *reſtetatur hauſtus*, Sir, will cure you."
Around the bed, next day his friends are crying:
The patient dies, the doctor's paid for *lying*.
The *Poet*, willing to ſecure the pit,
Gives out, his play has humour, taſte, and wit:
The cauſe comes on, and, while the judges try,
Each groan and catcall gives the bard the *lye*.
Now let us aſk, pray, what the ladies do:
They too will *fib* a little *entre nous*.
"Lord!" ſays the *prude* (her face behind her fan);
"How can our ſex have any joy in man?
"As for my part, the beſt could ne'er deceive me,
"And were the race extinct, 'twould never grieve me:
"Their ſight is odious, but their touch—O gad!
"The thought of that's enough to drive one mad."
Thus rails at man the ſqueamiſh lady *dainty*,
Yet weds, at fifty-five, a rake of twenty.
In ſhort, a *beau*'s intrigues, a *lover*'s ſighs,
The *courtier*'s promiſe, the rich *widow*'s cries,
And *patriot*'s zeal, are ſeldom more than *lyes*.
Sometimes you'll ſee a man *belye* his nation,
Nor to his country ſhew the leaſt relation.
For inſtance now——
A cleanly *Dutchman*, or a *Frenchman* grave,
A ſober *German*, or a *Spaniard* brave,
An *Engliſhman*, a coward, or a ſlave.
Mine, though a *fibbing*, was an honeſt art:
I ſerv'd my maſter, play'd a faithful part:
Rank me not therefore 'mongſt the *lying* crew,
For, though my *tongue* was *falſe*, my *heart* was *true*.

R R O-

PROLOGUE
TO
ALL IN THE WRONG.

Written and Spoken by Mr. FOOTE.

TO night be it known to box, gall'ries, and pit,
Will be open'd th' original warehouſe for wit;
The new manufacture, *Foote* and Co. undertakers,
Play, opera, pantomime, farce,—by the makers.
We ſcorn, like our brethren, our fortunes to owe
To *Shakeſpeare* and *Southern*, to *Otway* and *Rowe*:
Though our judgment may err; yet our juſtice is ſhown,
For we promiſe to mangle no works but our own;
And moreover, on this you may firmly rely,
If we can't make you laugh, we won't make you cry:
For our monarch, who knew we were mirth-loving ſouls,
Has lock'd up his light'ning, his daggers and bowls;
Reſolv'd that in buſkins no hero ſhould ſtalk,
He has ſhut us quite out of the tragedy walk;
No blood, no blank verſe; in ſhort we're undone,
Unleſs you're contented with frolic and ſun;
If tir'd of her round in the *Ranelaugh*-mill,
There ſhould be one female inclin'd to ſit ſtill;
If blind to the beauties, or ſick of the ſquall,
A party ſhouldn't chuſe to catch cold at *Vauxhall*;
If at *Sadler*'s ſweet Wells the wine ſhould be thick;
The cheeſecakes be ſour, or Miſs *Wilkinſon* ſick;
If the fume of the pipes ſhould prove pow'rful in June,
Or the tumblers be lame, or the bells out of tune;
We hope you will call at our warehouſe in *Drury*,
We've a curious aſſortment of goods, I aſſure ye,
Domeſtic and foreign, indeed all kinds of wares,
Engliſh cloths, *Iriſh* linens, and *French* petenlairs:
If for want of good cuſtom, or loſſes in trade,
The practical part'ners ſhould bankrupts be made,
If from dealings too large, we plunge deeply in debt,
And a *whereas* comes out in the muſes' gazette;
We'll on you our aſſigns for certificates call,
Tho' inſolvents we're honeſt, and give up our all.

PROLOGUE

PROLOGUE
TO THE
ROMANCE OF AN HOUR.

WRITTEN BY MR. KELLY,

Spoken by Mr. LEE.

TO night good folks, tho' led a little dance,
Thro' the light mazes of an hour's romance,
No ſpells, no ſpectres have you cauſe to dread,
Not one poor thunder rumbles o'er your head;
Nor will the tempeſt howling thro' the trees,
Once rouſe your horror—with a ſtorm of peaſe.——
Between ourſelves, this poet was a fool,
To plan by common ſenſe, or build by rule,
When ev'n the mightieſt maſters of the ſtage,
Have gain'd ſo much from trick, in ev'ry age!
Shakeſpeare is great—is exquiſite—no doubt—
But then our carpenters muſt help him out:
The deep diſtreſſes of a mad'ning Lear,
In vain would aſk the tributary tear,
If, 'midſt the fury of the midnight ſky,
Our roſin lightnings did not aptly fly,
And pity warmly plead to be let in,
Thro' a ſmart-ſhower of heart exploring tin.——
Let critics proudly form dramatic laws,
Give me, ſay I, what's ſure to meet applauſe;
Let them of time, and place, and action boaſt,
I'm for a devil, a dungeon, or a ghoſt——
When Hamlet weeping for a murder'd ſire,
Upbraids his mother with a guilty fire,
Tho' ev'ry line a plaudit ſhould command,
Not one god yonder will employ his hand.
But cas'd in canvas, let the dead ſtalk in,
Then the loud pæans—then the claps begin——
And pit, box, gall'ry, eagerly contend,
Exalted ſtrife! who loudeſt ſhall commend
The frantic ha! The Bedlamite—"look there——
The ſtart—the heave—the ſtagger—and the ſtare!——
To dear Mackbeath, the learned ladies all run——
What too enjoy?—the flaming of the cauldron.

Aſk Molly Dripping there, ſo ſleek and mild,
(As good a cook as e'er dreſt roaſt or boil'd)
What in all *Juliet* makes her ſooneſt *weep?*
She'll ſay the fun'ral—'Tis ſo *werry* deep!
Allur'd by ſterling ſentiment alone,
"Cato for me," (cries Darby Macahone)
"I never miſs that play at any time,
"If 'tis but *added* to a pantomime."—
"Hoot,"—growls a bold North-*Bratton*, (taking ſnuff)
"A pantomime is *axacrable* ſtuff—
"Na bag-pipes in the bond—they donna play
"The Corn *Rags*, or the *Barks* of *Andermay*."—
In ſhort tho' all ſtage mummery deſpiſe,
All want a banquet for their ears or eyes;
And while at ſhews they take the moſt offence,
Still make them bladders to the ſhore of ſenſe.
The name our author gives his piece to-night,
Wou'd well admit a ſupper for the ſight;
A grand collection of dramatic diſhes,
Of dragons, giants, foreſts, rivers, fiſhes;
Yet tho' he calls his trifle a romance,
He does not treat you with a ſingle dance,
Nor uſe one hackney'd one eccentric art,
To lull your judgment, or to cheat your heart—
He brings, indeed, a character to view,
From Indian climes, he truſts entirely new—
A poor Gentoo, compos'd of virtues all,
Tho' freſh from Engliſh nabobs at Bengal;
His face, perhaps, too ſwarthy you may find;
"Yet ſee Othello's viſage in his mind—"
And 'till you've fairly try'd our trembling bays,
Forbear to blame—but do not fear to praiſe.

EPILOGUE
TO THE
SUSPICIOUS HUSBAND,
WRITTEN BY MR. GARRICK.

THOUGH the young ſmarts, I ſee begin to ſneer,
And the old ſinners caſt a wicked leer:
Be not alarm'd, ye fair,—You've nought to fear.

For

For wanton hint, no looſe ambiguous ſenſe,
Shall flatter vicious taſte at your expence.
Leaving for once theſe ſhameleſs arts in vogue:
We give a fable for the Epilogue.
An *aſs* there was, our author bad me ſay,
Who needs muſt write.—He did.—And wrote a play.
The parts were caſt to various beaſt and fowl:
Their ſtage a barn.—The manager an owl.
The houſe was cramm'd at ſix, with friends and foes;
Rakes, wits, and critics, citizens and beaux.
Theſe characters appear'd in different ſhapes,
Of tigers, foxes, horſes, bulls, and apes;
With others too, of lower rank and ſtation:——
A perfect abſtract of the brute creation.
Each, as he felt, mark'd out the author's faults,
And thus the *connoiſſeurs* expreſs'd their thoughts.
The *critic-curs* firſt ſnarl'd—the rules are broke,
Time, place, and action, ſacrific'd to joke.
The *goats* cry'd out, 'twas formal, dull, and chaſte——
Not writ for beaſts of gallantry and taſte.
The *horned-cattle* were in pitious taking,
At fornication, rapes, and cuckold-making,
The *tigers* ſwore, he wanted fire and paſſion;
The *apes* condemn'd—becauſe it was the faſhion.
The gen'rous *ſteeds* allow'd him proper merit:
Here mark his faults, and there approv'd his ſpirit,
While *brother-bards* bray'd forth with uſual ſpleen,
And as they heard, exploded every ſcene.
When *Reynard*'s thoughts were aſk'd, the ſhrugging ſage,
Fam'd for hypocriſy, and worn with age,
Condemn'd *the ſhameleſs licence of the ſtage.*
At which the monkey ſkipp'd from box to box,
And whiſper'd round, the judgment of the *fox.*
Abus'd the moderns; talk'd of *Rome* and *Greece*,
Bilk'd ev'ry box-keeper: and damn'd the piece.
Now ev'ry fable has a moral to it,——
Be churchman, ſtateſman, any thing——but poet.
In law, or phyſic, quack in what you will,
Cant and grimace conceal the want of ſkill:
Secure in theſe, his *gravity* may paſs——
But *here* no artifice can hide the *aſs.*

PRO-

PROLOGUE
TO THE
TAYLORS,
Spoken by Mr. FOOTE.

THIS night we add ſome heroes to our ſtore,
Who never were, as heroes, ſeen before;
No bluſt'ring *Romans*, *Trojans*, *Greeks*, ſhall rage,
No knights, arm'd *cap-a-pee*, ſhall croud our ſtage,
Nor ſhall our *Henries*, *Edwards* take the field,
Oppoſing ſword to ſword, and ſhield to ſhield:
With other inſtruments our troop appears;
Needles to thimbles ſhall, and ſhears to ſhears;
With parchment gorgets, and in buckram arm'd,
Cold-blooded taylors are to heroes warm'd,
And, ſlip-ſhod, ſlide to war.—No lions glare,
No eye balls, flaſhing fire, ſhall make you ſtare;
Each outſide ſhall belye the ſtuff within;
A Roman ſpirit in each taylor's ſkin——
A taylor-legg'd *Pompey*, *Caſſius*, ſhall you ſee,
And the ninth part of *Brutus* ſtrut in me!
What though no ſwords we draw, no daggers ſhake,
Yet can our warriors a quietus make
With a bare bodkin.——Now be dumb, ye railers,
And never but in honour call out *Taylors!*
But theſe are heroes tragic; you will cry,
Oh, very tragic! and I'll tell you why——
Should female artiſts with the male combine,
And mantua-makers with the taylors join;
Should all too proud to work, their trades give o'er,
Nor to be ſooth'd again by ſix-pence more,
What horrors would enſue! Firſt you, ye beaux!
At once loſe all exiſtence with your cloaths!
And you, ye fair! where would be your defence?
This is no golden age of innocence!
Should drunken *Bacchanals* the graces meet,
And no police to guard the naked ſtreet,
Beauty is weak, and paſſion bold and ſtrong,
Oh then,—but modeſty reſtrains my tongue.
May this night's bard a ſkilful taylor be,
And like a well-made coat his tragedy,

Though

Though cloſe, yet eaſy, decent, but not dull,
Short but not ſcanty, without buckrum, full.

EPILOGUE
TO
VIRGINIA,

WRITTEN BY MR. GARRICK,

Spoken by Mrs. CIBBER.

THE poet's pen can, like a conjurer's wand,
Or kill, or raiſe his heroine at command:
And ſhall I, ſpirit like before I ſink,
Not courteouſly *inquire*, but *tell* you what I think.
From top to bottom I ſhall make you ſtare,
By hitting all your judgments to a hair!
And firſt with you above I ſhall begin, [*Upper gallery.*
Good-natur'd ſouls, they're ready all to grin.
Though twelve-pence ſeat you there ſo near the ceiling,
The folks below can't boaſt a better feeling.
No high-bred prud'ry in your region lurks,
You boldy *laugh* and *cry*, as nature works.
Says *John to Tom* (ſay, there they ſit together;
As honeſt Britons as e'er trod in leather;)
"'Tween you and I, my friend, 'tis very *wild*,
"That old *Vergeenus* ſhould have ſtuck his child!
"I would have hang'd him for't, had I been ruler,
"And duck'd that *Apus* too, by way of cooler."
Some *maiden dames*, who hold the middle floor,
[*Firſt gallery.*
And fly from naughty man at *forty four*;
With turn'd up eyes, applaud *Virginia*'s 'ſcape,
And vow they'd do the ſame to ſhun a rape;
So very chaſte, they live in conſtant fears,
And apprehenſion ſtrengthens with their years.
Ye *bucks*, who, from the pit your terrors ſend,
Yet lov'd diſtreſſed damſels to befriend:
You think this tragic joke too far was carried,
And wiſh to ſet all right the maid had married;
You'd rather ſee, if ſo the fates had will'd,
Ten *wives* be kind, than one poor virgin kill'd.

May

May I approach unto the boxes pray——
And there ſearch out a judgment on the play?
In vain alas! I ſhould attempt to find it——
Fine ladies *ſee* a play, but never *mind* it——
'Tis vulgar to be mov'd by *acted* paſſion,
Or form opinions, till they're fix'd by faſhion.——
Our author hopes this fickle goddeſs-*Mode*;
With us, will make, at leaſt, nine days abode;
To preſent pleaſure he contracts his view,
And leaves his future fame to time and you.

PROLOGUE
TO THE
WORD TO THE WISE.

For the Benefit of Mrs. KELLY *and her Children*,

WRITTEN FOR THE OCCASION BY DR. JOHNSON,

And ſpoken by Mr. HULL.

THIS night preſents a play, which public rage,
Or right, or wrong, once hooted from the ſtage;
From zeal or malice now no more we dread,
For Engliſh vengeance, *wars not with the dead.*
A generous foe regards with pitying eye,
The man whom fate has laid where all muſt lye.
To wit, reviving from its author's duſt,
Be kind, ye Judges! or at leaſt be juſt:
For no renew'd hoſtilities invade
Th' oblivious graves inviolable ſhade.
Let one great payment every claim appeaſe,
And him who cannot hurt, allow to pleaſe.
To pleaſe by ſcenes, unconſcious of offence,
By harmleſs meriment, or uſeful ſenſe;
Where aught of bright, or fair, the piece diſplays,
Approve it only—'tis too late to praiſe.
If want of ſkill, or want of care appear,
Forbear to hiſs—the poet cannot hear.
By all, like him, muſt praiſe and blame be found;
At beſt, a fleeting gleam, or empty ſound.

Yet then ſhall calm reflection bleſs the night,
When liberal pity dignify'd delight;
When pleaſure fir'd her torch at virtue's flame,
And mirth was bounty with a humbler name.

PROLOGUE
TO
SIR THOMAS OVERBURY.

WRITTEN BY R. B. SHERIDAN, ESQ.

Spoken by Mr. HULL.

TOO long the Muſe—attach'd to regal ſhow,
Denies the ſcene to tales of humbler woe;
Such as were wont—while yet they charm'd the ear,
To ſteal the plaudit of a ſilent tear,
When Otway gave domeſtic grief its part,
And Rowe's familiar ſorrows touch'd the heart.
A ſcepter'd traitor, laſh'd by vengeful fate,
A bleeding hero, or a falling ſtate,
Are themes, (tho' nobly worth the claſſic ſong,)
Which feebly claim your ſighs, nor claim them long;
Too great for pity, they inſpire reſpect,
Their deeds aſtoniſh, rather than affect;
Proving how rare the heart that woe can move,
Which reaſon tells us, we can never prove.
Other the ſcene, where ſadly ſtands confeſt,
The private pang that rends the Sufferer's breaſt;
When ſorrow ſits upon a Parent's brow,
When Fortune mocks the youthful Lover's vow—
All feel the tale—for who ſo mean, but knows
What Fathers' ſorrows are!—what Lovers' woes!
On kindred ground our Bard his fabric built,
And plac'd a mirrour there for private guilt;
Where—fatal union!—will appear combin'd
An angel's form—and an abandon'd mind;
Honour attempting Paſſion to reprove,
And Friendſhip ſtruggling with unhallow'd Love!
Yet view not, Critics, with ſevere regard
The orphan-offspring of an orphan bard;

Doom'd

Doom'd while he wrote, unpitied, to ſuſtain
More real mis'ries than his pen could feign!
—Ill fated Savage! at whoſe birth was giv'n
No Parent but the Muſe, no friend but Heav'n!
Whoſe youth no brother knew, with ſocial care
To ſoothe his ſuff'rings, or demand to ſhare;
No wedded partner of his mortal woe,
To win his ſmile at all that fate could do;
While at his death, nor friend's, nor mother's tear
Fell on the track of his deſerted bier!
So pleads the tale *, that gives to future times
The Son's misfortunes, and the Parent's crimes;
There ſhall his fame (if own'd to-night) ſurvive,
Fix'd by the hand that bids our language live!

PROLOGUE

TO

KNOW YOUR OWN MIND.

WRITTEN BY ARTHUR MURPHY, ESQ.

Spoken by Mr. LEWIS.

THRO' the wide tracts of life, in ev'ry trade,
What numbers toil with faculties decay'd!
Worn out, yet eager in the race they run,
And never learn, when proper to have done.
What need of proofs? Ev'n Authors do the ſame,
And rather than deſiſt, decline in fame:
Like gameſters, thrive at firſt, then bolder grow,
And hazard all upon one deſperate throw.
So thinks our Bard; his play with doubts and fears
Long has he kept conceal'd, above *nine years*;
And now he comes, 'tis the plain ſimple truth,
This night to anſwer for his ſins of youth.
The Piece, you'll ſay, ſhould now perfection bear;
But who can reach it after all his care?
He paints no *Monſters* for ill-judg'd applauſe;
Life he has view'd, and from that ſource he draws.

* Life of Richard Savage by Dr. Samuel Johnſon.

Here

Here are no fools, the Drama's *ſtanding* Jeſt!
And *Welchmen* now, *North Britons* too may reſt.
Hibernia's ſons ſhall here excite no wonder,
Nor ſhall St. *Patrick* bluſh to hear them blunder.
By other arts he ſtrives your taſte to hit,
Some plot, ſome character—he hopes ſome wit.
And ſhould this effort pleaſe you like the paſt,
Ye brother Bards! forgive him;—'tis his laſt.
Loſt are the friends, who lent their aid before;
Roſcius retires, and *Barry* is no more.
Harmonious Barry!—oft have you admir'd,
As on this ſpot the tuneful ſwan expir'd.
'Twas then but fancy'd woe; *now* ev'ry Muſe
In ſorrow fix'd with tears his urn bedews.
The widow'd fair, who watch'd his languid bed,
Still pines in grief:—Ev'n *Woodward* too is fled,
Nor can *Thalia* raiſe her *favourite*'s head.
For *theſe* our Author lov'd the tale to weave;
He feels their loſs, and now he takes his leave;
Sees *new Performers* in ſucceſſion ſpring,
And hopes *new Poets* will expand their wing.
Beneath your ſmile his leaf of laurel grew;
Gladly he'd keep it, for 'twas given by you.
But if too weak his art, if wild his aim,
On favours paſt he builds no idle claim.
To you once more he boldly dares to truſt;
Hear and *pronounce*:—He knows you will be juſt.

PROLOGUE

TO THE

WINTER'S TALE,

(Altered from Shakeſpeare,*)*

WRITTEN BY MR. GARRICK.

And ſpoken by Mr. JEFFERSON, at the Theatre-Royal, *Richmond*.

TO various things the ſtage has been compar'd,
As apt ideas ſtrike each humorous bard:

This

This night, for want of better ſimile,
Let this our Theatre a tavern be:
The poets, vintners, and the waiters we.
So (as the cant, and cuſtom of the trade is)
You're welcome, gem'men, kindly welcome ladies,
To draw in cuſtomers, our bills are ſpread;
[*Shewing a play bill.*
You cannot miſs the ſign, 'tis Shakeſpeare's head.
From this ſame head, this fountain-head divine,
For different palates ſprings a different wine!
In which no tricks to ſtrengthen, or to thin 'em—
Neat as imported—no French brandy in 'em—
Hence for the choiceſt ſpirits flow Champagne;
Whoſe ſparkling atoms ſhoot thro' every vein,
Then mount in magic vapours to th' enraptur'd brain!
Hence flow for martial minds potations ſtrong;
And ſweet love potions for the fair and young,
For you, my hearts of oak, for your regale,
[*To the upper gallery.*
There's good old Engliſh ſtingo, mild and ſtale.
For high luxurious ſouls with luſcious ſmack,
There's Sir *John Falſtaff* is a butt of ſack:
And if the ſtronger liquors more invite ye,
Bardolph is gin, and Piſtol aqua vitæ.
As for the learned Critics, grave and deep,
Who catch at words, and catching fall aſleep:
Who in the ſtorms of paſſion—hum,—and haw!
For ſuch, our maſter will no liquor draw—
So blindly thoughtful, and ſo darkly read,
They take *Tom Durfy's*, for the Shakeſpeare's head.
A vintner once acquir'd both praiſe and gain,
And ſold much Perry for the beſt Champagne.
Some rakes this precious ſtuff did ſo allure,
They drank whole nights,—what's that—when wine is pure?
"Come fill a bumper, Jack—, I will, my Lord—
"Here's cream!—damn'd fine!—immenſe!—upon my "word!
"Sir *William*, what ſay you?—The beſt, believe me—
"In this—eh *Jack!*—the devil can't deceive me."
Thus the wiſe critic, too, miſtakes his wine,
Cries out with lifted hands, 'tis great!—divine!

Then

Then jogs his neighbour, as the wonders ſtrike him;
This Shakeſpeare! Shakeſpeare!—Oh, there's nothing like him!
In this night's various and enchanted cup,
Some little perry's mixt for filling up.
'The five long acts, from which our three are taken,
Stretch'd out to * ſixteen years, lay by forſaken.
Leſt then this precious liquor run to waſte,
'Tis now confin'd and bottled for your taſte,
'Tis my chief wiſh, my joy, my only plan,
To loſe no drop of that immortal man!

PROLOGUE
TO
ZARA.

WRITTEN BY C. CIBBER, ESQ.

Spoken by Mr. CIBBER.

THE French, howe'er mercurial they may ſeem,
Extinguiſh half their fire, by critic phlegm:
While Engliſh writers nature's freedom claim,
And warm their ſcenes with an ungovern'd flame;
'Tis ſtrange that Nature never ſhould inſpire
A Racine's judgment, with a Shakeſpeare's fire!
Howe'er, to-night—(to promiſe much we're loth)
But——you've a chance, to have a taſte of both.
From Engliſh plays, Zara's French author fir'd,
Confeſs'd his muſe, beyond herſelf, inſpir'd;
From rack'd Othello's rage he rais'd his ſtyle,
And ſnatch'd the brand, that lights this tragic pile:
Zara's ſucceſs his utmoſt hopes outflow,
And a twice twentieth weeping-audience drew.
As for our Engliſh friend, he leaves to you,
Whate'er may ſeem to his performance due;
No views of gain, his hopes or fears engage,
He gives a child of leiſure to the ſtage:

* The action of the Winter's Tale, as written by Shakeſpeare, comprehends ſixteen years.

Willing

Willing to try, if yet forſaken nature,
Can charm, with any one remember'd feature.
Thus far, the author ſpeaks—but now, the player,
With trembling Heart, prefers his humble prayer.
To-night, the greateſt venture of my life,
Is loſt, or fav'd, as You receive—a wife:
If time, you think, may ripen her, to merit,
With gentle ſmiles, ſupport her wav'ring ſpirit.
Zara in France, at once an actreſs rais'd,
Warm'd into ſkill, by being kindly prais'd:
O! could ſuch wonders here, from favour flow,
How would our Zara's heart, with tranſport glow!
But ſhe, alas! by juſter fears oppreſs'd,
Begs but your bare Endurance, at the beſt.
Her unſkill'd tongue would ſimple nature ſpeak,
Nor dares her bonds for falſe applauſes break.
Amidſt a thouſand Faults, her beſt pretence
To pleaſe——is unpreſuming innocence.
When a chaſte Heart's diſtreſs your grief demands,
One ſilent tear outweighs a thouſand hands.
If ſhe conveys the pleaſing paſſions RIGHT,
Guard and Support her this deciſive night.
If ſhe MISTAKES——or, finds her ſtrength too ſmall,
Let interpoſing pity———break her fall.
In you it reſts to ſave her or deſtroy,
If ſhe draws tears from you, I weep for JOY.——

PROLOGUE
TO THE
ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS.

Between Mr. MACKLIN and his WIFE.

She. TO contradict me! —Blockhead! Idiot! fool! ſot!
He. But amidſt theſe hard names our diſpute is forgot.
To contradict you I know is high-treaſon;
For the will of a wife is always her reaſon.
She. No, Sir, for once, I'll give up my pretenſion,
And ſubmit to the pit our cauſe of diſſenſion.

He. I agree; for the pit is our natural Lord.——
LADIES.

She.——Hey! How come you to claim the firſt word?
GENTLEMEN, my huſband and I have had a diſpute,
Where the difference lies 'twixt a man and a brute;
Which we beg whilſt the folks for the farce are preparing,
You will pleaſe to decide, and give us the hearing.—
Hem! hem!—
After *Plutarch* of *Rome!* and *Virgil* of *Greece!*
And *Iliads*, and *Eneids*, and authors like theſe;
I boldly affirm, deny it who can,
That in laughter conſiſts the true eſſence of man.
Whilſt my huſband——

He.——Nay, pray let me ſtate my own caſe,
And I'll make it as clear as the noſe in your face,
That hiſſing in man preſerves the firſt place.
To begin then with critics;—'tis their capital bliſs,
Than to laugh,—don't you find it more pleaſing to hiſs?
In this all agree;—*Jews! Infidels! Turks!*

She. I grant it ſweet Sir,—if you mean at your works.
Yet even 'gainſt that I've a potent objection;
For every rule ſtill has its exception:
Tho' they hiſs'd at your farces, your *Paſquin* and ſtuff,
At your Tragedy ſure they laugh'd hearty enough.
And again, Mr. Wiſeman, regard the world round,
'Tis in mankind alone that laughter is found;
Whilſt your favourite hiſſing, ſage Sir, if you pleaſe,
You enjoy but in common with ſerpents and geeſe.

She. And ar'nt you aſham'd—('tis no time to diſſemble,)
O critics! theſe creatures in this to reſemble?

He. Not a jot; in this place 'tis ſingular uſe,
Of bad poets and players to reform the abuſe.
In the practice, kind Sirs! were I fit to adviſe,
The hiſſing like geeſe I would have you deſpiſe,
And copy the ſerpent,—be ſubtle and wiſe,
But free from his venom.—Well Sirs! What d'ye ſay?
Is your judgment——

She.——Let us wait 'till the end of the Play:
In the progreſs of that we ſhall eaſily find,
Whether laughing or hiſſing is moſt to their mind.

He. I'm ſure they will hiſs.

She. And I hope they'll be kind.

PRO-

PROLOGUE
TO
CATO,
BY MR. POPE.

Spoken by Mr. WILKS.

TO wake the ſoul by tender ſtrokes of art,
To raiſe the genius, and to mend the heart,
To make mankind in conſcious virtue bold,
Live o'er each ſcene, and be what they behold:
For this the tragic-muſe firſt trod the ſtage,
Commanding tears to ſtream thro' every age;
Tyrants no more their ſavage nature kept,
And foes to virtue wonder'd how they wept.
Our author ſhuns by vulgar ſprings to move
The heroe's glory, or the virgin's love;
In pitying love we but our weakneſs ſhew,
And wild ambition well deſerves its woe.
Here tears ſhall flow from a more gen'rous cauſe,
Such tears as patriots ſhed for dying laws:
He bids your breaſts with ancient ardour riſe,
And calls forth *Roman* drops from *Britiſh* eyes.
Virtue confeſs'd in human ſhape he draws,
What *Plato* thought, and god-like *Cato* was:
No common object to your ſight diſplays,
But what with pleaſure heav'n itſelf ſurveys;
A brave man ſtruggling in the ſtorms of fate,
And greatly falling with a falling ſtate!
While *Cato* gives his little ſenate laws,
What boſom beats not in his country's cauſe?
Who ſees him act, but envies ev'ry deed?
Who hears him groan, and does not wiſh to bleed?
Ev'n when proud *Cæſar* 'midſt triumphal cars,
The ſpoils of nations, and the pomp of wars,
Ignobly vain, and impotently great,
Shew'd *Rome* her *Cato*'s figure drawn in ſtate,
As her dead father's rever'nd image paſt,
The pomp was darken'd and the day o'ercaſt,

The triumph ceas'd—Tears guſh'd from ev'ry eye,
The world's great victor paſs unheeded by;
Her laſt good man dejected *Rome* ador'd,
And honour'd *Cæſar*'s leſs than *Cato*'s ſword.
Britons attend! Be worth like this approv'd,
And ſhew you have a virtue to be mov'd.
With honeſt ſcorn the firſt fam'd *Cato* view'd
Rome learning arts from *Greece*, whom ſhe ſubdu'd:
Our ſcene precariouſly ſubſiſts too long
On *French* Tranſlation and *Italian* ſong.
Dare to have ſenſe yourſelves; aſſert the ſtage,
Be juſtly warm'd with your own native rage,
Such plays alone ſhall pleaſe a *Britiſh* ear,
As *Cato*'s ſelf had not diſdain'd to hear.

PROLOGUE

TO THE

SPLEEN,

OR

ISLINGTON SPA.

WRITTEN BY MR. GARRICK.

Spoken by Mr. KING.

THO' Prologues, now, as blackberries are plenty,
And like them maukiſh too, nineteen in twenty;
Yet *you* will have them, when their date is o'er,
And *Prologue*, *Prologue*, ſtill your honours roar;
'Till ſome ſuch diſmal phiz as mine comes on,
Ladies and gentlemen, indeed there's none,
The *Prologue*, *Author*, *Speaker*, all are dead and gone!
Theſe reaſons have ſome weight, and ſtop the rout:
You clap—I ſmirk—and thus go cringing out:
While living call me, for your pleaſure uſe me;
Should I tip off—I hope you'll then excuſe me.
So much for Prologues—and now enter Farce!
Shall I a ſcene, I lately heard, rehearſe?
The place, the park; the *Dramatis Perſonæ*,
Two female wits, with each a macaroni.

Prithee,

Prithee, lord Flimſey, what's this thing at Drury?
This *Spleen?*—'tis low, damn'd low, ma'am, I aſſure ye.
C'eſt vrai, mi lor!—we now feel no ſuch evil,
Never are haunted with a vapouriſh devil.
In pleaſures round *we* whirl it from the brain,
You rattle it away with *ſeven's the main!*
In *upper life*, we have no Spleen or gall;
And as for other life,—it is no life at all.
What can I ſay in our poor bard's behalf?
He hopes that *lower life* may make you laugh.
May not a trader who ſhall buſineſs drop,
Quitting at once his old-accuſtom'd ſhop,
In fancy thro' a courſe of pleaſures run,
Retiring to his ſeat at *Iſlington?*
And, of falſe dreams of happineſs brim full,
Be at his villa, miſerably dull?
Would not he *Iſlington's* fine air forgo,
Could he again be choak'd in Butcher-row?
In ſhewing cloth renew his former pleaſure,
Surpaſs'd by none, but that of clipping meaſure,
The maſter of *this ſhop* too ſeeks repoſe,
Sells off his ſtock in trade, his verſe and proſe,
His daggers, buſkins, thunder, lightning, and all clothes.
Will he in rural ſhades find eaſe and quiet?
Oh no! He'll ſigh for Drury, and ſeek peace in riot.
Nature of yore prevail'd thro' human kind?
To *low* and *middle* life ſhe's now confin'd:
'Twas there the choiceſt dramatiſts have ſought her,
'Twas there Moliere, there Johnſon, Shakeſpeare, caught her;
Then let our gleaning bard with ſafety come,
To pick up ſtraws, dropt from their harveſt home!

EPILOGUE
TO
ATHALSTAN.
WRITTER BY MR. GARRICK,
Spoken by Mrs. CIBBER.

TO ſpeak ten words, again I've fetch'd my breath;
The tongue of woman ſtruggles hard with death.

Ten words! will that ſuffice! Ten words—no more,
We always give a thouſand to the ſcore.
What can provoke theſe wits their time to waſte,
To pleaſe that fickle, fleeting thing call'd taſte?
It mocks all ſearch, for ſubſtance has it none;
Like Hamlet's ghoſt—'tis here—'tis there—'tis gone.
How very few about the ſtage agree!
As men with diff'rent eyes a beauty ſee,
So judge they of that ſtately dame—Queen-tragedy.
The Greek-read critic, as his miſtreſs holds her,
And having little love, for trifles ſcolds her:
Excuſes want of ſpirit, beauty, grace,
But ne'er forgives her failing—time, and place.
How do our ſex of taſte in judgment vary?
Miſs Bell adores, what's loath'd by Lady Mary:
The firſt in tenderneſs a very dove,
Melts like the feather'd ſnow, at Juliet's love:
Then, ſighing, turns to Romeo by her ſide,
"Can you believe that men for love have dy'd?"
Her ladyſhip, who vaults the coarſer's back,
Leaps the barr'd gate, and calls you Tom and Jack;
Deteſt theſe whinings, like a true Virago;
She's all for daggers! blood! blood! blood! Iago!
A third, whoſe heart defies all perturbations,
Yet dies for triumphs, funerals, coronations!
Ne'er aſks which tragedies ſucceed, or fail,
But whoſe Proceſſion has the longeſt tail.
The Youths, to whom France gives a new belief,
Who look with Horror on a rump of beef:
On Shakeſpear's plays, with ſhrugg'd up ſhoulders ſtare,
Theſe plays? they're bloody murders,—O Barbare!
And yet the man has merit—*entre nous*,
He'd been damn'd clever, had he read Boſſu.
Shakeſpear read French! roars out a ſurly cit:
When Shakeſpear wrote, our valour match'd our wit:
Had Britons then been ſops, Queen Beſs had hang'd 'em;
Thoſe days, they never read the French,—They bang'd 'em.
If taſte evaporates by too high breeding,
And eke is overlaid, by too deep reading;
Leſt then in ſearch of this, you loſe your feeling,
And barter native ſenſe in foreign dealing;

Be

Be this neglected truth to Britons known,
No taſtes, no modes become you, but your own.

PROLOGUE

TO THE

HOTEL:

OR, THE

DOUBLE VALET.

Spoken by Mr. KING.

TO hear with candour, e'er we judge a cauſe,
Is the known Magna Charta of all laws!
So ſays our bard!—then who would break a rule,
Fram'd and eſtabliſh'd in the earlieſt ſchool?
Or, who ſo jealous of another's fame,
To damp a ſpark, juſt riſing to a flame?
And yet,—from our reports within,—'tis ſaid,
There are—ſome wits amongſt ye—ſo ill bred,
They come,—unknowing,—wherefore,—or for why,—
To break, on critic-wheel,—a butterfly!
But ſure my eyes,—and they're not bad, good folks!
Can eaſy read—theſe whiſpers—are mere jokes!
To try the hero of this night's campaign,—
Who frets,—and ſtruts,—then ſtruts,—and frets again!
Bows,—ſmiles,—and nods,—from heroes, kings and queens,
To him who promps,—ſweeps,—clips,—or ſhifts the ſcenes!
But I—who know him beſt,—do know for certain,
That—*entre nous*,—'tis all behind the curtain,
Where he—poor culprit,—trembles ev'ry limb,
And ſhadows ſeem—realities to him!
Doubts riſe on doubts!—and fears on fears await!
Holding, with airy *nothings*,—a debate!
And ſo ſuſpicious,—leſt you take amiſs—
That ev'ry cough,—he'll conſtrue to a *hiſs!*

Or ſhould you cry but *bravo!*—or *encore!*
He'll trembling anſwer—"there!—d'ye hear? no more!"
Oh! could you know what *authors, actors* feel!
When at *your bar* they make their *firſt appeal!*
You'd think your warmeſt patronage their due,
And own the picture—where the tints are true!
To him then, conſcious, that all comic wit,
"As 'tis the beſt,—ſo 'tis moſt hard to hit!"
Ye Gods* !—and demi-gods †—ye wits §! be kind;
Nor, in the critic, loſe—the gen'rous mind!
Of old remem'bring—authors would excel,
When men were prais'd—who but *endeavour'd* well.

[*going, ſtops.*

Yet hold—one hint I'll drop before I go—
'Tis downright farce—not comedy we ſhew—
As ſuch receive—nor mark with critic ſneer—
As if a bench of Stagyrites were here—
But laugh—where nature prompts—where mirth demands
And give (in ſpite of *trivial faults*) your hands.

EPILOGUE
TO
ALZIRA.

Spoken by Mrs. GIFFARD.

THE fifth act paſt, you'll think it ſtrange, to find
My ſcene of deep Diſtreſs is, yet, behind!
Taſk'd, for the Epilogue, I fear you'll blame
My want—of what you love, behind that name.
But, for my ſoul, I can't from ſuch high ſcening,
Deſcend, plum down at once,—to double meaning.
Judges! protect me—and pronounce it fit,
That Solemn Senſe, ſhould end with Serious Wit.
When the full heart o'erflows, with pleaſing Pain,
Why ſhould we wiſh, to make th' impreſſion vain?

* Firſt Gallery. † Second Gallery. § Boxes and Pit.

Why,

Why, when two thinking hours, have fixt the play,
Shou'd two light minutes laugh its Uſe away?
'Twere to proclaim our Virtues but a JEST,
Should they who ridicule 'em, pleaſe us, beſt.
No,—rather, at your actor's hands, require
Off'rings more Apt; and a Sublimer fire!
Thoughts, that may rivet, not efface the ſcene:
Aids to the mind: not flatt'ries for the ſpleen.
When love, hate, pity,—Doubt, hope, grief, and rage,
With claſhing infl'ence fire the glowing ſtage;
When the touch'd heart, relenting into Woe,
From others fate, does its own danger know;
When ſoft'ning Tenderneſs unlocks the mind,
And the ſtretch'd boſom takes in all mankind:
Sure! 'tis no Time, for the bold hand of wit
To ſnatch back virtues, from the plunder'd pit!
Still, be it ours, to give you ſcenes, thus ſtrong,
And yours, to cheriſh, and retain 'em long!
Then ſhall the ſtage its general uſe endear;
And ev'ry virtue, gather firmneſs here.
Pow'r be, to pardon,—wealth to pity, mov'd;
And Truth be taught the art, to grow belov'd.
Women, to charm, with faſt, and ſure, effect;
And men to love 'em, with a ſoft reſpect.
'Till all alike, ſome diff'rent motive rouſes:
And tragedy, (un-farc'd) invites full houſes.

EPILOGUE

TO

VENICE PRESERV'D.

THE text is done, and now for application,
And when that's ended, paſs your approbation.
Though the conſpiracy's prevented here,
Methinks I ſee another hatching there;
And there's a certain faction fain would ſway,
If they had ſtrength enough, and damn this play,
But this the author bad me boldly ſay;

If any take this plainneſs in ill part,
He's glad on't from the bottom of his heart;
Poet's in honour of the truth ſhould write,
With the ſame ſpirit brave men for it fight.
And though againſt him cauſeleſs hatreds riſe,
And daily where goes of late, he ſpies
The ſcowles of ſullen and revengeful eyes;
'Tis what he knows, with much contempt, to bear,
And ſerves a cauſe too good to let him fear:
He fears no poiſon from an incens'd drab,
No ruffian's five-foot ſword, nor raſcal's ſtab;
Nor any other ſnares of miſchief laid,
Not a Roſe-Alley-Cudgel-Ambuſcade,
From any private cauſe where malice reigns,
Or general pique all blockheads have no brains:
Nothing ſhall daunt his pen when truth does call;
No, not the * Picture-mangler at Guild-Hall.
The rebel-tribe, of which that vermin's one,
Have now ſet forward, and their courſe begun;
And while that Prince's figure they defac'd,
As they before had maſſacred his name,
Durſt their baſe fears but look him in the face,
They'd uſe his perſon as they've us'd his fame:
A face in which ſuch lineaments they read
Of that great martyr's, whoſe rich blood they ſhed,
That their rebellious hate they ſtill retain,
And in his ſon would murther him again.
With indignation then, let each brave heart
Rouze, and unite, to take his injur'd part;
'Till royal love and goodneſs call him home,
And ſongs of triumph meet him as he come;
'Till heav'n his honour and our peace reſtore,
And villains never wrong his virtue more.

* The Raſcal that cut the Duke of *York*'s Picture.

EPI-

EPILOGUE
TO THE
REHEARSAL.

THE play is at an end; but where's the plot?
That circumſtance our poet BAYES forgot.
And we can boaſt, tho' 'tis a plotting age,
No place is freer from it than the ſtage.
The ancients plotted, tho', and ſtrove to pleaſe,
With ſenſe that might be underſtood with eaſe:
They every ſcene with ſo much wit did ſtore,
That who brought any in went out with more.
But this new way of wit, does ſo ſurprize,
Men loſe their wits in wond'ring where it lies.
If it be true, that monſtrous births preſage
The following miſchiefs that afflict the age,
And ſad diſaſters to the ſtate proclaim,
Plays without head or tail may do the ſame.
Wherefore for ours, and for the kingdom's peace.
May this prodig'ous way of writing ceaſe.
Let's have at leaſt once in our lives a time,
When we may hear ſome reaſon, not all rhime.
We have theſe ten years felt its influence;
Pray let this prove a year of proſe and ſenſe.

EPILOGUE
TO THE
REFUSAL:
OR, THE
LADIES PHILOSOPHY.

THE time is come the Roman bard foretold,
A brazen year ſucceeds an age of gold;
An age———
When ſpecious books were open'd for undoing,
And Engliſh hands, in crouds ſubſcrib'd their ruin.

Some months ago, who ever could ſuppoſe,
A gooſequill race of rulers ſhould have roſe,
T'have made the warlike Britons groan beneath their blows.
Evils, that never yet beheld the ſun,
To foreign arms, or civil jars, unknown,
Theſe trembling miſcreants, by their wiles have done.
Thus the fierce lion, whom no force could foil,
By village-curs is baited in the toil.
Forgive the muſe then, if her ſcenes were laid
Before your fair poſſeſſions were betray'd;
She took the flitting form, as fame then ran,
While a Director ſeem'd an honeſt man:
But were ſhe from his preſent form to take him,
What a huge gorging monſter muſt ſhe make him;
How would his paunch with golden ruin ſwell?
Whole families devouring at a meal?
What motley humour in a ſcene might flow,
Were we theſe upſtarts in their arts to ſhow?
When their high betters, at their gates have waited,
And all to beg the favour, to be cheated;
Even that favour (or they're by fame bely'd)
To raiſe the value of the cheat, deny'd.
And while Sir John was airing on his prancers,
He'as left his cookmaid, to give peers their anſwers.
Then clerks in Berlins, purchas'd by their cheats,
That ſplaſh their walking betters in the ſtreets;
And while by fraud, their native country's ſold,
Cry, "Drive you dog, and give your horſes gold:"
Even Jews no bounds of luxury refrain,
But boil their chriſtian hams in pure Champaign.
'Till then the guilty, that have caus'd theſe times,
Feel a ſuperior cenſure for their crimes;
Let all, whoſe wrongs the face of mirth can bear,
Enjoy the muſes vengeance on them here.

EPI-

EPILOGUE

TO THE

ORPHAN OF CHINA.

Spoken by Mrs. YATES.

THRO' five long acts I've worn my ſighing face,
Confin'd by critic laws to time and place;
Yet that once done, I ramble as I pleaſe,
Cry London Hoy! and whiſk o'er land and ſeas——
—Ladies, excuſe my dreſs—'tis true chineſe.
Thus quit of huſband, death, and tragic ſtrain,
Let us enjoy our dear ſmall talk again.
How could this bard ſucceſsful hope to prove?
So many heroes,—and not one in love!
No ſuitor here to talk of flames that thrill;
To ſay the civil thing—"Your eyes ſo kill!"——
No raviſher, to force us——to our will!
You've ſeen their eaſtern virtues, patriot paſſions,
And now for ſomething of their taſte and faſhions.
O Lord! that's charming——cries my Lady Fidget,
I long to know it——do the creatures viſit?
Dear Mrs. Yates, do, tell us——well, how is it?
Firſt, as to beauty——ſet your hearts at reſt—
They're all broad foreheads, and pigs eyes at beſt.
And then they lead ſuch ſtrange, ſuch formal lives!—
—A little more at home than Engliſh wives;
Leſt the poor things ſhould roam, and prove untrue,
They all are crippled in the tiney ſhoe.
A hopeful ſcheme to keep a wife from madding!
—We pinch our feet, and yet are ever gadding.
Then they've no cards, no routs, ne'er take their fling,
And pin-money is an unheard of thing!
Then how d'ye think they write—You'll ne'er divine,—
From top to bottom down in one ſtrait line. [*Mimicks.*
We ladies when our flames we cannot ſmother,
Write letters from one corner to another. [*Mimicks.*
One mode there is, in which both climes agree;
I ſcarce can tell—'mongſt friends then let it be—
—The creatures love to cheat as well as we.

But

But bleſs my wits! I've quite forgot the bard——
A civil ſoul! by me he ſends this card——
"Preſents reſpects—to ev'ry lady here——
"Hopes for the honour——of a ſingle tear."
The critics then will throw their dirt in vain,
One drop from you will waſh out ev'ry ſtain,
Acquaints you——(now the man is paſt his fright)
He holds his rout,—and here he keeps his night.
Aſſures you all a welcome kind and hearty,
The ladies ſhall play crowns—and there's the ſhilling party. [*Points to the upper Gallery.*

EPILOGUE,

On the Birth-day of his Royal Highneſs the Duke of Cumberland.

WRITTEN BY A PERSON STILING HIMSELF THE FARMER.

Spoken by Mr. GARRICK, at Dublin.

'TIS not a birth to titles, pomp or ſtate,
That forms the brave, or conſtitutes the great.
To be the ſon of GEORGE is juſt renown,
And brother to the heir of Britain's crown;
Tho' proud theſe claims, at beſt they but adorn;
For heroes cannot be, like princes, born:
Valour and worth muſt conſecrate their name,
And virtue give them to the rolls of fame.
Hail to the youth, whoſe actions mark this year!
And in whoſe honour you aſſemble here:
'Tis not to grace his natal-day we meet,
His birth of glory is the birth we greet.
How quick does his progreſſive virtue run,
How ſwift aſcend to its meridian ſun!
Before its beams the northern ſtorms retire,
And Britons catch the animating fire.
Yet ruſh not too precipitate, for know,
The fate you urge would prove our greateſt woe;
Religion, law, and liberty's, at ſtake!
Repreſs your ardour, for your country's ſake.

The life you prize not, Britain may deplore,
And chance may take, what ages can't reſtore.
Oh! may the gallant CUMBERLAND but head
Such troops as here our glorious WILLIAM led!
Bold names, in Britain's hiſtory renown'd,
Who fix'd her freedom on Hibernian ground;
'Till death, imbattled, for their country ſtood,
And made the Boyne immortal by their blood,
Such were your ſires, who ſtill ſurvive in fame,
Such are the ſons, who would atchieve the ſame.
Young WILLIAM, then, ſhould rival trophies raiſe,
And emulate our great deliv'rer's days;
By equal actions, win the like applauſe,
Alike their name, their glory, and their cauſe.
May heav'n's peculiar angel ſhield the youth,
Who draws the ſword of liberty and truth!
By him Britannia's injuries redreſs,
And crown his toil, his virtue, with ſucceſs;
Make him the ſcourge of France, the dread of Rome,
The patriot's bleſſing, and the rebel's doom.
Then ſeize, Hibernia, ſeize the preſent joy,
This day is ſacred to the martial boy;
The morrow ſhall a different ſtrain require,
When, with thy Stanhope, all delights retire,
And (a long polar night of grief begun)
Thy ſoul ſhall ſigh for its returning ſun.

PROLOGUE.

TO

CATO.

Spoken by PRINCE GEORGE,

When his Royal Highneſs the Prince of *Wales's* CHILDREN perform'd the above Tragedy.

TO ſpeak with freedom, dignity and eaſe,
To learn thoſe arts, which may hereafter pleaſe;
Wiſe authors ſay—let youth in earlieſt age,
Rehearſe the poet's labours on the ſtage.

Nay

Nay more; a nobler end is ſtill behind,
The poet's labours elevate the mind;
Teach our young hearts, with gen'rous fire to burn,
And feel the virtuous ſentiments we learn.
T' attain theſe glorious ends, what play ſo fit,
As that! where all the powers of human wit
Combine to dignify great Cato's name,
To deck his tomb and conſecrate his fame?
Where liberty—O name for ever dear!
Breathes forth in ev'ry line, and bids us fear,
Nor pains, nor death, to guard our ſacred laws,
But bravely periſh in our country's cauſe,
Patriots indeed! nor why that honeſt name,
Thro' every time and ſtation ſtill the ſame.
Should this ſuperior to my years be thought,
Know—'tis the firſt great leſſon I was taught.
What, tho' a boy! it may with pride be ſaid,
A boy in England born, in England bred;
Where freedom well becomes the earlieſt ſtate,
For there the love of liberty's innate.
Yet more—before my eyes thoſe heroes ſtand,
Whom the great William brought to bleſs this land;
To guard with pious care, that gen'rous plan,
Of power well-bounded,—which he firſt began.
But while my great forefathers fire my mind,
The friends, the joy, the glory of mankind;
Can I forget, that there is one more dear?
But he is preſent—and I muſt forbear.

EPILOGUE
TO
CATO.

Spoken by Lady AUGUSTA, and Prince EDWARD.

Lady AUGUSTA.

THE Prologue fill'd with ſuch fine phraſes,
GEORGE will alone have all the praiſes;
Unleſs we can (to get in vogue)
Contrive to ſpeak an Epilogue.

Prince

Prince EDWARD.

GEORGE has, 'tis true, vouchſaf'd to mention,
His future gracious intention,
In ſuch heroic ſtrains, that no man
Will e'er deny his ſoul is Roman:
But what have you or I to ſay to
The pompous ſentiments of Cato?
GEORGE is to have imperial ſway;
Our taſk is only to obey:
And truſt me, I'll not thwart his will,
But be his faithful Juba ſtill.
—Though ſiſter! now the play is over,
I wiſh you'd get a better lover.

Lady AUGUSTA.

Why,—not to under-rate your merit,
Others would court with diff'rent ſpirit:
And I,—perhaps,—might like another,
A little better than a brother;
Could I have one of England's breeding,
But 'tis a point they're all agreed in,
That I muſt wed a foreigner,
And croſs the ſea—the lord knows where:
—Yet let me go where'er I will,
England ſhall have my wiſhes ſtill.

Prince EDWARD.

In England born, my inclination,
Like yours, is wedded to the nation:
And future times I hope will ſee
Me general in reality.
—Indeed! I wiſh to ſerve this land,
It is my father's ſtrict command,
And none he ever gave, will be
More chearfully obey'd by me.

PROLOUE G
TO
MEROPE.

SPOKEN BY MR. GARRICK.

TOUCH'D be your generous hearts, to ſpare this Play!
Where Mirth wou'd laugh Humanity away.
Two thouſand years our tale has ſhook the ſtage,
And mov'd the hearts of Greece from age to age:
Ev'n Alexander wept our queen's deſpair,
And, conqu'ror of a world, ſat conquer'd, there.
Bid your brave hearts explode th' unſinew'd ſcene,
Where Toys inſult a people, born, to mean.
From your warm'd ſtage, demand th' impaſhion'd glow,
That draws delight from death; and uſe, from woe:
Lifts, by depreſſion; trys the tortur'd mind,
In grief's fierce fires; and brings her out refin'd.
Unbow'd by wrongs, bids virtue bear diſtreſs;
And riſe ſtill ſteadier, as new loads oppreſs.
Ladies! ſtand firm, to paſſion's tendereſt claim,
Sighs are love's breezy powers, and fan his flame.
Laughing Gallants may promiſe merry lives:
But, laughing huſbands make you weeping wives.
They, whoſe own hearts can feel, will treat yours beſt:
And he give pain, who thinks it but a jeſt.
Nobly wept out,—nor let ſhame's erring bluſh
Hold back the ſtruggling tear, that longs to guſh.
And you *, gay ſparklers, often hours too ſhort!
Ye foes to thinking, and ye friends to ſport,
Make it no joke when penſively diſtreſt,
Sighs, in yon circle, ſwell the beauteous breaſt.
Force, to the fineſt face, ſuch ſorrow lends:
Pity, and innocence, are boſom friends.
No ſmile, but love's, ſhould meet the tear-touch'd eye,
Where, lodg'd on beauty, virtue's dew-drops lie.
But when deep anguiſh ſhakes a feeling mind,
How muſt it ake, for laughter's heard behind!

* To the Beaux.

Why

Why ſhou'd men dream, that only mirth can pleaſe?
No jokeful wag e'er laugh'd off life's diſeaſe.
Sick'ning to ſadneſs, ſoon or late comes care;
And he, who flys from thought, will meet deſpair,
'Tis the pale coward's curſe, to ſtart in vain;
And think, poſtponing is eſcaping pain.
Courage, that weighs misfortune, finds it light;
And, half-admitting, you diſarm it quite.
Oh, ſave ſtrong ſentiments; approve their flame;
And aid, with generous hand, the muſe's claim.

AN OCCASIONAL PROLOGUE

WRITTEN BY MR. GARRICK.

And ſpoken by Mr. FOOTE, at the Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane.

THE many various objects that amuſe
Theſe buſy curious times, by way of news,
Are plays, elections, murders, lott'ries, Jews;
All theſe compounded fly throughout the nation,
And ſet the whole in one great fermentation!
True Britiſh hearts the ſame high ſpirits ſhow,
Be they to damn a farce, or fight a foe.
One day for Liberty the Briton, fires,
The next he flames—for Canning, or for Squires.
In like extremes your laughing humour flows;
Have ye not roar'd from pit to upper rows,
And all the jeſt was,—what?—a fiddler's noſe *.
Purſue your mirth; each night the joke grows ſtronger,
For as you fret the Man, his noſe looks longer.

* The perſon here intended, is Monſ. *Gruetti*, who has been a ſtanding joke with the upper-gallery, for a long time paſt, on account of the length of his noſe; but, as I am inform'd, that no feature of his mind is out of proportion, unleſs it be that his good qualities are extraordinary, I take this opportunity to mention, that it is cruel to render him uneaſy in the buſineſs, in which he is eminent, and by which he muſt get a livelihood.

Among

Among the trifles which occaſion prate,
Even I ſometimes, am matter for debate.
Whene'er my faults, or follies are the queſtion,
Each draws his wit out, and begins diſſection.
Sir *Peter Primroſe*, ſmirking o'er his tea,
Sinks from himſelf and politicks, to me.
Papers boy,—here Sir! Tam what news to-day?
Foote, Sir, is advertis'd—what—run away!
No, Sir, he acts this week at Drury-Lane;
How's that (cries *Feeble Grub*) *Foote* come again!
I thought that fool had done his devil's dance;
Was not he hang'd ſome months ago in France?
Up ſtarts *Machone*, and thus the room harangu'd;
'Tis true, his friends gave out that he was hang'd,
But to be ſure, 'twas all a hum, becaſe
I have ſeen him ſince, and after ſuch diſgrace,
No gentleman would dare to ſhow his face.
To him reply'd a ſneering bonny Scot;
Yow raſin reet, my frynd, haung'd he was not,
But neither you nor I caun tell how ſoon he'll gaung to pot.
Thus each, as fancy drives, his wit diſplays,
Such is the tax each ſon of folly pays.
On this my ſcheme they many names beſtow,
'Tis ſame, 'tis pride, nay worſe—the pocket's low.
I own I've pride, ambition, vanity,
And what's more ſtrange, perhaps, you'll ſee
Tho' not ſo great a portion of it—modeſty.
For you I'll curb each ſelf-ſufficient thought,
And kiſs the rod, whene'er you point a fault.
Many my paſſions are, tho' one my view,
They all concenter, in the pleaſing you.

PROLOGUE
TO
AMPHITRYON.

Reviv'd with alterations, 1756.

THIS night let buſy man no pleaſure ſpare:
Far hence be ſearching thought, and pining care;

Far

Far hence whate'er can agonize the ſoul,
Grief, terror, rage, the dagger, or the bowl!
The comic muſe, a gay propitious pow'r,
To dimpled laughter gives the mirthful hour.
The ſcenes which Plautus drew, to-night we ſhow,
Touch'd by Moliere, by Dryden taught to glow,
Dryden!—in evil days his genius roſe,
When wit and decency were conſtant foes:
Wit then defil'd in manners and in mind,
Whene'er he ſought to pleaſe, diſgrac'd mankind.
Freed from his faults, we bring him to the fair;
And urge once more his claim to beauty's care,
That thus we court your praiſe, is praiſe beſtow'd;
Since all our virtue from your virtue flow'd.
But there are ſome—no matter where they ſit,
Who ſmack'd their lips, and hop'd the luſcious bit.
Theſe claim regard, deny it they that can——
"The prince of darkneſs is a gentleman!"
Yet why apologize; tho' theſe complain,
They're free to all the reſt of Drury-Lane.
To theſe bright rows we boaſt a kind intent;
We ſought their plaudit, and their pleaſure meant.
Yet not on what we give, our fame muſt riſe;
In what we take away, our merit lies.
On no new force beſtow'd we found our claim;
To make Wit Honeſt, was our only aim:
If we ſucceed, ſome praiſe we boldly aſk——
To make Wit Honeſt, is no eaſy taſk.

EPILOGUE
TO
CLEONE.

WRITTEN BY WM. MELMOTH, ESQ.

Spoken by Mr. Ross.

'TWAS once the mode inglorious war to wage
With each bold bard that durſt attempt the ſtage,
And Prologues were, but preludes to engage.

Then

Then mourn'd the muſe not ſtory'd woes alone,
Condemn'd to weep, with tears unfeign'd, her own,
Paſt are thoſe hoſtile days; and wits no more
One undiſtinguiſh'd fate, with fools deplore.
No more the muſe laments her long-felt wrongs,
From the rude licence of tumultuous tongues:
In peace each bard prefers his doubtful claim,
And as he merits, meets, or miſſes, fame.
'Twas thus in Greece (when Greece fair ſcience bleſt,
And heav'n-born arts their choſen land poſſeſt)
Th' aſſembled people ſate with decent pride,
Patient to hear, and ſkilful to decide;
Leſs forward far to cenſure than to praiſe,
Unwillingly refus'd the rival bays.
Yes, they whom candor and true taſte inſpire,
Blame not with half the paſſion they admire;
Each little blemiſh with regret deſcry,
But mark the beauties with a raptur'd eye.
Yet modeſt fears invade our author's breaſt,
With attic lore, or latian, all unbleſt;
Deny'd by fate thro' claſſic fields to ſtray,
Where bloom thoſe wreaths which never know decay:
Where arts new force from kindred arts acquire,
And poets catch from poets genial fire.
Not thus he boaſts the breaſt humane to prove,
And touch thoſe ſprings which generous paſſions move,
To melt the ſoul by ſcenes of fabled woe,
And bid the tear for fancy'd ſorrows flow;
Far humbler paths he treads in queſt of fame,
And truſts to nature what from nature came.

PROLOGUE
TO
EUGENIA.

WRITTEN AND SPOKEN BY MR. GARRICK.

TO damn, or not——that is the queſtion now,
Whether 'tis beſt to deck the poet's brow;
With hands and hearts unanimous befriend him,
Or take up arms, and by oppoſing end him—?

But

But hold, before you give the fatal word,
I beg that I, as council, may be heard,
And what few council ever yet have done,
I'll take no bribe, and yet plead Pro and Con.
Firſt for the town and us——I ſee ſome danger,
Should you too kindly treat this reverend ſtranger;
If ſuch good folks, theſe wits of graver ſort,
Should here uſurp a right to ſpoil your ſport;
And curb our ſtage ſo wanton, bold, and free!
To the ſtrict limits of their purity;
Should dare in theatres reform abuſes,
And turn our actreſſes to pious uſes!
Farewel the joyous ſpirit-ſtirring ſcene!
Farewel the—the—you gueſs the thing I mean!
If this wiſe ſcheme, ſo ſober and ſo new!
Should paſs with us, would it go down with you?
Should we ſo often ſee your well-known faces?
Or would the ladies ſend ſo faſt for places?——
Now for the author———His poetic brat
Throughout the town occaſions various chat;
What ſay the ſnarlers?——'Tis a French tranſlation.
That we deny, but plead an imitation,
Such as we hope will pleaſe a free-born nation.
His muſe, tho' much too grave to dreſs or dance,
For ſome materials took a trip to France;
She owns the debt, nor thinks ſhe ſhall appear,
Like our ſpruce youths, the worſe for going there:
Tho' ſhe has dealt before in ſportive ſong,
This is her firſt ſtage-flight, and t'would be wrong,
Nay poaching too, to kill your bards too young.
Poets, like foxes, make beſt ſport, when old,
The chaſe is good, when both are hard and bold;
Do you, like other ſportſmen then, take heed,
If you deſtroy the whelps, you ſpoil the breed;
Let him write on, acquire ſome little fame,
Then hunt him, critics, he'll be noble game.

PRO-

PROLOGUE
TO THE
BROTHERS.

WRITTEN BY MR. DODSLEY.

Spoken by Mr. HAVARD.

THE tragic muſe, revolving many a page
Of time's long records drawn from every age,
Forms not her plans on low or trivial deeds;
But marks the ſtriking!——When ſome hero bleeds
To ſave his country, then her powers inſpire,
And ſouls congenial catch the patriot fire.——
When bold oppreſſion grinds a ſuffering land;
When the keen dagger gleams in murder's hand;
When black conſpiracy infects the throng;
Or fell revenge ſits brooding o'er his wrong:
Then walks ſhe forth in terror; at her frown
Guilt ſhrinks appall'd, tho' ſeated on a throne.
But the rack'd ſoul when dark ſuſpicions rend,
When brothers hate, and ſons with ſires contend;
When claſhing intereſts war eternal wage;
And love, the tendereſt paſſion, turns to rage;
Then grief on every viſage ſtands impreſt,
And pity throbs in every feeling breaſt:
Hope, fear, and indignation riſe by turns,
And the ſtrong ſcene with various paſſion burns.
Such is our tale.——Nor bluſh if tears ſhould flow!
They're virtue's tribute paid to human woe.
Such drops new luſtre to bright eyes impart;
The ſilent witneſs of a tender heart:
Such drops adorn the nobleſt heroe's cheek,
And paint his worth, in ſtrokes that more than ſpeak:
Not he who cannot weep, but he who can,
Shews the great ſoul, and proves himſelf a man.
Yet do not idly grieve at others pain,
Nor let the tears of nature fall in vain:
Watch the cloſe crimes from whence their ills have grown,
And from their frailties learn to mend your own.

PRO-

PROLOGUE
TO
EDWARD,
THE BLACK PRINCE.

Spoken by Mr. HAVARD.

THE ſons of genius ſearch, thro' ev'ry age,
For proper heroes to adorn the ſtage:
Here Greeks and Romans riſe again to view,
Again fight bravely, and their fame renew.
The great unſhaken Cato here you ſee,
And Cæſar falls for Engliſh liberty.
No ſtandard-virtue ripen'd yet on earth,
But you behold it in a ſecond birth;
To ſtrike, impreſs——impel the vig'rous mind,
And gives ye all the boaſts of all mankind.
Such ſpurs to glory——if they glory raiſe,
Deſerve protection——nay, demand your praiſe.
Our bard to-night, no doubtful ſtory brings,
Of native, genuine Engliſh feats he ſings:
Here no falſe varniſh glitters to ſurpriſe,
But juſt hiſtoric truths in order riſe;
And ſure that tale muſt have for Britons charms,
That ſhews you France ſubdu'd by Britiſh arms:
Our lions traverſing their ravag'd plains,
Their armies broken, and their king in chains.
Our poet fir'd by England's ancient fame,
(And humbly aiming at great Shakeſpear's flame!)
On candour's judgment bids his hopes repoſe,
Alike diſdaining partial friends and foes.
If his warm glow excites a patriot-zeal,
If from your eyes ſoft drops of pity ſteal;
If fears, hopes, ſorrows, riſe with vary'd art,
And by the hand of nature touch the heart;
There let him reign——Be there his pow'r confeſs'd,
And gen'rous judges will o'erlook the reſt!
With the humane and the exalted mind,
The abſent, and the dead, indulgence find.

Know then——a parent breathing foreign air,
This night commits his darling to your care.
No faction's form'd to proſtitute applauſe,
No art, no int'reſt, to ſupport his cauſe:
The publick honour 'tis his pride to truſt,
Nor can he think your voice will be unjuſt.
Attentive hear, unprejudic'd explore,
And judge like Engliſhmen——he aſks no more.

PROLOGUE

TO THE

HONEST YORKSHIREMAN.

THE great, the good, the wiſe, in ev'ry age,
Have made a moral mirrour of the ſtage;
While, to the ſhame and ſpite of taſteleſs fools,
Terence ſtill reigns a claſſic in our ſchools:
But now the DRAMA fears a ſad decline,
And peeviſh hypocrites its fall combine.
From ſtage to ſtage, behold our author toſs'd,
And but for you, his genius cruſh'd and loſt.
No Wilks, no Booth! his labours to requite,
He here takes ſhelter, ſtudious to delight.
But to our FARCE——It has a double aim,
To honour wedlock, and put fools to ſhame.
Folly and prejudice, too near a-kin,
Supply pert coxcombs with eternal grin;
So infinitely ſtupid is whoſe mirth,
They'll ridicule one's very place of birth,
And cry, "An honeſt Yorkſhire-man! a wonder!"
But let them ſhoot their bolts, let blockheads blunder.
The glorious heroes of the Yorkſhire line,
To time's laſt period ſhall in annals ſhine;
While ſland'ring ſlaves, who would thoſe honours blot,
Shall unregarded live——and die forgot.
Mean and unmanly is ſuch partial ſpite,
Averſe to nature's laws, to reaſon's light:
All fellow creatures, ſure, ſhould ſocial be;
Nay, e'en to Brutes we owe humanity.
Our author does in virtue's cauſe engage,
In hopes to make her ſhine upon the ſtage:

A modeſt entertainment we intend,
Willing to pleaſe, yet fearful to offend;
Indulge us therefore if you can't commend.

PROLOGUE
TO THE
DUCE IS IN HIM.

Spoken by Mr. KING.

THE deuce is in him! what the deuce
(I hear you cry) can that produce?
What does it mean? what can it be?
A little patience——and you'll ſee.
Behold, to keep your minds uncertain,
Between the ſcene and you this curtain!
So writers hide their plots, no doubt,
To pleaſe the more when all comes out,
Of old the Prologue told the ſtory,
And laid the whole affair before ye;
Came forth, in ſimple phraſe to ſay,
"'Fore the beginning of this play,
"I hapleſs Polydore, was found
"By fiſhermen, or others, drown'd!
"Or——I, a gentleman did wed
"The lady I wou'd never bed:
"Great Agamemnon's royal daughter,
"Who's coming hither—to draw water."
Thus gave at once the bards of Greece
The cream and marrow of the piece;
Aſking no trouble of your own
To ſkim the milk, or crack the bone.
The poets now take different ways:
E'en let them find it out for Bays!
And tragedy as well might ſwagger
Without blank verſe, or bowl, or dagger,
As farce attempt the arduous taſk,
To walk abroad without her maſk.
A poet, as once poets us'd,
To poverty was quite reduc'd.

No boy on errands to be ſent,
On his own meſſages he went:
And once with conſcious pride and ſhame,
As from the chandler's-ſhop he came,
Under his thread-bare cloak, poor ſoul,
He cover'd——half a peck of coal.
A wag (his friend) began to ſmoke,
——George, tell us, what's beneath your cloak?
——Tell you! it were as well to ſhow,—
I hide it—that you ſhou'd not know.
Yet farce and title, one to t'other
Should ſeem, like Soſias, a twin brother.
Prologues, like Andrews at a fair,
To draw you in, ſhould make you ſtare.
"The notified!——the only booth!——walk in!
"Gem'men, in here, juſt going to begin."
And if our author don't produce
Some character that plays the deuce;
If there's no frolic ſenſe, nor whim,
Retort, and play the devil with him!

PROLOGUE

TO THE

DUPE.

THE paths of truth with fancy's flow'rs to ſtrow,
To teach improvement from delight to flow,
The bards of old firſt bade the comic ſtrain
With mirth inſtruct, with moral entertain.
No vice or folly that diſgrac'd the age,
Eſcap'd the daring poet's honeſt rage;
But ſatire, uncontroll'd, purſu'd her plan,
Nor ſopp'd at general lines, but mark'd the Man;
Ev'n features, voice, dreſs, gait, the ſcene diſplay'd,
And living characters to ſcorn betray'd.
Such rude attacks be baniſh'd in our times,
Be perſons ſacred, but expos'd their crimes:
For wiſe, and good, and poliſh'd as we are,
We ſtill may find ſome vices—here and there,

And

And if a modern, in this prudent age,
Dares to obtrude a moral on the ſtage,
Critics, be mild; tho' unadorn'd our play,
Nor wiſely grave, nor elegantly gay,
How rude ſoe'er it ſhocks not virtue's eye,
Nor injures the chaſte ear of modeſty;
Nor with ſoft blandiſhment bids vice allure,
Nor draws the good in odious portraiture.
Our ſon of folly is of vice's brood,
And willingly bids evil be his good.
Is there a wretch that views, without remorſe,
The better path, and yet purſues the worſe,
Proud of imputed guilt, yet vainly blind,
Calls folly ſenſe; vice, knowledge of mankind;
Dup'd by the knave he ſcorns and ridicules,
Rul'd by the wanton whom he thinks he rules;
This, this is folly; a determin'd fool
Provokes and juſtifies our ridicule.

PROLOGUE

TO

OROONOKO.

Alter'd by Dr. HAWKSWORTH.

THIS night your tributary tears we claim,
For ſcenes that Southern drew; a fav'rite name!
He touch'd your fathers' hearts with gen'rous woe,
And taught your mothers' youthful eyes to flow;
For this he claims hereditary praiſe,
From wits and beauties of our modern days;
Yet, ſlave to cuſtom in a laughing age,
With ribald mirth he ſtain'd the ſacred page:
While virtue's ſhrine he rear'd, taught vice to mock
And join'd, in ſport, the buſkin and the ſock:
O! haſte to part them!—burſt the opprobrious band:
Thus Art and Nature, with one voice demand:
O! haſte to part them! bluſhing virtue cries;—
Thus urg'd, our bard this night to part them tries.—
To mix with Southern's, though his verſe aſpire,
He bows with rev'rence to the hoary ſire:

Such quiet as your foes ſhall ne'er deſtroy;
Then ſhake off fears, and clap your hands for joy.

PROLOGUE
TO THE
CONSCIOUS LOVERS.

WRITTEN BY MR. WELSTEAD.

Spoken by Mr. WILKS.

TO win your hearts, and to ſecure your praiſe,
The comic-writers ſtrive by various ways:
By ſubtle ſtratagems they act their game,
And leave untry'd no avenue to fame.
One writes the ſpouſe a beating from his wife,
And ſays, each ſtroke was copy'd from the life.
Some fix all wit and humour in grimace,
And make a livelihood of Pinkey's face:
Here, one gay ſhew and coſtly habits tries,
Confiding to the judgment of your eyes:
Another ſmuts his ſcene (a cunning ſhaver)
Sure of the rakes and of the wenches favour.
Oft' have theſe arts prevail'd; and one may gueſs,
If practis'd o'er again, would find ſucceſs.
But the bold ſage, the poet of to-night,
By new and deſp'rate rules reſolv'd to write;
Fain would he give more juſt applauſes riſe,
And pleaſe by wit that ſcorns the aids of vice:
The praiſe he ſeeks, from worthier motives ſprings,
Such praiſe, as praiſe to thoſe that give, it brings.
Your aid, moſt humbly ſought, then Britons lend,
And lib'ral mirth, like lib'ral men, defend:
No more let ribaldry, with licence writ,
Uſurp the name of eloquence or wit;
No more let lawleſs farce uncenſur'd go,
The lewd dull gleanings of a Smithfield ſhow.
'Tis yours, with breeding to refine the age,
To chaſten wit, and moralize the ſtage.
Ye modeſt, wiſe and good, ye fair, ye brave,
To-night the champion of your virtues ſave,
Redeem from long contempt the comic name,
And judge politely for your country's fame.

PRO-

PROLOGUE

TO THE

WIDOW'D WIFE.

Spoken by Mr. HOLLAND.

TO gain the public ear, the man of rhimes
Should always ſpeak the language of the times;
And little elſe hath been of late in hearing
Than terms and phraſes of electioneering.
Our author therefore ſends me to aſſure ye,
Worthy and free electors of old Drury,
How happy he ſhould prove, if it content you,
That he be one of thoſe who repreſent you;
The ſtate Poetic, laws and legiſlature,
Like the Political, in form and nature;
Phœbus, the nine, and bards of reputation,
King, peerage, commons of the ſcribbling nation.
Now from Parniſſus' throne the prince of wit,
It ſeems, hath iſſued out his royal writ
For a new member.—No offence to give
To a late worthy repreſentative;
Who, ris'n to favour, hath from us retreated,
And 'mongſt the lords of t'other houſe is ſeated,—
His ſervice loſt, preſuming you may need him,
The preſent candidate would fain ſucceed him.
Not that he vainly boaſts, on this occaſion,
He met encouragement from your perſuaſion;
Or that both friends, who love, and foes who hate him,
Have been unanimous to nominate him.
'Tis for this loyal borough his affection,
And patriot zeal, that makes him riſk th' election;
To his conſtituents ſubject to controul;
With whoſe good leave, he means to ſtand the poll;
Truſting ſecure to their impartial choice:
The town uncanvaſs'd for a ſingle voice;
Nay, brib'd no brother burgeſs bard of note,
Nor by corruption gain'd one critick's vote.
Too proud to beg, too modeſt to demand,
By merit only would he fall or ſtand:
Nor enmity nor friendſhip interfering,
He only aſks a fair and candid hearing.

If, after that, you ſhould with ſcorn reject him,
Or make one honeſt ſcruple to elect him,
He'll lay his unadviſed ſcheme aſide,
And frankly own himſelf not qualified.

PROLOGUE
TO THE
JEALOUS WIFE.

WRITTEN BY MR. LLOYD.

Spoken by Mr. GARRICK.

THE Jealous Wife! a comedy! poor man!
A charming ſubject, but a wretched plan;
His ſkittiſh wit, o'erleaping the due bound,
Commits flat treſpaſs upon tragic ground.
Quarrels, upbraidings, jealouſies, and ſpleen,
Grow too familiar in the comic ſcene.
Tinge but the language with heroic chime,
'Tis paſſion, pathos, character, ſublime!
What round big words had ſwell'd the pompous ſcene,
A king the huſband, and the wife a queen;
Then might diſtraction rend her graceful hair,
See ſightleſs forms, and ſcream, and gape, and ſtare.
Drawcanſir death had rag'd without controul,
Here the drawn dagger, there the poiſon'd bowl.
What eyes had ſtream'd at all the whining woe!
What hands had thunder'd at each *ba!* and *bo!*
But peace! the gentle prologue cuſtom ſends,
Like drum and ſerjeant, to beat up for friends.
At vice and folly, each a lawful game,
Our author flies, but with no partial aim.
He read the manners, open as they lie
In nature's volume to the general eye.
Books too he read, nor bluſh'd to uſe their ſtore,
He does but what his betters did before.
Shakeſpeare has done it, and the Grecian ſtage
Caught truth of character from Homer's page.
If in his ſcenes an honeſt ſkill is ſhown,
And borrowing little, much appears his own;
If what a maſter's happy pencil drew,
He brings more forward in dramatic view;

To

To your deciſion he ſubmits his cauſe,
Secure of candour, anxious for applauſe.
But if, all rude, his artleſs ſcenes deface
The ſimple beauties which he meant to grace;
If, an invader upon others land,
He ſpoil and plunder with a robber's hand;
Do juſtice on him!—as on fools before—
And give to *blockheads* paſt one *blockhead* more.

PROLOGUE
TO THE
MAID OF THE OAKS.
Spoken by Mr. KING.

UNLIKE to ancient fame, all eyes, tongues, ears,
See modern fame, dreſs'd *cap-a-pee*, appears,
In Ledgers, Chronicles, Gazettes, and Gazetteers:
My ſoaring wings are fine election ſpeeches,
And puffs of candidates ſupply my breeches:
My cap is ſatire, criticiſm, wit;
Is there a head that wants it in the pit? [*Offering it.*
No flowing robe and trumpet me adorn;
I wear a jacket, and I wind a horn,
Pipe, ſong, and paſtoral, for five months paſt,
Puff'd well by me, have been the gen'ral taſte.
Now Marybone ſhines forth to gaping crowds!
Now Highgate glitters from her hill of clouds!
St. George's Fields, with taſte and faſhion ſtruck,
Diſplay * arcadia at the Dog and Duck!
And Drury Miſſes—"here in carmine pride,
"Are there paſtoras by the fountain ſide!"
To frouzy bow'rs they reel thro' midnight damps,
With Fauns half drunk, and Driads breaking lamps;
Both far and near did this new whimſy run,
One night it friſk'd, forſooth, at Iſlington;
And now, as for the public bound to cater,
Our Manager muſt have his *Fête Champétre*,——
How is the weather? pretty clear and bright?
[*Looking about.*
A ſtorm's the devil on Champétre night!

* Arcadia's Counteſs, here in ermine pride,
Is there Paſtora by a fountain ſide. POPE.

Leſt it ſhould fall to ſpoil the author's ſcenes,
I'll catch this gleam to tell you what he means:
He means a ſhow, as brilliant as at Cox's——
Laugh for the pit—and may be at the boxes——
Touches of paſſion, tender, though not tragic,
Strokes at the times—a kind of lantern magic;
Song, chorus, frolic, dance, and rural play,
The merry-making of a wedding-day;
Whoſe is this piece?—'tis all ſurmiſe—ſuggeſtion——
Is't his?—or her's?—or your's, Sir?—that's the queſtion.
The parent, baſhful, whimſical, or poor,
Left it a puling infant at the door:
'Twas laid on flow'rs, and wrapt in fancied cloaks,
And on the breaſt was written—MAID O'TH' OAKS.
The actors crouded round; the girls careſs'd it,
"Lord! the ſweet pretty babe!"—they prais'd and bleſs'd it,
The maſter peep'd—ſmil'd—took it in and dreſs'd it.
Whate'er its birth, protect it from the curſe,
Of being ſmother'd by a pariſh nurſe!
As you're kind, rear it—if you're curious, praiſe it,
And ten to one but vanity betrays it.

PROLOGUE
TO THE COMEDY OF THE
BROTHERS.
Spoken by Mr. SMITH.

VARIOUS the ſhifts of authors now-a-days,
For operas, farces, pantomimes, and plays;
Some ſcour each alley of the town for wit,
Begging, from door to door, each offal bit;
Plunge in each cellar, tumble every ſtall,
And ſcud, like taylors, to each houſe of call;
Gut every novel, ſtrip each monthly muſe,
And pillage poet's corner of its news:
That done, they melt the ſtale farrago down,
And ſet their diſh of ſcraps before the town;
Boldly invite you to their pilfer'd ſtore,
Cram you, then wonder you can eat no more.
Some, in our Engliſh claſſicks deeply read,
Ranſack the tombs of the illuſtrious dead;

Hackney

Hackney the muſe of Shakeſpeare o'er and o'er,
From ſhoulder to the flank, all drench'd in gore.
Others to foreign climes and kingdoms roam,
To ſearch for what is better found at home:
The recreant bard, oh! ſcandal to the age!
Gleans the vile refuſe of a gallic ſtage.
Not ſo, our bard—To night he bids me ſay,
You ſhall receive and judge an Engliſh play.
From no man's jeſt he draws felonious praiſe,
Nor from his neighbour's garden crops his bays:
From his own breaſt the filial ſtory flows;
And the free ſcene no foreign maſter knows:
Nor only tenders he his work as new;
He hopes 'tis good, or wou'd not give it you:
True homely ware, and made of homely ſtuff,
Right Britiſh drugget, honeſt, warm and rough,
No ſtation'd friend he ſeeks, or hir'd applauſe;
But conſtitutes your jurors in his cauſe.
For fame he writes—ſhou'd folly be his doom,
Weigh well your verdict, and then give it home,
Should you applaud, let that applauſe be true;
For, undeſerv'd, it ſhames both him and you.

EPILOGUE
TO
SIR HARRY WILDAIR,
Being the Sequel of the TRIP *to the* JUBILEE.

BY A FRIEND.

VENTRE bleu! vere is dis dam poet? vere
Garzoon! me vil cut off all his two ear:
Je ſuis enrage——now he is not here.
He has affront de French! le vilaine Bête!
De French! your beſt friend!——you ſuffre dat?
Parbleu! Meſſieurs a ſerait fort ingrate!
Vat have you Engliſh, dat you can call your own!
Vat have you of grand pleaſure in dis town.
Vidout it come from France, dat vil go down?
Picquet, baſſet; your vin, your dreſs, your dance;
'Tis all you ſee, tout alamode de France.
De beau dere buy a hondre knick-knack;
He early out wit, but ſeldom bring it back:

But

But den he brings a ſnuff-box hinge, ſo ſmall
De joint you cannot ſee de vark at all,
Coſt him five piſtoles, dat is ſheap enough,
In tre year it ſal ſave half an ounce of ſnoffe.
De coquet, ſhe ave her ratifia dere,
Her gown, her complexion, deux yeux, her lovere,
As for de cuckold——dat indeed you can make here.
De French it is dat teach de lady wear
De ſhort muff, wit her vite elbow bare;
De Beaux de large muff, wit his ſleeve down dere.*
Ve teach your vifes to ope dere huſband's purſes,
To put de furbelo round dere coach, and dere horſes.
Garzoon! ve teach you every ting de varle;
For vy den your damn poet dare to ſnarle?
Begar, me vil be revenge upon his play,
Tre touſan refugee (parbleu c'eſt vray)
Sal all come here, and damn him upon his tird day.

PROLOGUE
TO
ALZIRA.

Spoken by MR. GIFFARD.

WHEN ſome raw Paddler, from the waded ſhore,
Firſt, dares the deep'ning ſtream, and ventures o'er.
Light on his floating cork, the wave he ſkims;
And, wanton in his ſafety, thinks he ſwims.
So, ſhall Alzira's fame our faults protect:
And, from your cenſure, ſcreen our fear'd defect.
For——ſhou'd we act, unſkill'd, the player's parts;
We act ſuch ſcenes—as force us, to your hearts.
What floods of tears a neighb'ring land ſaw flow,
When a whole people wept Alzira's woe!
The loveliest eyes of France, in one pleas'd night,
Twice charm'd,—renew'd the ſad, the melting ſtrain:
Yet,—hung—inſatiate—on the willing pain!
Thrice thirty days, all Paris ſigh'd, for—ſenſe!
Tumblers—ſtood ſtill—and thought!—in wit's defence!

* Pointing to his Fingers.

Ev'n

Ev'n pow'r deſpotic felt, how wrongs can move:
And nobly wept—for liberty, and love!
Can it be fear'd, then,——that our gen'rous land,
Where juſtice blooms, and reaſon holds command;
The ſoil of ſcience! where bold truth is taught,
This ſeat of freedom! and this throne of thought!
Can your applauſe, on foreign ſong and dance,
Yet, leave the praiſe of ſolid ſenſe, to France!
No——that's impoſſible,——'tis Britain's claim,
To hold no ſecond place, in taſte, or fame,
In arts and arms, alike victorious known,
Whate'er deſerves her choice, ſhe makes her own.
Nor, let the conſcious power of Engliſh wit
Leſs feel the force——becauſe the Frenchman writ.
Reaſon and ſentiment,—like air and light,
Wherever found, are nature's common right.
—Since the ſame ſun gives northern climes their day,
After the eaſt, has, firſt, receiv'd it's ray,
Why ſhould our pride, repel the muſes' ſmile,
Becauſe it dawn'd not, firſt, upon our iſle.
Fraternal art adopts each alien fame:
The wiſe, and brave, are, every where the ſame.
From hoſtile ſentiments, let diſcord flow;
But, they who think like friends, ſhould have no foe.

PROLOGUE
TO THE
SUSPICIOUS HUSBAND.
WRITTEN BY MR. GARRICK.

WHILE other culprits brave it to the laſt,
Nor beg for mercy till the judgment's paſt:
Poets alone, as conſcious of their crimes,
Open their trials with imploring rhymes.
Thus cram'd with flatt'ry and low ſubmiſſion,
Each trite dull prologue is the bard's petition.
A ſtale device to calm the critic's fury,
And bribe at once the judges and the jury.
But what avails ſuch poor repeated arts?
The whimp'ring ſcribbler ne'er can touch your hearts;
Nor

Nor ought an ill-tim'd pity to take place,——
Faſt as they riſe, deſtroy the increaſing race:
The vermin elſe, will run the nation o'er——
By ſaving one, you breed a million more.
Though diſappointed authors rail and rage
At fancied parties, and a ſenſeleſs age.
Yet ſtill has juſtice triumph'd on the ſtage.
Thus ſpeaks, and thinks the author of to-day,
And ſaying this, has little more to ſay.
He aſks no friend his partial zeal to ſhew,
Nor fears the groundleſs cenſures of a few;
He knows no friendſhip can protect the fool,
Nor will an audience be a party's tool.
'Tis inconſiſtent with a free-born ſpirit,
To ſide with folly, or to injure merit.
By your deciſion he may fall or ſtand,
Nor, though he feel's the laſh, will blame the hand.

EPILOGUE

To be ſpoken in the Character of TONY LUMPKIN.

WRITTEN BY J. CRADDOCK, ESQ. *

WELL now all's ended, and my comrades gone,
Pray what becomes of *mother's nonly ſon?*
A hopeful blade!—in town I'll fix my ſtation,
And try to make a bluſter in the nation.
As for my couſin Neville, I renounce her,
Off—in a crack—I'll carry big Bet Bouncer.
Why ſhould I not in the great world appear?
I ſoon ſhall have a thouſand pounds a year;
No matter what a man may here inherit,
In London—'gad they've ſome regard to ſpirit.
I ſee the horſes prancing up the ſtreets,
And big Bet Bouncer bobs to all ſhe meets;
Then hoikes to jiggs and paſtimes ev'ry night——
Not to the plays——they ſay it a'n't polite,
To Sadler's-Wells perhaps, or operas go,
And once by chance, to the roratorio.
Thus here and there, for ever up and down,
We'll ſet the faſhions too, to half the town;

* This came too late to be ſpoken.

And

And then at auctions——money ne'er regard,
Buy pictures like the great, ten pounds a yard;
Zounds, we ſhall make theſe London gentry ſay,
We know what's damn'd genteel, as well as they

PROLOGUE
TO
ALZUMA.

Spoken by Mr. BENSLEY.

WHEN firſt Columbus left the Spaniſh ſhore,
In weſtern climes new regions to explore;
Soon a new world, beyond th' Atlantic main,
Diſcloſe the wonders of its vaſt domain;
A race of men unletter'd and untaught,
Strangers to ſcience, yet with virtue fraught.—
No ſchool they had of philoſophic pride,
And ſimple reaſon, was their only guide.
That reaſon in the paths of nature trod,
And worſhipping the Sun, they meant a God;
Free from the ills in poliſh'd life that ſpring,
And gold with them was a neglected thing.
But Europe's ſons felt gold's reſiſtleſs ſway;
To the new hemiſphere they bend their way;
Thro' ev'ry region carry ſword and fire,
And bigot, rage, and avarice conſpire.
Zeal bore the croſs and poniard in its hand,
And maſſacre unpeopled half the land.
Yet to unhappy men, to heroes ſlain,
The Britiſh muſe denies her tragic ſtrain.
Dryden alone let fall the gen'rous tear,
And bade on Albion's ſtage the *Feather'd Chiefs* appear.
His voice ſuppreſs'd, no bard their fate has ſung,
Silent our ſcene, and mute each tuneful tongue;
While Greece and Rome ſwell'd our theatric ſtate,
And only claſſic heroes could be great.
This night our author, an advent'rer grown,
Dares trace the virtues of the Torid Zone.
If in his ſcenes well painted paſſion glow;
If there you view the draught of human woe;

Britons

Britons will mark, from fierce religious zeal,
What dread calamities weak mortals feel;
Will hear the Indian—though in error blind,
Againſt the pow'r that would opinion bind,
Aſſert the freedom of the human mind.
Ye critics, to whom poets muſt be civil,
As Indians worſhip, out of fear, the devil,
Of mod'rate principles you'll own the merit,
Nor hither bring a perſecuting ſpirit.
Let modes of wit ſome *toleration* ſhare;
Rome *kills* for error;—be it yours to ſpare.

PROLOGUE
TO
ALONZO.

Spoken by Mr. PALMER.

WHILST ardent zeal for India's reformation,
Hath fir'd the ſpirit of a gen'rous nation;
Whilſt patriots of preſented lacks complain,
And courtiers bribery to exceſs arraign;
The maxims of Bengal ſtill rule the ſtage,
The poets are your ſlaves from age to age.
Like Eaſtern Princes in this houſe you ſit,
The Soubahs, and Nabobs of ſuppliant wit;
Each bard his preſent brings, when he draws near,
With prologue firſt, he ſooths your gracious ear;
We hope your clemency will ſhine to-day,
For tho' deſpotic, gentle in your ſway.
Theſe conſcious walls, if they could ſpeak, would tell,
How ſeldom by your doom, a poet fell:
Your mercy oft ſuſpends the critics laws,
Your hearts are partial to an author's cauſe.
Pleas'd with ſuch lords, content with our conditions,
Againſt your charter we will ne'er petition.
If certain folks ſhould ſend us a committee,
(Like that which lately viſited the City)
Who without ſpecial leave of our directors,
At the ſtage door ſhould enter as inſpectors;
Altho' their hearts were arm'd with triple braſs,
Thro' our reſiſting ſcenes they could not paſs,

Lions

Lions and dragons too keep watch and ward,
Witches and ghoſts the awful entrance guard;
Heroes who mock the pointed ſword are here,
And deſperate heroines who know no fear;
If as Rinaldo ſtout each man ſhould prove,
To brave the terrors of th' inchanted grove,
Here on this ſpot, the center of our ſtate,
Here on this very ſpot they'd meet their fate.
The prompter gives the ſign, and down they go;
Alive deſcending to the ſhades below.
To you whoſe empire ſtill may heav'n maintain,
Who here by ancient right and cuſtom reign,
Our lions crouch, our dragons proſtrate fall,
Witches and ghoſts obey your potent call.
Our heroines ſmile on you with all their might,
Our boldeſt heroes tremble in your ſight,
Even now with anxious hearts they watch your eyes,
Should you but frown, even brave ALONZO dies.

PROLOGUE

On the opening of the new Theatre-Royal in Liverpool, *on Friday the 5th of June*, 1772.

WRITTEN BY MR. COLMAN.

Spoken by Mr. YOUNGER.

WHEREVER commerce ſpreads the ſwelling ſail,
Letters and arts attend the proſperous gale;
When Cæſar firſt theſe regions did explore,
And northward his triumphant eagles bore,
Rude were Britannia's ſons——a hardy race——
Their faith idolatry, their life the chaſe.
But ſoon as traffic fix'd her ſocial reign,
Join'd pole to pole, and nations to the main,
Each art and ſcience follow'd in her train.
Auguſta then her pomp at large diſplay'd,
The ſeat of majeſty, the mart of trade;
The Britiſh muſe unveil'd her awful mien,
And Shakeſpear, Johnſon, Fletcher, grac'd the ſcene.
Long too has Merſey roll'd her golden tide,
And ſeen proud veſſels in her harbours ride:

Oft

Oft on her banks the muſe's ſons would roam,
And wiſh'd to ſettle there a certain home;
Condemn'd, alas! to hawk unlicenc'd bays,
Counterband mumeries, and ſmuggled plays!
Your foſt'ring care at length reliev'd their woes,
Under your auſpices, this ſtaple roſe.
Hence made free merchants of the letter'd world,
Boldly advancing forth with ſails unfurl'd,
To Greece and Rome——Spain, Italy, and France,
We trade for play and opera, ſong and dance.
Peace to his ſhade, who firſt purſu'd the plan!
You lov'd the actor, and you lov'd the man;
True to himſelf, to all mankind a friend,
By honeſt means he gain'd each honeſt end.
You, like kind patrons, who his wiſhes knew,
Prompt to applaud, and to reward them too,
Crown'd his laſt moments with his wiſh obtain'd,
A ROYAL CHARTER, by your bounty gain'd.

EPILOGUE
TO
ZOBEDIE.

WELL fare the man, peace to his gentle ſhade,
The bard who firſt made Epilogues a trade!
Elſe what a life an actreſs muſt purſue,
To weep and rave is all ſhe'd have to do;
Upon the ſtage, with waving paſſions, ſore,
"To ſtrut her hour, and then be heard no more."
Now after poiſon, daggers, rage, and death,
We've come again to take a little breath;
Banter the pit, ſet belles and beaus at odds,
And be a mere freethinker to the gods;
That in familiar ſtrains the boxes maul,
An Epilogue like gaming levels all.
Not e'en poor Bayes within muſt hope to be
Free from the laſh——his play he writes for me,
"'Tis true——and now my gratitude you'll ſee."
Why ramble with Voltaire to Eaſtern climes,
To Scythian lands and antiquated times?
Change but the names, his tragedy at beſt
Slides into comedy, and turns to jeſt.

As thus——a ſtateſman old and out of place,
Sour, diſcontented, malice in his face,
(In theſe bleſt days we but ſuppoſe the caſe)
Flies from St. James's to his own eſtate,
To chew the wiſdom of each paſt debate;
How in the houſe he made a glorious ſtir,
With.—" Sir, I move," and " Mr. Speaker, Sir!"
Zobeide's his daughter Sophy: oh! farewell!
For her each haunt that charms a modern belle.
Adieu Almack's! Cornely's! maſquerade!
Sweet Ranelagh! Vauxhall's enticing ſhade!
'Squire Groom makes love! rich? yes a vaſt domain
Well bred! the ſavage Scythian of the plain.
The match is fix'd, deeds ſign'd, the knot is ty'd,
Down comes my lord in all his glittering pride;
And will my angel chuſe this ruſtic plan,
O! cuckold him by all means, I'm the man.
Now mark our author's ignorance of life:
What not elope! is that a modiſh wife?
Poor fool? ſhe doubts, ſays no, the huſband dies;
Now ſtab yourſelf, ſays Bayes, but nature cries,
How! ſacrifice myſelf for vain renown;
John put the horſes too, and drive to town,
Yet, after all, excuſe him, ladies pray,
For ſure there is ſome nature in his play,
The firſt attempt, let no keen cenſure blight,
Hereafter he may ſoar a nobles flight.
Drop one kind tear, give this that ſlender token,
And hither come till the Pantheon's open.

EPILOGUE
TO
CATO,
BY DR. GARTH.

Spoken by Mrs. PORTER,

WHAT odd fantaſtic things we women do!
Who wou'd not liſten when young lovers woo?
But die a maid, yet have the choice of two?
Ladies are often cruel to their coſt;
To give you pain, themſelves they puniſh moſt.

Vows

Vows of virginity ſhould well be weigh'd;
'Too oft they're cancell'd, tho' in convents made.
Wou'd you revenge ſuch raſh reſolves—you may
Be ſpiteful—and believe the thing we ſay,
We hate you when you're eaſily ſaid nay.
How needleſs, if you knew us, were your fears;
Let love have eyes, and beauty will have ears.
Our hearts are form'd as you yourſelves would chuſe,
Too proud to aſk, too humble to refuſe:
We give to merit, and to wealth we ſell;
He ſighs with moſt ſucceſs that ſettles well.
The woes of wedlock with the joys we mix,
'Tis beſt repenting in a coach and ſix.
Blame not our conduct, ſince we but purſue
Thoſe lively leſſons we have learn'd from you:
Your breaſts no more the fire of beauty warms,
But wicked wealth uſurps the pow'r of charms;
What pains to get the gaudy thing you hate,
To ſwell in ſhow, and be a wretch in ſtate?
At plays you ogle, at the ring you bow;
Ev'n churches are no ſanctuaries now:
There golden Idols all your vows receive,
She is no goddeſs that has nought to give.
Oh! may once more the happy age appear,
When words were artleſs, and the thoughts ſincere;
When gold and grandeur were unenvy'd things,
And courts leſs coveted than groves and ſprings,
Love then ſhall only mourn when truth complains,
And conſtancy feel tranſport in its chains.
Sighs with ſucceſs their own ſoft anguiſh tell,
And eyes ſhall utter what the lips conceal;
Virtue again to its bright ſtation climb,
And beauty fear no enemy but time,
The fair ſhall liſten to deſert alone,
And every Lucia find a Cato's ſon.

EPILOGUE TO THE SISTER.

WRITTEN BY DR. GOLDSMITH.

Spoken by Mrs. BULKLEY.

WHAT five long acts—and all to make us wiſer!
Our Authoreſs ſure has wanted an adviſer.

Had

Had ſhe conſulted me, ſhe ſhould have made
Her moral play a ſpeaking maſquerade.
Warm'd up each buſtling ſcene, and in her rage
Have emptied all the green-room on the ſtage.
My life on't, this had kept her play from ſinking,
Have pleas'd our eyes, and ſav'd the pain of thinking.
Well, ſince ſhe thus has ſhewn her want of ſkill,
What if I give a maſquerade?—I will.—
But how! ay, there's the rub! (*pauſing*) I've got my cue,
The world's a maſquerade; the maſquers, you, you, you.
[*To Boxes, Pit, Gall.*
Lud! what a groupe the motley ſcene diſcloſes!
Falſe wits, falſe wives, falſe virgins, and falſe ſpouſes:
Stateſmen with bridles on; and, cloſe beſide 'em,
Patriots, in party colour'd ſuits, that ride 'em,
There Hebes, turn'd of fifty, try once more,
To raiſe a flame in Cupids of threeſcore.
Theſe, in their turn, with appetites as keen,
Deſerting fifty, faſten on fifteen.
Miſs, not yet full fifteen, with fire uncommon,
Flings down her ſampler, and takes up the woman:
The little urchin ſmiles, and ſpreads her lure,
And tries to kill ere ſhe's got power to cure.
Thus 'tis with all—their chief and conſtant care
Is to ſeem every thing—but what they are.
Yon, broad, bold, angry, ſpark, I fix my eye on,
Who ſeems t' have robb'd his vizor from the lion,
Who frowns, and talks, and ſwears with round parade;
Looking, as who ſhould ſay, *Damme! who's afraid.*
[*Mimicking.*
Strip but his vizor off, and ſure I am,
You'll find his lionſhip a very lamb.
Yon politician, famous in debate,
Perhaps to vulgar eyes beſtrides the ſtate;
Yet when he deigns his real ſhape t' aſſume,
He turns old woman, and beſtrides a broom.
Yon patriot too, who preſſes on your ſight,
And ſeems to every gazer all in white;
If with a bribe his candour you attack,
He bows, turns round, and whip—the man's a black.
Yon critic too—but whither do I run?
If I proceed, our bard will be undone!
Well then, a truce, ſince ſhe requeſts it too;
Do you ſpare her, and I'll for once ſpare you.

PRO-

PROLOGUE

TO THE

GAMESTERS.

WRITTEN AND SPOKEN BY MR. GARRICK.

WHENE'ER the wits of France take pen in hand,
To give a ſketch of you, and this our land;
One ſettled maxim through the whole you ſee—
To wit——their great ſuperiority!
Urge what you will, they ſtill have this to ſay,
That you who ape them are leſs wiſe than they.
'Tis thus theſe well bred Letter-writers uſe us,
They trip o'er here, with half an eye peruſe us;
Embrace us, eat our meat, and then——abuſe us.
When this ſame play was writ, that's now before ye,
The Engliſh ſtage had reach'd its point of glory!
No paultry thefts diſgrac'd this author's pen,
He painted Engliſh manners, Engliſh men;
And form'd his taſte on Shakeſpear and old Ben.
Then were French farces, faſhions, quite unknown,
Our wits wrote well, and all they writ their own:
Theſe were the times when no infatuation,
No vicious modes, no zeal for imitation,
Had chang'd, deform'd, and ſunk the Britiſh nation.
Should you be ever from yourſelves eſtrang'd,
The Cock will crow, to ſee the Lion chang'd!
To boaſt our liberty is weak and vain,
While tyrant vices in our boſoms reign;
Nor liberty alone a nation ſaves,
Corrupted freemen are the worſt of ſlaves.
Let Pruſſia's ſons each Engliſh breaſt inflame;
O, be our ſpirit, as our cauſe, the ſame!
And as our hearts with one religion glow,
Let us with all their ardors drive the foe,
As heav'n had rais'd our arm, as heav'n had giv'n the blow?
Would you re-kindle all your ancient fires,
Extinguiſh firſt your modern, vain deſires;
Still it is yours, your glories to retrieve,
Lop but the branches, and the tree ſhall live:

With

With theſe erect a pile for ſacrifice!
And in the midſt——throw all your cards and dice!
Then firſt the heap, and as it ſinks to earth,
The Britiſh genius ſhall have ſecond birth!
Shall, Phœnix-like, riſe perfect from the flame,
Spring from the duſt, and mount again to fame!

PROLOGUE
TO
BRITANNIA, A MASQUE.

SPOKEN BY MR. GARRICK.

In the Character of a SAILOR, *fuddled and talking to himſelf. He enters, ſinging.*

How pleaſant a Sailor's life paſſes——

WELL, if thou art, my boy, a little mellow;
A Sailor, half ſeas o'er—'s a pretty fellow!
What cheer, ho? Do I carry too much ſail?
[*To the Pit.*
No—tight and trim—I ſcud before the gale—
[*He ſtaggers forward, then ſtops.*
But ſoftly tho'—the veſſel ſeems to heel:
Steddy! my boy—ſhe muſt not ſhew her keel.
And now thus ballaſted—what courſe to ſteer?
Shall I again to ſea, and bang Mounſeer?
Or ſtay on ſhore, and toy with Sall and Sue——
Doſt love 'em, boy?—By this right hand I do!
A well rigg'd girl is ſurely moſt inviting:
There's nothing better, faith—ſave flip and fighting:
I muſt away——I muſt——
What! ſhall we ſons of beef and freedom ſtoop,
Or low'r our flag to ſlavery and ſoup!
What! ſhall theſe *parly-vous* make ſuch a racket,
And I not lend a hand to lace their jacket?
Still ſhall Old England be your Frenchman's butt?
Whene'er he ſhuffles, we ſhould always cut.
I'll to 'em, faith—avaſt—before I go—
Have not I promis'd Sall to ſee the ſhow?
[*Pulls out a Play bill.*
From this ſame paper we ſhall underſtand
What work's to-night—I read your printed hand!

First let's refreſh a bit—for faith I need it—
I'll take one ſugar plumb—and then I'll read it.
[*Takes ſome Tobacco.*
[*He reads the Play bill of* Zara, *which was acted that evening.*
"At the Theatre Royal—Drury-Lane——
"Will be preſen-ta-ted a Tragedy call'd——
"S A R A H."
I'm glad 'tis Sarah—Then our Sall may ſee
Her nameſake's tragedy; and as for me,
I'll ſleep as ſound as if I were at ſea.
"To which will be added,
"A new M A S Q U E."
Zounds! why a Maſque? We Sailors hate grimaces;
Above board all, we ſcorn to hide our faces.
But what is here ſo very large and plain?
"BRI-TA-NIA"—oh Britania!—good again—
Huzza, boys!—by the Royal George I ſwear,
Tom Coxen, and the crew, ſhall ſtrait be there.
All free born ſouls muſt take Bri-ta-nia's part,
And give her three round cheers, with hand and heart!
[*Going off, he ſtops.*
I wiſh you landmen though, would leave your tricks,
Your factions, parties, and damn'd politics;
And, like us honeſt tars, drink, fight, and ſing!
True to yourſelves, your country, and your king!

EPILOGUE
TO
FALSE DELICACY.

WRITTEN BY MR. GARRICK.

Spoken by Mrs. DANCER.

WHEN with the comic muſe a bard hath dealing,
The traffic thrives when there's a mutual feeling;
Our author boaſts that well he choſe his plan,
Falſe modeſty!—himſelf an Iriſhman.
As I'm a woman, ſomewhat prone to ſatire,
I'll prove it all Bull, what he calls nature;
And you I'm ſure, will join before you go,
To maul falſe Modeſty,—from Dublin ho!

Where

Where are theſe Lady Lambtons to be found?
Not in theſe riper times, on Engliſh ground.
Among the various flow'rs which ſweetly blow,
To charm the eyes at Almack's and Soho,
Pray does that weed, Falſe Delicacy, grow?
O, No.———————
Among the fair of faſhion, common breeding,
Is there one boſom where Love lies a bleeding?
In olden times your grannams unreſin'd,
Ty'd up the tongue, put padlocks on the mind;
O, ladies, thank your ſtars there's nothing now confin'd.
In love you Engliſhmen,—there's no concealing,
Are moſt like Winworth, ſimple in your dealing;
But Britons in their natures are their names,
Are diff'rent as the Shannon, Tweed, and Thames.
As the Tweed flows, the bonny Scot proceeds,
Wunds ſlaw and ſure, and nae obſtruction heeds;
Though oft repuls'd, his purpoſe ſtill hauds faſt,
Stecks like a bur, and wuns the laſs at laſt.
The Shannon, rough and vig'rous, pours along,
Like the bold accents of brave Paddy's tongue:
Arrah, dear creature—can you ſcorn me ſo?
Caſt your ſweet eyes upon me, top and toe!
Not fancy me? Pooh—that's all game and laughter,
Firſt marry me, my jewel!—oh!—you'll love me after.
Like his own Thames, honeſt John Trot, their brother,
More quick than one, and much leſs bold than t'other,
Gentle, not dull, his loving arms will ſpread;
But ſtopt—in willows hides his baſh'ful head;
John leaves his home, reſolv'd to tell his pain;
Heſitates—I—love,—Fye, Sir,—'tis in vain,—
John bluſhes, turns him round and whiſtles home again.
Well! is my painting like?—Or do you doubt it?—
What ſay you to a trial?—let's about it.
Let Cupid lead three Britons to the field,
And try which firſt can make a damſel yield?
What ſay you to a Widow?—ſmile conſent,
And ſhe'll be ready for experiment.

EPILOGUE
TO
CLEONE.

WRITTEN BY MR. SHENSTONE.

WELL, Ladies!—ſo much for the tragic ſtyle:
And now the cuſtom is—to make you ſmile,
"To make us ſmile! I hear Flippanta ſay,
"Yes—we have ſmil'd indeed—through half the play:
"We always laugh; when bards, demure and ſly,
"Beſtow ſuch mighty pains—to make us cry.
"And truly, to bring ſorrow to a criſis,
"Mad-folks and murder'd babes are—ſhrewd devices.
"The captain gone three years—and then to blame
"The veſtal conduct of his virtuous dame!——
"What French what Engliſh bride would think it treaſon
"When thus accus'd—to give the brute ſome reaſon?
"Out of my houſe—this night, forſooth—depart!
"A modern wife had ſaid—with all my heart:
"But think not haughty Sir, I'll go alone!
"Order your coach,—conduct me ſafe to town——
"Give me my jewels—wardrobe—and my maid—
"And pray take care, my pin-money be paid:
"Elſe know, I wield a pen—and, for his glory,
"My dear's domeſtic feats—may ſhine in ſtory!
"Then for the child—the tale was truly ſad—
"But who for ſuch a bantling would run mad?
"What wife, at midnight hour inclin'd to roam,
"Would fondly drag her little chit from home?
"What has a mother with her child to do?—
"Dear brats—the Nurſery's the place for you!"
Such are the ſtrains of many a modeſt fair!
Yet memoirs—not of modern growth—declare
The time has been, when modeſty and truth
Were deem'd additions to the charms of youth;
Ere in the Dice-box Ladies found delight,
Or ſwoon'd for lack of Cards on ſunday night;
When women hid their necks, and veil'd their faces,
Nor romp'd, nor rak'd, nor ſtar'd, at public places;
Nor took the airs of Amazons—for graces!

When

When plain domeſtic virtues were the mode,
And wives ne'er dreamt of happineſs abroad,
But chear'd their offspring, ſhun'd fantaſtic airs,
And, with the joys of wedlock, mixt the cares.
Such modes are paſt—yet ſure they merit praiſe;
For marriage triumph'd in thoſe waſſel days:
No virgin ſigh'd in vain, no fears aroſe,
Leſt holy wars ſhould cauſe a dearth of beaux:
By chaſte decorum each affection gain'd;
By faith and fondneſs, what ſhe won, maintain'd.
'Tis your's, ye fair! to mend a thoughtleſs age,
That ſcorns the preſs, the pulpit, and the ſtage!
To yield frail huſbands no pretence to ſtray:
(Men will be rakes, if women lead the way)
To ſooth—but truce with theſe preceptive lays;
The muſe, who, dazzl'd with your ancient praiſe,
On preſent worth and modern beauty tramples,
Muſt own, ſhe ne'er could boaſt more bright examples*.

EPILOGUE
UPON
PROLOGUES.
WRITTEN BY MR. COLMAN.

WHAT horrors fill the tragic poet's brain,
Plague, murder, rape and inceſt, croud his train;
He pants for miſeries, delights in ills,
The blood of fathers, mothers, children ſpills;
Stabs, poiſons, maſſacres; and, in his rage,
With daggers, bowls, and carpets, ſtrews the ſtage.
Our gentler poet, in ſoft opera bred,
Italian crotchets ſinging in his head,
Winds to a proſp'rous and the fine-drawn tale,
And roars—but roars like any nightingale—
Woman, whate'er ſhe be—maid, widow, wife—
A quiet woman is the charm of life.
And ſure Cephiſa was a gentle creature,
Full of the milk and honey of good-nature.
Imported for a ſpouſe—by ſpouſe refus'd!
Was ever maid ſo ſhamefully abus'd?

* Addreſſing the Boxes.

And yet, alas! poor prince! I could not blame him—
One wife, I knew, was full enough to tame him.
Iſmena and Timanthes, and Olynthus,
Might all be happy—for I choſe Cherinthus,
But what a barb'rous law was this of Thrace!
How cruel there was each young lady's caſe!
A virgin, plac'd upon the dreadful roll,
A hapleſs virgin muſt have ſtood the poll;
But by Timanthes made a lucky bribe,
Iſmena prudently diſqualify'd.
Ladies, to you alone our author ſues,
'Tis yours to cheriſh, or condemn his muſe.
The theatre's a mirror, and each play
Should be a very looking-glaſs, they ſay;
His looking-glaſs reflects no moles or pimples,
But ſhews you full of graces, ſmiles, and dimples.
If you approve yourſelves, reſolve to ſpare—
And critics! then attack him, if ye dare.

PROLOGUE

TO THE

MAID OF BATH.

WRITTEN BY MR. GARRICK.

WHO but has read, if you have read at all,
Of one they Jack the Giant-killer call:
He was a bold, ſtout, able-bodied man,
To clear the world of fee, faw, fum, his plan.
Whene'er a monſter had within his power
A young and tender virgin to devour,
To cool his blood, Jack, like a ſkilful ſurgeon,
Bled well the monſter, and releas'd the virgin:
Like the beſt doctors, did a method learn
Of curing fevers, never to return.
Mayn't I this Giant killing trade renew?
I ſave my virgin, and my monſter, too.
Though I can't boaſt, like Jack, a liſt of ſlain,
I wield a lancet, and can breathe a vein;
To his herculean arm my nerves are weak,
He cleft his foes, I only make mine ſqueak;

As

As Indians wound their ſlaves to pleaſe the court,
I'll tickle mine, great ſirs, to make you ſport.
To prove myſelf an humble imitator,
Giants are vices, and Jack ſtands for ſatire:
By tropes and figures, as it fancy ſuits,
Paſſions riſe monſters, men ſink down to brutes;
All talk and write in allegoric diction,
Court, city, town, and country run to fiction!
Each daily paper allegory teaches—
Placemen are locuſts, and contractors leaches;
Nay e'en Change-Alley, where no bard repairs,
Deals much in fiction to paſs off their wares;
For whence the roaring there? from bulls and bears?
The gaming fools are doves, the knaves are rocks,
Change-Alley bankrupts waddle out lame ducks!
But, ladies, blame not your gaming ſpouſes,
For you, as well as they, have pigeon-houſes!
To change the figure—formerly I've been
To ſtraggling follies only whipper-in;
By royal bounty rais'd, I mount the back
Of my own hunter, and I keep the pack:
Tallyho! a rank old fox we now purſue,
So ſtrong the ſcent, you'll run him full in view:
If we can't kill ſuch brutes in human ſhape,
Let's fight 'em, that your chickens may eſcape;
Rouſe 'em, when o'er their tender prey they're grumbling,
And rub their gums at leaſt, to mar their mumbling.

EPILOGUE

TO THE

BROTHERS.

WRITTEN BY MR. CUMBERLAND.

Spoken by Mrs. YATES.

WHO but has ſeen the celebrated ſtrife,
Where Reynolds calls the canvaſs into life;
And, 'twixt the tragic and the comic muſe,
Courted of both, and dubious where to chuſe,
Th' immortal actor ſtands?—here we eſpy
An awful figure, pointing to the ſky;

A grave, ſublime, commanding form ſhe bears;
And in her zone an unſheath'd dagger wears.
On t'other ſide, with ſweet, attractive mien,
The playful muſe of comedy is ſeen:
She, with a thouſand ſoft, bewitching ſmiles,
Miſtreſs of love, his yielding heart beguiles;
(For where's the heart ſo harden'd, to withſtand
The fond compulſion of ſo fair a hand?)
Oh! would ſhe here beſtow thoſe winning arts!
This night we'd fix her empire in your hearts;
No tragic paſſions ſhou'd deface the age,
But all ſhou'd catch good humour from the ſtage!
The ſtorming huſband, and imperious wife,
Shou'd learn the doctrine of a quiet life:
The plodding drudge ſhou'd here at times reſort,
And leave his ſtupid club and ſtummy port;
The penſive politician, who foreſees
Clouds, ſtorms, and tempeſts, in the calms of peace;
The ſcribbling tribe, who vent their angry ſpleens
In ſongs, prints, pamphlets, papers, magazines;
Lucius, and Anti-Lucius, Pro's and Con's,
The liſt of Placets and of Placet-nons;
The mobbing vulgar, and the ruling great,
And all who ſtorm, and all who ſteer the ſtate;
Here ſhould forget the labours of the day,
And laugh their cares, and their complaints away:
The wretch of Jonathan's, who cruſh'd with ſhame,
Crawls lamely out from India's deſp'rate game,
Safely might ſpeculate within theſe walls;
For here, while you approve, ſtock never falls:
Pleas'd then indulge the efforts of to-night,
Nor grudge to give, if you've receiv'd, delight.

PROLOGUE
TO THE
LYAR.

WHAT various revolutions in our art,
Since Theſpis firſt ſung ballads in a cart!
By nature fram'd the witty war to wage,
And lay the deep foundations of the ſtage,

From

From his own ſoil that bard his pictures drew:
The gaping crowd the mimick features knew,
And the broad jeſt with fire electric flew.
Succeeding times, more poliſh'd and refin'd,
To rigid rules the comic muſe confin'd:
Robb'd of the nat'ral freedom of her ſong,
In artful meaſures now ſhe floats along;
No ſprightly ſallies rouſe the ſlumb'ring pit,
Thalia grown mere architect in wit,
To doors and ladders has confin'd her cares,
Convenient cloſets, and a ſnug back-ſtairs;
'Twixt her and ſatire has diſſolv'd the league,
And jilted humour to enjoy intrigue.
To gain the ſuff'rage of this poliſh'd age,
We bring to-night a ſtranger on the ſtage:
His ſire De Vega; we confeſs this truth,
Leſt you miſtake him for a Britiſh youth.
Severe the cenſure on my feeble pen,
Neglecting manners, that ſhe copies men:
Thus, if I hum or ha, or name report,
'Tis Serjeant Splitcauſe from the inns of court;
If, at the age that ladies ceaſe to dance,
To romp at Ranelagh, or read romance,
I draw a dowager inclin'd to man,
Or paint her rage for china or japan,
The true original is quickly known,
And Lady Squab proclaim'd throughout the town.
But in the following group let no man dare
To claim a limb, nay, not a ſingle hair:
What gallant Briton can be ſuch a ſot,
To own the child a Spaniard has begot.

EPILOGUE,

TO THE

WIDOW'D WIFE.

BY A FRIEND.

WHENE'ER phyſicians wrangle with each other,
And college-dons ſhut out each licens'd brother,
Should they throw ſquibs, made up of Latin ſcraps,
And come to pulling wigs, as women caps;

The ſick eſcape,—Death will not lay about him;
He has more honour than to work without 'em.
Should you. (*to the Pit*) whoſe ſkill and wiſdom we acknowledge,
The fellows of this old dramatic college,
(No matter what the cauſe of diſputation,)
Crowd hither ev'ry night for altercation;
The bard, half dead before, enjoys the ſport,
Gets ſtrength each day, and is the better for't.
Warm'd with this ſubject, let your fancies play,
And me, by licence, make a Doctor, pray;
Suppoſe this gown, a ſuit of velvet, plain,
With a gold button, and this fan, a cane;
My cap a formal tye, moſt wiſely big,
O, no—I had forgot—a ſmart bag wig:
No phyſic-buſhes now are ſeen in town;
For all the ſigns, you know, are taken down;
Call me licentiate, fellow, what you will,
I'll feel your pulſes all,—and prove my ſkill.
The pulſes of the boxes firſt I feel,—
And by their beating will their thoughts reveal;
[*She acts the Doctor feeling a pulſe.*
Languid and low—Wildman's old faſhion'd ſtory
Was much too nervous to be ſet before ye.
For twelve long years, a tender wife forſaking,
Worn out with wand'ring, and what's worſe, with raking:
Then to return,—he was not worth the taking.
As for the pulſes of my friends above—
They thump for joy—when ſpouſes kiſs and love.—
Bleſs their young hearts,—what means this palpitation!
Each miſs's blood is now in agitation!
Each quick pulſation for Narciſſa beats;
When ſhe went off—they ſcarce cou'd keep their ſeats.
When Lombard talk'd of bribes,—how felt you that?
Some pulſes in this houſe went pat, pat, pat,
If this our night's preſcription you have taken,
Without wry faces, or your heads much ſhaken;
If you perceive ſome character, ſome wit,
With plot and humour—*quantum ſufficit*;
Mix'd up with ſal-volatile of ſatire,
Let it—*quotidie nocte repetatur.*—
'Tis by our noſtrums, you are kept alive:
Purſue the regimen of Doctor CLIVE.

EPI-

EPILOGUE
TO THE
DOUBLE GALLANT,
OR, THE
SICK LADY's CURE.

WELL, Sirs! I know not how the play may paſs,
But in my humble ſenſe,—our bard's an aſs;
For, had he ever known the leaſt of nature,
H'had found his Double Spark a diſmal creature:
To pleaſe two ladies, he two forms put on,
As if the thing in ſhadows cou'd be done:
The women really two, and he, poor ſoul! but one.
Had he revers'd the hint, h' had done the feat,
Had made th' Impoſtor credibly compleat;
A ſingle miſtreſs—might have ſtood the cheat.
She might to ſeveral lovers have been kind,
Nor ſtrain'd your faith, to think both pleas'd and blind.
Plain ſenſe had known, the fair can love receive,
With half the pains your warmeſt vows can give.
But, hold!——I'm thinking I miſtake the matter;
On ſecond thoughts:——The hint's but honeſt ſatire;
And only meant t'expoſe their modiſh ſenſe,
Who think the fire of love's——but impudence.
Our ſpark was really modeſt;——when he found
Two female claims at once, he one diſown'd;
Wiſely preſuming, tho' in ne'er ſuch haſte,
One wou'd be found enough for him at laſt.
So that to ſum the whole——I think the play
Deſerves the uſual favours on his day;
If not he ſwears he'll write the next to muſic,
In Doggrel rhymes wou'd make or him, or you, ſick.
His groveling ſenſe, Italian air ſhall crown,
And then, he's ſure, ev'n nonſenſe will go down.
But, if you'd have the world ſuppoſe the ſtage
Not quite forſaken in this airy age,
Let your glad votes our needleſs fear confound,
And ſpeak in claps as loud for ſenſe, as ſound.

EPILOGUE
TO THE
WISHES.

Spoken by Miſs ELLIOT.

WELL, ſhe has had her frolic; and has made
A precious uſe of this ſame wiſhing trade!
Ah! Iſabel, was ever girl like thee?
So raſh!—this comes of not conſulting me—
And yet ſhe has her Harlequin, her—(piſh!)
Dame Baucis ladle was a wiſer wiſh.
But ſtop reproach,—if 'tis our ſex's fate,
To yield too ſoon, and to repent too late;
And to ſpeak truth it might have ended worſe,
To ſome, you know, indulgence is a curſe.
Pray ladies do not you be too ſevere
Upon her caſe—remember Manto's here.
Think, are there no deſires that lead to pain?
Have you no wiſhes to unwiſh again?
Come, come, I know your hearts, the fairy's pow'r
By you had been exhauſted in an hour.
For you my blades, I'll tell you in a trice
Your wiſhes—horſes, women, wine, and dice;
Here Manto—run and fetch me—let me ſee—
Why ſome amongſt you might have wiſh'd for me:
What then? why then, after a deal to do,
You'd e'en releaſe me and the fairy too.
You heedleſs men!—you know not what you'd have;
Suſpend your mirth one moment, and be grave;
Let me direct your thoughts to worthier things—
Wiſh every bleſſing to the beſt of kings;
Wiſh that the fair he deſtines to his throne
May bring a heart as worthy as his own;
Wiſh that eternal bleſſings from above
May crown their virtues and reward their love.
Then when the bleeding world ſhall taſte of peace,
And Britiſh valour bids deſtruction ceaſe;
Reviving art ſhall flouriſh at command,
And ſcience ſpring beneath a ſov'reign's hand;
Whilſt he, ſupreme, gives ſtruggling virtue birth,
And opens ev'ry avenue to worth;

Brings.

Brings modeſt genius forth into the day,
And ſweeps each petty tyrant from its way:
Then wit ſhall find a paſſage to the ſtage,
And reaſon mend the pleaſures of the age;
Contempt no longer be the poet's lot,
And this be free as ev'ry other ſpot.

EPILOGUE
TO THE
DISCOVERY.

WHAT ſtrange odd maggots fill an author's pate!
A female court of juſtice—rare conceit!
Ladies I give you joy of your new ſtations,
I think you've had a trial—of your patience.
What five long acts, and not one pleaſant ſally!
But grave Sir Anthony's attempt to rally—
No ſprightly rendezvous, no pretty fellows,
No wife intriguing, nor no huſband-jealous!
If to ſuch innovations you ſubmit,
And ſwallow tame morality for wit;
If ſuch dull rules you let a woman teach,
Her next attempt, perhaps, will be to—preach.
I told her (for it vex'd me to the heart)
Madam——excuſe me——I don't like my part—
'Tis out of nature—never drawn from life,
Who ever heard of ſuch a paſſive wife?
To hear ſo much,—'tis not in fleſh and blood—
Such females might have liv'd before the flood.
But now the character will ſeem ſo flat,
Give me threats, tears, hyſterics, and all that—
If this don't work upon my Lord, I hope
You'll ſo contrive the plot—I may elope.
Take my advice, I think I know the town,
Without ſuch aids your piece will ſcarce go down.
Hold, friend, ſhe cry'd—I think I've hit the way
To reconcile both ſexes to the play;
For, while the prologue bids our own be ſov'reign,
The ſcenes inſtruct the other how to govern.
A harmleſs plot—with credit to diſmiſs
The piece—you know the Ladies never hiſs.

And

And tho' they ſhould condemn it, yet the men ſure
Will leave a woman's faults to women's cenſure.
They prone to meakneſs, charity, and love,
Are always ſilent where they can't approve.
But if at loud applauſe we dare to aim,
It is the men muſt ratify our claim.

EPILOGUE
TO THE
AUTHOR.
WRITTEN BY A LADY.

Spoken by Mrs. CLIVE.

WELL—thank my ſtars, that I have done my taſk,
And now throw off this aukward, idiot maſk.
Cou'd we ſuppoſe this circle ſo refin'd,
Who ſeek thoſe pleaſures that improve the mind,
Cou'd from ſuch vulgariſm feel delight,
Or laugh at characters ſo unpolite?
Who come to plays, to ſee, and to be ſeen;
Not to hear things that ſhock, or give the ſpleen;
Who ſhun an opera, when they hear 'tis thin?
" Lord! do you know?" ſays lady Bell—" I'm told
" That Jackey Dapple got ſo great a cold
" Laſt Tueſday night,—there wa'n't a Creature there;
" Not a male thing to hand one to one's chair!
" Divine Mingotti! what a ſwell has ſhe!
" O! ſuch a ſuſtinuto upon B!
" Ma'am, when ſhe's quite in voice ſhe'll go to C."
" Lord!" ſays my lady Engliſh—" here's a pother!
" Go where ſhe will, I'll never ſee another."
(Her ladyſhip half choak'd with London air,
And brought to town to ſee the ſight—and ſtare)
" Fine ſinging that?—I'm ſure its more like ſcreaming;
" To me, I vow, they're all a pack of women!
" Oh Barbare!—Inhumana!—Tramontane!—
" Does not this creature come from Pudding-lane!—
" Look, look, my Lord!—ſhe goggles!—ha, ha pray be
" Dear lady Bell, for ſhame! You'll make a riot. [quiet;
" Why

" Why will they mix with us to make this rout?
" Bring in a Bill my Lord, to keep 'em out."
" We'll have a taſte act, faith!" my Lord replied;
" And ſhut out all that are not qualified."—
Thus ridicule is bounded like a ball,
Struck by the great, then anſwer'd by the ſmall;
While we at times, return it to you all.
A ſkillful hand will ne'er your rage provoke;
For though it hits you, you'll applaud the ſtroke;
Let it but only glance, you'll never frown;
Nay you'll forgive, tho't knocks your neighbour down.

EPILOGUE,

Deſign'd by Mr. FOOTE, *for the Tragedy of the*

EARL OF ESSEX.

[*Spoken as to the author at his entrance.*

WELL! well! I'll do your buſineſs honeſt friend;
'Tis your firſt piece, in time perhaps you'll mend.
[*Comes forward.*

Ladies and Gentleman,
The author by me preſents a petition,
Which he begs may be read with your gracious permiſſion.
It ſets forth, that in Dublin (I know not how true)
He pull'd down old houſes, and built them up new;
That on April the firſt, (he forgetteth the year)
Of the day of the month he is certain and clear;
As he temper'd his mortar and handled his hod,
There pop'd in his head a new fancy and odd;
'Twas, that building an houſe was like writing a play;
That both works were created the very ſame way;
That the portal was prologue to ſhew the folks in;
That the hall and the entry open'd the ſcene;
That the plan was the ſtairs to lead you throughout,
By an intricate, puzzling, yet uniform route;
That the plot muſt as deep as the cellar be laid,
Be as ſtout as ſtrong beer and tranſparent as mead;
That cloſets and cupboards, and ſuch things as theſe,
Were incidents proper to fill up the piece;
And that ſtucco and pointing were in the laſt place,
The language and ſentiment, ſpirit and grace;

That

That the trowel and mortar were of ſingular uſe,
To plaiſter ſome patron, to favour the muſe.
Fraught with leſſons like theſe our poet began;
What d'ye think of his houſe? and how like ye his plan?
The building, 'tis true, is but gothic and rude,
But yet for all that, the materials are good;
And who knows, when your bounty has poliſh'd his lay,
But this bricklayer may prove a Vitruvius one day;
Come, 'tis worth the experiment—favour his play.
Full five ſtories high he has mounted his hopes,
But critics take care,—he's on a ladder of ropes;
Should ye cut but one cord, you'll cruſh all his bones;
Adieu bricklayer and bard,—there's an end of poor Jones.

EPILOGUE
TO
ALFRED.

Spoken by Mrs. CLIVE.

WHILE our grave hermit, buſy above ſtairs,
Employs his ſerious head on ſtate affairs,
Gallants, look here—faith I have play'd the rogue,
And ſtole his wand—by way of Epilogue.
You critics, there below, had beſt be civil:
For I, with this ſame rod, can play the devil;
Tye all your buſy tongues up, one by one,
And turn what ſhare of brains you have—to ſtone:
The beau's ſoft ſkull convert to ſolid rock—
What then?—the wig will always have its block.
But for the men of ſad and ſolemn face,
The deep dark ſages in or out of place,
Who muſt in port and politics delight,
Small change, God knows, will make them ſtatues quite.
The ladies too—but now theſe witlings ſneer—
No, fair ones, you ſhall meet no inſult here:
I only hint my power—that, if I liſt,
I yet can charm you two long hours from whiſt.
But, cards are ready, you are all beſpoke—
To ſpoil a dozen drums, would be no joke.
Beſides, 'twould be mere arbitrary ſway;
Such as of old, was us'd at Nero's play,

Who

Who when he ſung and fiddled to the town,
Still as his ſubjects yawn'd, would knock them down.
No, Sirs; to gain a heart, we muſt not teize:
Who would engage it, firſt ſhould aim to pleaſe.
This part be mine: and, if I now ſucceed
To my own wiſh, you will be pleas'd indeed.
Then—for a trial: thus, I wave my hand,
To prove the power of this inchanting wand.

EPILOGUE
TO THE
SCHOOL FOR LOVERS.

Spoken before the DANCE, by Mrs. YATES and Mr. PALMER, in the Characters of *Araminta* and *Modely*.

ARAMINTA.

WELL, ladies, am I right, or am I not?
Should not this fooliſh paſſion be forgot;
This fluttering ſomething, ſcarce to be expreſt,
Which pleads for coxcombs in each female breaſt?
How mortified he look'd!—and looks ſo ſtill.
[*Turning to Modely.*
He really may repent——perhaps he will.——

MODELY.

Will, Araminta?——Ladies, be ſo good,
Man's made of frail materials, fleſh and blood.
We all offend at ſome unhappy criſis,
Have whims, caprices, vanities—and vices.
Your happier ſex by nature was deſign'd,
Her laſt beſt work, to perfect human kind.
No ſpot, no blemiſh the fair frame deforms,
No avarice taints, no naughty paſſion warms
Your firmer hearts. No love of change in you
E'er taught deſire to ſtray.——

ARAMINTA.

[All this is true.
Yet ſtay; the men, perchance, will call it ſneer,
And ſome few ladies think you not ſincere.

For

For your petition, whether wrong or right,
Whate'er it be, withdraw it for to-night.
Another time, if I ſhould want a ſpouſe,
I may myſelf report it to the houſe:
At preſent, let us ſtrive to mend the age;
Let juſtice reign, at leaſt upon the ſtage.
Where the fair dames, who like to live by rule,
May learn two leſſons from the LOVER'S SCHOOL.
While Cælia's choice inſtructs them how to chuſe,
And my refuſal warns them to refuſe.

EPILOGUE
TO THE
CONSCIOUS LOVERS.

Spoken by Mr. SHUTER, in the Character of a *Man-Midwife.*

[*Enters with a Child.*

WHOE'ER begot thee has no cauſe to bluſh:
Thou'rt a brave chopping boy—nay huſh, huſh, huſh. [*Child cries.*
A workman faith! a man of rare diſcretion,
A friend to Britain, and to our profeſſion;
With face ſo chubby, and with looks ſo glad,
O rare roaſt Beef of England!—here's a lad!
[*Shewing him.*
Child cries again.
Nay, if you once begin to puke and cough,
Go to the nurſe. Within, here, take him off.
Well, heav'n be prais'd, it is a peopling age,
Thanks to the bar, the army, and the ſtage;
The nation proſpers by ſuch joyous ſouls,
Hence ſmokes my table, hence my chariot rolls.
Tho' ſome ſnug jobs from ſurgery may ſpring,
Man-midwifry, man-midwifry's the thing.
Lean ſhou'd I be, e'en as my own anatomy,
By mere cathartics, and by plain phlebotomy.
Well, beſides gain, beſides the power to pleaſe,
Beſides the muſic of ſuch birds as theſe. [*ſhakes a purſe.*
It is a joy refin'd, unmix'd, and pure,
To hear the praiſes of the grateful poor.

This

This day comes honeſt Taffy to my houſe,
Cot pleſs hur, hur has ſav'd hur poy and ſpouſe,
Hut ſav'd my Gwiniſred, or death had ſwallow'd hur,
Tho' creat-krand, creat-krand-krand child to Cadwallador.
Cries Patrick Touzle'em,— I'm bound to pray,
You've ſav'd our Sue in your ſame phyſic way,
And further ſhall I thank you yeſterday.
Then Sawny came and thank'd me for my love,
(I very readily excus'd his glove)
He bleſs'd the Mon, e'en by St. Andrew's croſs,
Who cur'd his bonny bearn, and blythſome laſs.
But merriment and mimick'ry a-part,
Thanks to each bounteous hand, and gen'rous heart,
Of thoſe who tenderly take pity's part;
Who in good-natur'd acts can ſweetly grieve,
Swift to lament, but ſwifter to relieve.
Thanks to the lovely fair-ones, types of heav'n,
Who raiſe, and beautify, the bounty giv'n;
But chief to him, * in whom diſtreſs confides,
Who o'er this noble plan ſo glorioufly preſides.

DIALOGUE-EPILOGUE TO THE CARELESS HUSBAND.

Spoken by Lady B. MODISH, and Ld. FOPPINGTON.

Ly Bet.] WELL now we've done, I'll feed my ſex's failing,
Attack the fops, and give a looſe to railing.
Of all the parts in life, the part moſt oddiſh
Is ſurely that—— [*Pointing affectedly at him.*
Ld. Fop.] ——of lady BETTY MODISH!
I grant you, Madam, there's no part in town
Is half ſo odd——
Ly. Bet.]——Except Lord FOPPINGTON.
Ld. Fop] A hit, i'faith——let's fairly try together,
And weigh your pride——
Ly Bet.]——againſt your lordſhip's feather.

* Earl of Northumberland.

Las.

Ld Fop.] A feather's light indeed, I muſt agree;
But not ſo light as woman's vanity.
Ly Bet.] Hold there my Lord, I fancy you've forgot.
You wear a ſolitair, and ſhoulder knot.
For what's that wig comb'd prim around your face?
For what, that coat all o'er bedaub'd with lace?
For what, the farce of all your dreſs beſide?
For what, my lord,——but vanity and pride?
Ld Fop.] O! ſplit me, rat me, ſlap my vital breath!
This woman's tongue will talk a man to death.
Ly Bet.] For pride, my Lord, and to attract the throng,
Your gilded chariot rolls in pomp along:
Within you loll with careleſs air, and eaſy,
And think you charm each female eye that ſees ye.
I vow, for my own ſingle part, that I
As ſoon could love a gaudy butterfly;
A while they teaze us, and then diſappear;
But ſops are drones that plague us all the year,
And buz their tender nonſenſe in one's ear.
Ld Fop.] Her clack is ſtill; If poſſible I'll try,
If I can put a word in by the bye;
Faults I may have, yet ſtill I am no ſham,
My dreſs diſcovers what I truly am.
A poor inſipid thing that's made for ſhow;
For ſenſe,—none thinks to find it in a beau.
But a coquet's a two-legg'd walking cheat,
Whoſe every look, and motion is——deceit.
At ev'ry glaſs you meet, your airs you try,
To ſmile affected, and to play your eye;
Your cheeks are redden'd with vermillion art,
To make your face as falſe as is your heart;
Nay, ev'n your dreſs is falſer than your face,
And your own works put of for Flanders' lace.
Ly Bet.] A truce, ſince both our 'ſcutcheons have a blot,
Ld Fop.] And we but play the kettle and the pot,
Ly Bet.] By us be warn'd, ye fair, be warn'd ye beaus!
For merit lies not in embroider'd clothes.
Ld. Fop.] Within beſtow your fin'ry and expence,
And lace your minds with virtue and with ſenſe;
Ly Bet.] Coquets alone are caught in coxcombs ſnares,
Ld Fop.] And only coxcombs prize coquettiſh airs.
Ly Bet.] In our Sir Charles and in his virtuous wife,
Ld Fop.] Behold two patterns for the marriage life.

Ly

Ly Bet.] Like her, gallants, may all your wives be fam'd,
Ld Pop.] Your huſbands, ladies, like ſir Charles reclaim'd.

EPILOGUE
TO THE
SPANISH BARBER.

SAID TO BE WRITTEN BY D. GARRICK, ESQ.

Spoken by Miſs FARREN.

WHAT various modes prevail in various parts,
And to indulge our paſſions what ſtrange arts!
To cheat the Old, the Young exert their ſkill,
And often cheat themſelves to have their will:
In Spain to lock up girls it is their plan;
To pick the locks, the Barber is the man;
He, foe proteſt to age, friend to young bloods,
Oft leaves the blinded Argus in the ſuds;
And while warm youth with trembling beauty flies,
With news and lather, fills his ears and eyes;
The old-one chuckles, thinks all ſafe within,
Nor feels his forehead grow, while reap'd his chin!
In France there needs no ſubtle go-between;
Huſbands and wives are ne'er together ſeen;
Or ſhould by chance thoſe eaſy couples meet,
In balls, plays, operas, gardens, or the ſtreet,
No frowns exchang'd, each freedom gives and grants;
Monſieur has madams, madam her gallants.
In Italy, the climate is ſo warm,
Cupids, like gnats, throughout the country ſwarm,
And ſting both old and young—but in that nation,
No patient ſuffers long an inflammation;
Huſbands themſelves the men of ſkill invite,
And Ceciſbeo Doctors cure the bite.—
For hearts inflam'd where get our fair their cure?
Here love's prime miniſter's a French Friſeur;
To each commodious art politely bred,
While he works up, he turns the female head:
From the ſame land the millinery crew,
Finiſh the lady's head, and huſband's too;—
Intrigues, once dreadful, as our taſte improves,
Now eaſy ſit, and ſit us like French gloves.—

But

But to be grave—if ſour old-age with care,
Will lock up, with their gold, the captive fair;
We hope the ſons of freedom not ſo few,
Nor ſo be-devil'd, be-macaronied too,
But ſome old-faſhion'd folks will lend their aid,
And with their country free each captive maid;
For what is gold or beauty in a nation,
Unleſs you give it a free circulation?
Should it be ſaid (alas! with truth) that ſome
Among the fair ramble too far from home,
In giddy whirls forget their ſex and ſtate,
Then let each Gadder feel a diff'rent fate!
Let there no female Rakes in Britain be,
Nor female Slaves—but let us all agree,
That thoſe too looſe be faſt, and thoſe too faſt be free!

PROLOGUE
TO THE
SIEGE OF AQUILEA.

Spoken by Mr. GARRICK.

WHEN Philip's ſon led forth his warlike band,
To die, or conquer, in a diſtant land;
To fan the fire, a martial muſe he choſe;
From Homer's ſong a new Achilles roſe!
When generous Athens her prime trophies won,
Vanquiſh'd Darius, and Darius' ſon,
The ſtage breath'd war —— the ſoldiers boſom burn'd,
And fiercer to the field each chief return'd:
Now, when the world reſounds with loud alarms,
When victory ſits plan'd on Britain's arms,
Be war our theme: the hero's glorious toil,
And virtue ſpringing from the iron ſoil!
Our ſcenes preſent a ſiege in ſtory known;
Where magnanimity, and valour ſhone:
If nature guides us, if the hand of truth
Draws the juſt portrait of a Roman youth,
Who, with the beſt and nobleſt paſſions fir'd,
In the ſame moment, conquer'd and expir'd;
Perhaps your hearts may own the pictur'd woe,
And from a fonder ſource your ſorrows flow:

Whilſt

Whilſt warm remembrance aids the poet's ſtrain,
And England weeps for Engliſh heroes ſlain.

PROLOGUE
TO
PHILASTER.

Spoken by Mr. KING.

WHILE modern tragedy, by rule exact,
Spins out a thin-wrought fable, act by act,
We dare to bring you one of thoſe bold plays,
Wrote by rough Engliſh wits in former days;
Beaumont and Fletcher! thoſe twin ſtars, that run
Their glorious courſe round Shakeſpear's golden ſun;
Or when Philaſter Hamlet's place ſupply'd,
Or Beſſus walk'd the ſtage by Falſtaff's ſide.
Their ſouls, well pair'd, ſhot fire in mingled rays,
Their hands together twin'd the ſocial bays,
'Till faſhion drove, in a refining age,
Virtue from court, and nature from the ſtage.
Then nonſenſe, in heroicks, ſeem'd ſublime;
Kings rav'd in couplets, and maids ſigh'd in rhime.
Next, prim, and trim, and delicate, and chaſte,
A haſh from Greece and France, came modern taſte.
Cold are her ſons, and ſo afraid of dealing
In rant and fuſtian, they ne'er riſe to feeling.
Oh, ſay, ye bard, of phlegm, ſay, where's the name
That can with Fletcher, urge a rival claim?
Say, where's the poet, train'd in pedant ſchools,
Equal to Shakeſpear, who o'erleap'd all rules?
Thus of our bards we boldly ſpeak our mind;
A harder taſk, alas, remains behind:
To-night, as yet by public eyes unſeen,
A raw, unpractis'd novice, fills the ſcene.
Bred in the city, his theatric ſtar
Brings him at length, on this ſide Temple Bar;
Smit with the muſe, the ledger he forgot,
And when he wrote his name, he made a blot.
Him while perplexing hopes and fears embarras,
Skulking (like Hamlet's rat) behind the arras,
Me a dramatic fellow-feeling draws,
Without a fee, to plead a brother's cauſe.

Genius

Genius is rare; and while our great comptroller,
No more a manager, turns arrant ſtroller,
Let new adventurers your care engage,
And nurſe the infant ſaplings of the ſtage!

PROLOGUE
TO
LOVE'S LAST SHIFT,
OR, THE
FOOL IN FASHION.

WRITTEN BY A FRIEND.

Spoken by MR. VERBRUGGEN.

WIT bears ſo thin a crop this duller age,
We're forc'd to glean it from the barren ſtage:
Ev'n players fledg'd by nobler pens, take wing
Themſelves, and their own rude compoſures ſing.
Nor need our young-one dread a ſhip-wreck here;
Who trades without a ſtock, has nought to fear.
In ev'ry ſmile of yours a prize he draws;
And if you damn him, he's but where he was.
Yet where's the reaſon for the critic crew,
With killing blaſts, like winter, to purſue
The tender plant, that ripens but for you?
Nature, in all her works, requires time,
Kindneſs, and years, 'tis makes the virgin climb.
And ſhoot, and haſten to th' expected prime;
And then, if untaught fancy fail to pleaſe,
Y' inſtruct the willing pupil by degrees;
By gentle leſſons you your joys improve,
And mould her aukward paſſion into love,
Ev'n folly has its growth: Few fools are made;
You drudge and ſweat for't, as it were a trade.
'Tis half the labour of your trifling age,
To faſhion you fit ſubjects for the ſtage.
Well! if our author fail to draw you like;
In the firſt draught, you're not t'expect Vandyke.
What tho' no maſter-ſtroke in this appears,
Yet ſome may features find reſembling theirs.

Nor

Nor do the bad alone his colours ſhare;
Neglected virtue is at leaſt ſhewn fair,
And that's enough o' conſcience for a play'r.
But if you'd have him take a bolder flight,
And draw your pictures by a truer light,
You muſt yourſelves, by follies yet unknown,
Inſpire his pencil, and divert the town.
Nor judge, by this, his genius at a ſtand;
For Time, that makes new fools, may mend his hand.

PROLOGUE TO ELVIRA.

WAR is no more; thoſe thunders ceaſe to rowl,
That lately ſhook the globe from pole to pole:
When Britain fought and triumph'd o'er her foe,
Wherever winds can waft or waters flow,
She, and ſhe only could, bade diſcord ceaſe,
And having humbled, gave the nations peace.
May its wiſh'd influence, thro' this favour'd iſle,
On ev'ry brow, in ev'ry boſom, ſmile!
'Twas union made her queen of land and main:
'Tis that alone her triumphs can maintain;
Improve thoſe bleſſings, arts will now adorn,
And ſend them ſafe to Britons yet unborn.
O might no other ſtrife your hearts divide,
Than how a culprit-author ſhould be try'd;
Ours, whom no mean, no partial intereſt moves,
Would be the victim of that peace he loves.
Yet, why this fear? Good-nature is your boaſt:
And, who moſt want it, ever feel it moſt.
Abroad, you knew to conquer and to ſpare:
And, as your cauſe, your conduct too was fair.
Then, what you gave ſo nobly to the foe,
At home, and to a friend, you ſure will ſhow.
His ſcenes, to-night, no feign'd adventure bring;
If tears ſhall flow, from real ills they ſpring.
What Liſbon trembling ſaw and truly mourn'd;
What her firſt Muſe in epic ſtrains adorn'd;
What Paris next bedew'd with copious tears.
Now, to the ſons of Britain, late appears.

To you, wherever truth and nature reign,
And terror ſhakes, and pity melts the ſtrain;
Wherever theſe declare the genuine bard,
Your warm applauſes are his ſure reward:
Then, while ſuch judges ſtrike our author's view,
His fears are from himſelf, and not from you.

PROLOGUE
TO THE
MALE-COQUETTE.

WRITTEN AND SPOKEN BY MR. GARRICK.

WHY to this farce this title given,
Of Seventeen Hundred Fifty Seven?
Is it a regiſter of faſhions,
Of follies, frailties, fav'rite paſſions?
Or is't deſign'd to make appear,
How happy, good, and wiſe you were,
In this ſame memorable year?
Sure with our author wit was ſcarce,
To croud ſo many virtues in a farce.
Perhaps 'tis meant to make you ſtare,
Like clothes hung out at country fair;
On which ſtrange monſters glare and grin,
To draw the gaping bumpkins in.——
Tho' 'tis the genius of the age,
To catch the eye with title-page;
Yet here we dare not ſo abuſe ye——
We have ſome monſters to amuſe ye.
Ye ſlaves to faſhion, dupes of chance,
Whom fortune leads her fickle dance:
Who, as the dice ſhall ſmile or frown,
Are rich and poor, and up and down;
Whoſe minds eternal virgils keep:
Who—like Macbeth, have murder'd ſleep!—
Each modiſh vice this night ſhall riſe,
Like Banquo's ghoſt, before your eyes;
While conſcious you, ſhall ſtart and roar——
Hence, horrid farce!—we'll ſee no more!—
—Ye Ladies, too—maids, widows, wives—
Now tremble for your naughty lives!

How

How will your hearts go pit-a-pat?—
Bleſs me!—Lord!—what's the fellow at?—
Was poet e'er ſo rude before?
Why ſure the brute will ſay no more—
Again!—O Gad!—I cannot bear ——
Here—you box-keeper,—call my chair:
Peace, Ladies—'tis a falſe alarm——
To You our author means no harm.
His female failings all are fictions:
To which your lives are contradictions.
Th' unnatural fool has drawn a plan,
Where women like a worthleſs man,
A fault ne'er heard of ſince the world began.
This year he lets you ſteal away—
But if the next you trip or ſtray;
His muſe, he vows, on you ſhall wait,
In Seventeen Hundred Fifty-eight.

PROLOGUE
TO THE
BEAUX STRATAGEM.
Spoken by Mr. WILKS.

WHEN ſtrife diſturbs, or ſloth corrupts an age,
Keen ſatire is the buſineſs of the ſtage.
When the Plain Dealer writ, he laſh'd thoſe crimes
Which then infeſted moſt——the modiſh times:
But now when faction ſleeps, and ſloth is fled,
And all our youth in active fields are bred;
When thro' GREAT BRITAIN's fair extenſive round,
The trumps of fame, the notes of UNION ſound;
When ANNA's ſceptre points the laws their courſe,
And her example gives her precepts force;
There ſcarce is room for ſatire; all our lays
Muſt be, or ſongs of triumph, or of praiſe.
But as in grounds beſt cultivated, tares
And poppies riſe among the golden ears;
Our product ſo, fit for the field or ſchool,
Muſt mix with nature's favourite plant——a fool.
A weed that has to twenty ſummers ran,
Shoots up in ſtalk, and vegetates to man.

Simpling our author goes from field to field,
And culls ſuch fools as may diverſion yield:
And, thanks to nature, there's no want of thoſe,
For rain or ſhine, the thriving coxcomb grows.
Follies to-night we ſhew ne'er laſh'd before,
Yet ſuch as nature ſhews you ev'ry hour;
Nor can the pictures give a juſt offence,
For fools are made for jeſts to men ſenſe.

PROLOGUE
TO THE
WAY TO KEEP HIM.

Spoken by Mr. HOLLAND.

WHEN firſt the haughty critic's dreadful rage,
With Gothic fury over ran the ſtage,
Then Prologues roſe, and ſtrove with varied art
To gain the ſoft acceſſes to the heart;
Thro' all the tuneful tribe th' infection flew,
And each Great Genius—his petition drew,
In *formâ pauperis* addreſs'd the pit,
With all the gay antitheſis of wit.
Their ſacred art poor poets own'd a crime;
They ſigh'd in ſimile;—they bow'd in rhyme.
For charity they all were forc'd to beg;
And ev'ry Prologue was "a wooden leg."
Next theſe a hardy manly race appear'd,
Who knew no dulneſs, and no audience fear'd.
From nature's ſtore each curious tint they drew,
Then boldly held the piece to publick view.
"Lo! here! exact proportion! juſt deſign!
"The bold relief! and the unerring line!
"Mark in ſoft union how the colours ſtrike!
"This, Sirs, you will—or this you ought to like."
They bid defiance to the foes of wit,
"Scatter'd like ratſbane up and down the pit."
Such Prologues were of yore;—our bard to-night
Diſdains a falſe compaſſion to excite,
Nor too ſecure your judgment would oppoſe;
He packs no jury,—and he dreads no foes.

To

To govern here no party can expect;
An audience, will preſerve its own reſpect,
Yet premature, nor grown up to full age
His little group uncenſur'd walk'd the ſtage.
His tablet to enlarge his hand he tries,
And bids his canvas glow with various dyes,
Where ſenſe and folly mix in dubious ſtrife,
Alternate riſe, and ſtruggle into life.
Judge if with art the mimic ſtrokes he blend,
If amicably light and ſhade contend;
The mental features, if he trace with ſkill,
—See the piece firſt—then damn it if you will.

AN OCCASIONAL PROLOGUE

Spoken at Covent-Garden Theatre, by Mr. BARRY.

WHEN vice or folly, over-runs a ſtate,
Weak politicians lay the blame on fate:
When rulers, uſeful ſubjects ceaſe to prize,
"And damn for arts that caus'd themſelves to riſe:"
When jealouſies and fears poſſeſs the throne,
And kings allow no merit—but their own:
Can it be ſtrange, that men for flight prepare
And ſtrive to raiſe a colony elſewhere?
This cuſtom has prevail'd in every age,
And has been ſometime practis'd on the ſtage;
For—*entre nous*—theſe managers of merit,
Who fearleſs arm,—"and take the field with ſpirit,"
Have curb'd us monarchs with their haughty mein,
And Herod *——have out herod'd,——within.
[*Pointing to the green room.*
O! they cannot torture twenty thouſand ways:
Make bouncing Bajazet †, retreat from bays ‡.
The ladies ‖ too with ev'ry power to charm,
Whoſe face, and fire, an anchorite might warm,
Have felt the fury of a tyrant's arm.
By ſelfiſh arts expell'd our ancient ſeat
In ſearch of candour——and in ſearch of meat,
We, from your favour, hope for this retreat.

* Mr. Q—n. † Both Q—n and B—ry. ‡ Mr. G——k.
‖ Mrs. C—bb—r, &c.

If Shakeſpear's paſſion, or if Johnſon's art,
Can fire the fancy, or can warm the heart,
That taſk be ours:——But if you damn their ſcenes,
And heroes muſt give way to harlequins,
We, too, can have recourſe to mime and dance,
Nay there, I think, we have the better chance.
And ſhould the town grow weary of the mute,
Why——we'll produce——a child upon the flute *.
But be the food as 'twill, 'tis you that treat;
Long they have feaſted,——permit us now to eat.

PROLOGUE
TO THE
EARL OF ESSEX.

WRITTEN BY MR. MURPHY.

Spoken by Mr. SHERIDAN.

WHENE'ER the brave, the gen'rous, and the juſt,
Whene'er the patriot ſinks to ſilent duſt;
The tragic muſe attends the mournful hearſe,
And pays her tribute of immortal verſe.
Inſpir'd by noble deeds, ſhe ſeeks the plain,
In honour's cauſe, where mighty chiefs are ſlain,
And baths with tears the ſod that wraps the dead,
And bids the turf lie lightly on his head.
Nor thus content, ſhe opens death's cold womb,
And burſts the cearmens of the awful tomb,
To caſt him up again,—to bid him live,
And to the ſcene his form and preſence give.
Thus once fam'd Eſſex at her voice appears,
Emerging from the ſacred duſt of years.
Nor deem it much, that we retrace to-night,
A tale to which you've liſten'd with delight.
How oft of yore, to learned Athens' eyes,
Did new Electras and new Phædras riſe.
In France how many Theban monarchs groan,
For Laius' blood, and inceſt not their own.

* A child, ſaid to be but four years of age, has been introduc'd on the ſtage of Drury-Lane Theatre, to play a tune on that inſtrument.

When

When there new Iphigenias raiſe the ſigh,
Freſh drops of pity guſh from ev'ry eye.
On the ſame theme, tho' rival wits appear,
The heart ſtill finds the ſympathetic tear.
If there ſoft pity pour her plenteous ſtore,
For fabled kings and empires now no more;
Much more ſhould you from freedom's glorious plan,
Who ſtill inherits all the rights of man;
Much more ſhould you with kindred ſorrows glow,
For your own chiefs, your own domeſtick woe;
Much more a Britiſh ſtory ſhall impart
The warmeſt feelings to each Britiſh heart.

EPILOGUE

WRITTEN BY MR. WALPOLE.

Spoken by Mrs. CLIVE, on quitting the Stage.

WITH glory ſatiate from the buſtling ſtage,
Still in his prime—and much about my age,—
Imperial Charles (if Robertſon ſays true)
Retiring, bad the jarring world adieu!
Thus I, long honour'd with your partial praiſe,
A debt my ſwelling heart with tears repays:
—Scarce can I ſpeak—forgive the grateful pauſe—
Reſign the nobleſt triumph, your applauſe.
Content with humble means, yet proud to owe
I owe my pittance to your ſmiles alone;
To private ſhades I bear the glorious prize,
The meed of favour in a nation's eyes;
A nation, brave, and ſenſible, and free—
Poor Charles! how little when compar'd to me!
His mad ambition had diſturb'd the globe,
And ſanguine, which he quitted, was the robe.
Too bleſs'd, cou'd he have dar'd to tell mankind,
When pow'rs full gobblet he forbore to quaff,
That conſcious of benevolence of mind,
For thirty years he had but made them laugh.
Ill was that mind with ſweet retirement pleas'd:
The very cloyſter that he ſought, he teaz'd:
And ſick at once both of himſelf and peace,
He died a martyr to unwelcome eaſe.

Here ends the parallel—my gen'rous friends,
My exit no ſuch tragic fate attends;
I will not die—let no vain panic ſeize you—
If I repent—I'll come again and pleaſe you.

PROLOGUE
TO
A TRIP TO SCARBOROUGH.
Altered from Vanburgh's
RELAPSE, OR VIRTUE IN DANGER.
Spoken by Mr. KING.

WHAT various transformations we remark,
From Eaſt Whitechapel to the Weſt Hyde-park?
Men, women, children, houſes, ſigns, and faſhions,
State, ſtage, trade, taſte, the humours and the paſſions;
Th' Exchange, 'Change Alley, whereſoe'er you're rang-
Court, city, country, all are chang'd, or changing: [ing,
The ſtreets, ſome time ago, were pav'd with ſtones,
Which, aided by a hackney-coach, half broke your bones.
The pureſt lovers then indulg'd no bliſs;
They run great hazard if they ſtole a kiſs—
One chaſte ſalute—the damſel cry'd, O fye!
As they aproach'd, ſlap went the coach awry
—Poor Sylvia got a bump, and Damon a black eye.
But now weak nerves in hackney-coaches roam,
And the cram'd glutton ſnores unjolted home:
Of former times, that poliſh'd thing, a Beau
Is metamorphos'd now, from top to toe;
Then the full flaxen wig, ſpread o'er the ſhoulders,
Conceal'd the ſhallow head from the beholders!
But now, the whole's revers'd—each fop appears,
Cropp'd, and trim'd up—expoſing head and ears:
The buckle then its modeſt limits knew,—
Now, like the ocean, dreadful to the view,
Hath broke his bounds, and ſwallows up the ſhoe;
The wearer's foot, like his once fine eſtate,—
Is almoſt loſt, th' incumbrance is ſo great.
Ladies may ſmile——are they not in the plot?
The bounds of nature have not they forgot?

Were

Were they deſign'd to be, when put together,
Made up like ſhuttle-cocks, of cork and feather?
Their pale-fac'd Grand-mamas appear'd with grace,
When dawning bluſhes roſe upon the face;
No bluſhes now their once lov'd ſtation ſeek;
The foe is in poſſeſſion of the cheek!
No heads of old, too high in feather'd ſtate,
Hinder'd the fair to paſs the loweſt gate;
A church to enter now, they muſt be bent,
If ever they ſhould try th' experiment.
As change thus circulates throughout the nation,
Some plays may juſtly call for alteration;
At leaſt to draw ſome ſlender cov'ring o'er
That grateful wit*, which was too bare before,
Thoſe writers well and wiſely uſe their pens,
Who turn our wantons into magdalens;
And howſoever wicked wits revile 'em,
We hope to find in you, their ſtage aſſylum.

PROLOGUE

SPOKE TO

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

(*Acted by command of his Majeſty,*)

BY MR. GARRICK,

Being his firſt appearance on the Stage after his return from Italy.

WITH doubt—joy—apprehenſion almoſt dumb,
Once more to face this awful court, I come!
Leſt Benedick ſhould ſuffer by my fear,
Before he enters, I myſelf am here,
I'm told (what flatt'ry to heart!) that you †
Have wiſh'd to ſee me, nay have preſs'd it too,
Alas; 'twill prove another Much ado.
I, like a boy who long has truant play'd,
No leſſons got, no exerciſes made,
On bloody Monday take my fearful ſtand,
And often eye the birchin-ſcepter'd hand.

* And Van wants grace, who never wanted wit. Pope.
† The Audience.

'Tis twice twelve years ſince firſt the ſtage I trod,
Enjoy'd your ſmiles, and felt the critic's rod;
A very Nine-pin I, my ſtage-life through,
Knock'd down by wits, ſet up again by you.
In four and twenty years the ſpirits cool;
Is it not long enough to play the fool?
To prove it is, permit me to repeat
What late I heard in paſſing through the ſtreet:
A youth of parts, with ladies by his ſide,
Thus cock'd his glaſs, and through it ſhot my pride.
'Tis he by Jove! grown quite a clumſy fellow,
He's fit for nothing—but a punchinello!
"O yes, for comic ſcenes, Sir John—no further;
"He's much too fat—for battles, rapes, and murther.
Worn in the ſervice, you my faults will ſpare,
And make allowance for the wear and tear.
The chelſea penſioner, who, rich in ſcars,
Fights o'er in prattle all his former wars;
Tho' paſt the ſervice, may the young ones teach,
To march—preſent—to fire—and mount the breach.
Should the drum beat to arms, at firſt he'll grieve
For wooden leg, loſt eye, and armleſs ſleeve;
Then cocks his hat, looks fierce, and ſwells his cheſt,
'Tis for my King, and, zounds, I'll do my beſt.

PROLOGUE
TO THE
UPHOLSTERER.

Spoken by Mr. MOSSOP.

WHEN firſt in falling Greece's evil hour,
Ambition aim'd at univerſal pow'r;
When the fir'd mind of Macedon began
Of a new monarchy to form the plan;
Each Greek—(as fam'd Demoſthenes relates)
Politically mad! wou'd rave of ſtates!
And help to form, where'er the mob could meet,
And Arcopagus in every ſtreet.

What news, what news, was their eternal cry?
Is Philip ſick *! then ſoar'd their ſpirits high——
Philip is well:—dejection in each eye.
Athenian coblers join'd in deep debate
While gold in ſecret undermin'd the ſtate;
'Till wiſdom's bird the vulture's prey was made;
And the ſword gleam'd in Academu's ſhade.
Now modern Philips threaten this our land,
What ſay Britannia's ſons? along the ſtrand
What news ye cry!——with the ſame paſſion ſmit,
And there at leaſt you rival attic wit.
A parliament of porters here ſhall muſe
On ſtate affairs, ſwall'wing a taylor's news.
For ways and means no ſtarv'd projector ſleeps;
And ev'ry ſhop ſome mighty ſtateſman keeps:
He Britain's foes, like Bobadil, can kill;
Supply th' exchequer, and neglect his till.
In ev'ry alehouſe legiſlators meet;
And patriots ſettle kingdoms in the fleet.
To ſhew this frenzy in its genuine light,
A modern news-monger appears to-night.
Trick'd out from Addiſon's accompliſh'd page,
Behold th' Upholſterer aſcends the ſtage.
No miniſter ſuch trials e'er hath ſtood;
He turns a bankrupt for the public good!
Undone himſelf, yet full of England's glory!
A politician!--neither whig nor tory,
Nor can ye high or low the Quixote call;
He's knight o'th' ſhire, and repreſents you all.
As for the bard,—to you he yields his plan;
For well he knows, you're candid where you can.
One only praiſe he claims——no party ſtroke,
He turns a publick character to joke.
His Panacea is for all degrees,
For all have more or leſs of this diſeaſe.
Whatever his ſucceſs, of this he's ſure,
There's merit even to attempt the cure.

* Vide the firſt Philippic.

PROLOGUE

At the opening of the Theatre in Drury-Lane, 1747.

WRITTEN BY MR. S. JOHNSON.

Spoken by Mr. GARRICK.

WHEN learning's triumph o'er her barb'rous foes,
First rear'd the ſtage, immortal Shakeſpear roſe;
Each charge of manly-colour'd life he drew,
Exhauſted world, and then imagin'd new:
Exiſtence ſaw him ſpurn her bounded reign,
And panting time toil'd after him in vain:
His powerful ſtrokes preſiding truth impreſs'd,
And unreſiſted paſſion ſtorm'd the breaſt.
Then Johnſon came inſtructed from the ſchool,
To pleaſe in method, and invent by rule;
His ſtudious patience, and laborious art,
By regular approach eſſay'd the heart;
Cold approbation gave the lingering bays,
For thoſe who durſt not cenſure, ſcarce could praiſe.
A mortal born, he met the general doom,
But left like Egypt's kings, a laſting tomb.
The wits of Charles found eaſier ways to fame,
Nor wiſh'd for Johnſon's art, or Shakeſpear's flame;
Themſelves they ſtudied, as they felt they writ,
Intrigue was plot, obſcenity was wit.
Vice always found a ſympathetic friend,
They pleas'd their age, and did not aim to mend.
Yet bards like theſe aſpir'd to laſting praiſe,
And proudly hop'd to pimp in future days;
Their cauſe was general, their ſupports were ſtrong,
Their ſlaves were willing, and their reign was long;
'Till ſhame regain'd the poſt that ſenſe betray'd,
And virtue call'd oblivion to her aid.
Then cruſh'd by rules, and weaken'd as refin'd,
For years the power of Tragedy declin'd;
From bard to bard, the frigid caution crept,
Till declamation roar'd while paſſion ſlept;
Yet ſtill did virtue deign the ſtage to tread,
Philoſophy remain'd tho' nature fled;
But forc'd at length her ancient reign to quit,
She ſaw great Fauſtus lay the ghoſt of wit:

Exulting

Exulting folly hail'd the joyful day,
And pantomime and ſong confirm'd her ſway.
But who the coming changes can preſage,
And mark the future periods of the ſtage;
Perhaps if ſkill could diſtant times explore,
New Behn's, new Durfey's, yet remain in ſtore;
Perhaps where Lear had rav'd, and Hamlet dy'd,
On flying cars new ſorcerers may ride.
Perhaps (for who can gueſs th' effects of chance!)
Here Hamlet may for a Mahomet dance.
Hard is his lot, that here by fortune plac'd,
Muſt watch the wild viciſſitudes of taſte;
With every meteor of caprice muſt play,
And chaſe the new blown bubbles of the day.
Ah! let not cenſure term our fate our choice,
The ſtage but echoes back the publick voice;
The drama's laws the drama's patrons give,
For we that live to pleaſe, muſt pleaſe to live.
Then prompt no more the follies you deſcry,
As tyrants doom their tools of guilt to die;
'Tis yours this night to bid the reign commence,
Of reſcu'd nature, and reviving ſenſe;
To chaſe the charms of ſound, the pomp of ſhow,
For uſeful mirth and ſalutary woe;
Bid ſcenic virtue from the riſing age,
And truth diffuſe her radiance from the ſtage.

EPILOGUE
TO
EDWARD AND ELEONORA.

WRITTEN BY R. SHERIDAN, ESQ.

Spoken by Mrs. MATTOCKS.

YE wedded critics,* who have mark'd our tale,
How ſay you? does our plot in nature fail?
May we not boaſt that many a modern wife,
Would loſe her own to ſave a huſband's life?
Would gladly die——O monſtrous and ill-bred,
There's not a huſband here but ſhakes his head!

* To the Pit.

But

But you, my Gall'ry friends *—Come, what ſay you?
Your wives are with you—ſhake their noddles too!
Above there—hey lads †—you'll not treat us ſo—
You ſide with us?—they grin and grumble No!
Yet hold—tho' theſe plain folks traduce their doxies,
Sure we have Eleonora's in the Boxes?
Inhuman Beaux!—why that ill-natur'd ſneer!
What then you think there's no ſuch ideot here?
There are, no doubt, tho' rare to find I know,
Who could loſe huſbands, yet ſurvive the blow;
Two years a wife—view Leſbia, ſobbing, crying,
Her chair is waiting—but my lord is dying;
Preparing for the worſt! ſhe tells her maid,
To countermand her points and new brocade;
For O! if I ſhould loſe the beſt of men,
Heav'n knows when I ſhall ſee the club again.
"So, Lappet, ſhould he die while I am out,
"You'll ſend for me at Lady Baſto's rout;
"The Doctor ſaid he might hold out 'till three,
"But I ha'n't ſpirits for the Coterie!"
Nor change the ſcene—place madam in the Fevre,
My Lord for comfort at the SÇAVOIR VIVRE;
His valet enters—ſhakes his meagre head,
"CHAPEAU—what news?—Ah! Sir, my Lady dead."
"The deuce!—'tis ſudden, faith—but four days ſick!—
"Well, ſeven's the main—(poor Kate)—eleven's a nick.
But hence reflexions on a ſenſeleſs train,
Who, loſt to real joy, ſhall feel no pain;
'Mongſt Britain's daughters ſtill can Hymen's light,
Reveal the love which charm'd your hearts to-night,
Shew beauteous martyrs—who would each prefer,
To die for him, who long has liv'd for her;
Domeſtic heroines—who with fondeſt care
Outſmile a huſband's grief—or claim a ſhare;
Search where the rankling evils moſt abound,
And heal with cherub-lip the poiſon'd wound.
May ſuch bright virtues in a royal mind
Were not alone to Edward's days confin'd,
Still, ſtill, they beam around Britannia's throne,
And grace an Eleonora of our own.

* Firſt Gallery. † Second Gallery.

PRO-

PROLOGUE
TO
IRENE.

YE glitt'ring train! whom lace and velvet bleſs,
Suſpend the ſoft ſollicitudes of dreſs;
From grov'ling buſineſs and ſuperfluous care,
Ye ſons of avarice! a moment ſpare:
Vot'ries of fame and worſhippers of pow'r!
Diſmiſs the pleaſing phantoms for an hour.
Our daring bard with ſpirit unconfin'd,
Spreads wide the mighty moral for mankind.
Learn here how heav'n ſupports the virtuous mind,
Daring, though calm; and vig'rous, though reſign'd.
Learn here what anguiſh racks the guilty breaſt,
In pow'r dependent, in ſucceſs depreſt.
Learn here that peace from innocence muſt flow;
All elſe is empty ſound, and idle ſhow.
If truths like theſe with pleaſing language join;
Ennobled, yet unchang'd, if nature ſhine:
If no wild draught depart from reaſon's rules,
Nor gods is heroes, nor his lovers fools:
Intriguing wits! his artleſs plot forgive;
And ſpare him, beauties! though his lovers live.
Be this at leaſt his praiſe; be this his pride;
To force applauſe no modern arts are try'd,
Should partial cat-calls all his hopes confound;
He bids no trumpet quell the fatal ſound.
Shou'd welcome ſleep relieve the weary wit,
He rolls no thunders o'er the drowſy pit,
No ſnares to captivate the judgment ſpreads;
Nor bribes your eyes to prejudice your heads.
Unmov'd, though witlings ſneer and rivals rail;
Studious to pleaſe, yet not aſham'd to fail.
He ſcorns the meek addreſs, the ſuppliant ſtrain,
With merit needleſs, and without it vain.
In reaſon, nature, truth, he dares to truſt:
Ye ſops be ſilent; and ye wits be juſt.

THE PICTURE OF A PLAYHOUSE; OR, BUCKS HAVE AT YE ALL.

YE ſocial friends of claret and of wit,
Where'er diſpers'd, in merry groups ye ſit:
Whether below ye glide the glitt'ring ſcene,
Or in the upper regions oft have been;
Ye Bucks aſſembl'd at your ranger's call,
Damme, I know ye—and have at ye all.
The motive here that ſets our bucks on fire,
The gen'rous wiſh, the firſt and laſt deſire;
If you will plaud its eccho to renown,
Or urg'd with fury tear the benches down;
'Tis ſtill the ſame—to one bright goal we haſte,
To ſhew your judgment and approve your taſte.
'Tis not in nature for ye to be quiet,
No, demme, Bucks exiſt but in a riot.
For inſtance now—to pleaſe the ear and charm the admiring crowd,
Your Bucks o'th' boxes ſneer and talk aloud:
To the green box next with joyous ſpeed you run,
Hilly ho! ho! my Bucks! well damn it what's the fun?
Tho' Shakeſpear ſpeaks——regardleſs of the play,
Ye laugh and loll the ſprightly hours away:
For to ſeem ſenſible of real merit,
Oh, damme, it's low, it's vulgar—beneath us lads of ſpirit.
Your Bucks o'th' pit are miracles of learning,
Who point out faults to ſhew their own diſcerning;
And critic-like beſtriding martyr'd ſenſe,
Proclaim their genius and vaſt conſequence.
The ſide long row, whoſe keener views of bliſs,
Are chiefly center'd in ſome favourite miſs;
A ſet of jovial bucks who here reſort,
Fluſh from the tavern, reeling ripe for ſport:
Wak'd from their dream oft join the gen'ral roar,
With bravo, bravo—braviſſimo, et damme, encore,
Or ſkipping that behold another row,
Supply'd by citizens or ſmiling beau;
Addreſſing miſs, whoſe cardinal protection,
Keeps her quite ſafe from ranc'rous detraction:

Whoſe

Whoſe lively eyes beneath a down-drawn hat,
Give hint ſhe loves a little—you know what.
Ye Bucks above who range like gods at large,
Nay pray don't grin, but liſten to your charge.
You who deſign to change this ſcene of raillery,
And out-talk players in the upper gallery:
Oh there's a youth, and one o'th' ſprightly ſort,
I don't mean you—damme, you've no features for't.
Who ſlily ſkulks to hidden ſtation,
While players follow their vocation, [cation.
Whiſtle, off, off, off? Noſee, Roaſt Beef—there's edu-
Now I've explor'd this mimic world quite thro',
And ſet each country's little faults to view:
In the right ſenſe receive the well meant jeſt,
And keep the moral ſtill within your breaſt;
Convinc'd I'd not in heart or tongue offend,
Your hands acquit me, and I've gain'd my end.

PROLOGUE TO DR. LAST IN HIS CHARIOT.

WRITTEN BY MR. GARRICK.

Spoken by Mr. FOOTE.

YOUR ſervants, kind maſters, from bottom to top,
Be aſſur'd, while I breathe, or can ſtand——I mean hop.
Be you pleas'd to ſmile, or be pleas'd to grumble;
Be whatever you pleaſe, I'm ſtill your moſt humble.
As to laugh is a right only given to man,
To keep up that right is my pride and my plan.
Fair ladies don't frown, I meant women too—
What's common to man, muſt be common to you.—
You all have a right your ſweet muſcles to curl,
From the old ſmirking prude, to the titt'ring young girl;
And ever with pleaſure my brains I could ſpin,
To make you all giggle, and you, ye gods, grin,
In this preſent ſummer, as well as the laſt,
To your favour again we preſent Dr. Laſt,
Who, by wonderful feats, in the papers recounted,
From trudging on foot, to his chariot is mounted.

Among

Amongſt the old Britons, when war was begun,
Charioteers would ſlay ten, while the Foot could ſlay one:
So when Doctors on wheels with diſpatches are ſent,
Mortality bills riſe a thouſand per cent.
But think not to phyſic that quack'ry's confin'd,
All the world is a ſtage, and the quacks are mankind—
There's trade, law, and ſtate-quacks; nay, would we but ſearch, [church!
We ſhould find,—heav'n bleſs us! ſome quacks in the
The ſtiff band, and ſtiff bob of the methodiſt race,
Give the balſam of life, and the tincture of grace,
And their poor wretched patients, think much good is done 'em,
Tho' bliſters and cauſtics are ever upon them.
As for Law and the ſtate, if quack'ry's a curſe, (worſe.
Which will make the good bad, and the bad will make
We ſhould point out the quack from the regular brother,
They are wiſer than I who can tell one from t'other!
Can the ſtage with its bills, puffs, and patients ſtand trial,
Shall we find out no quacks in the Theatre Royal?
Some drammatical drugs that are puff'd on the town,
Cauſe many wry faces, and ſcarce will go down,
Nay, an audience ſometimes will in quack'ry delight,
And ſweat down an author ſome pounds in one night.
To return to our quack--ſhould he, help'd by the weather,
Raiſe laughter, and kind perſpiration together,
Should his noſtrums of hip, and of vapours but cure ye,
His chariot he well can deſerve, I aſſure ye;
'Tis eaſy to ſet up a chariot in town,
And eaſier ſtill is that chariot laid down.
He petitions by me both as Doctor and lover,
That you'll not ſtop his wheels or his chariot tip over,
Fix him well I beſeech you, the worſt on't wou'd be,
Should you overturn him, you may overſet me.

PROLOGUE
TO THE
TRIP TO SCOTLAND.

Spoken by CUPID, in the Habit of a POSTILION.

YE Belles, ye Beaux, of whatſoe'er degree,
Above, below, around; behold in me

A modern cupid; not like ancient love
On nimble wings, but poſt-horſes, I move.
Their idol's arms let heathen bards recount,
This is my bow, I ſmack it, and I mount.
My ſpurs are pointed arrows in diſguiſe,
And this broad belt, the bandage from my eyes.
Nay e'en thoſe wings, which once out-ſtript the wind,
Hang dangling down, like ſhoulder-knots, behind.
For you transform'd I quit the Paphian grove,
Cold Scotland's now the only land for love.
For Scotland ho!—on no fool's errand ſent,
I come myſelf, my own advertiſement.
Ye blooming maids, whom half-pay captains preſs,
Or ſtruck, perhaps, with Robin's rainbow dreſs,
Who in aſſemblies ſigh, or pine in ſhades:
Ye youths who languiſh for your mother's maids,
Why will you idly wait for twenty-one?
Behold your vaſſal! mount, and let's begone.
Deſpiſe what vulgar mortals Prudence call;
Love is the word, and love can equal all.
In eight-and-forty hours we reach the borders,
—I'll in the Green-room wait for farther orders.

EPILOGUE
TO THE
ORPHAN;
OR, THE
UNHAPPY MARRIAGE.

YOU'VE ſeen one Orphan ruin'd here; and I
May be the next, if old Acaſto die:
Should it prove ſo, I'd fain amongſt you find
Who 'tis would to the fatherleſs be kind.
To whoſe protection might I ſafely go!
Is there among you no good-nature? No.
What ſhall I do? Should I the godly ſeek,
And go a conventicling twice a week?
Quit the lewd ſtage, and its prophane pollution,
Affect each form and Saint-like inſtitution;
So draw the brethren all to contribution?

Or

Or ſhall I, (as I gueſs the poet may
Within theſe three days) fairly run away?
No? to ſome city-lodgings I'll retire;
Seem very grave, and privacy deſire;
Till I am thought ſome Heireſs rich in lands,
Fled to eſcape a cruel guardian's hands:
Which may produce a ſtory worth the telling,
Of the next ſparks that go a fortune-ſtealing.

EPILOGUE
TO THE
FAIR PENITENT.

Spoken by Mrs. BRACEGIRDLE, who play'd LAVINIA.

YOU ſee the tripping dame could find no favour;
Dearly ſhe paid for breach of good behaviour,
Nor could her loving huſband's fondneſs ſave her.
Italian ladies lead but ſcurvy lives,
There's dreadful dealing with eloping wives;
Thus 'tis, becauſe theſe huſbands are obey'd
By force of laws, which for themſelves they made.
With tales of old proſcriptions they confine
The right of marriage-rule to their male line,
And huff, and domineer, by right divine.
Had we the pow'r, we'd make the tyrants know
What 'tis to fail in duties which they owe;
We'd teach the ſaunt'ring 'ſquire who loves to roam,
Forgetful of his own dear ſpouſe at home;
Who ſnores at night ſupinely by her ſide,
'Twas not for this the nuptial knot was ty'd.
The plodding petty-fogger, and the cit,
Have learn'd at leaſt his modern way of wit:
Each ill-bred ſenſeleſs rogue, though ne'er ſo dull,
Has the impudence to think his wife a fool;
He ſpends the night, where merry wags reſort,
With joking clubs, and eighteen-penny port;
While ſhe, poor ſoul's contented to regale,
By a ſad ſea-coal fire, with wigs and ale.

Well

Well may the cuckold-making tribe find grace,
And fill an abſent huſband's empty place:
If you wou'd e'er bring conſtancy in faſhion,
You men muſt firſt begin the reformation.
Then ſhall the golden age of love return,
No turtle for her wand'ring mate ſhall mourn;
No foreign charms ſhall cauſe domeſtic ſtrife,
But every married man ſhall toaſt his wife;
Phillis ſhall not be to the country ſent,
For carnivals in town to keep a tedious Lent;
Lampoons ſhall ceaſe, and envious ſcandal die,
And all ſhall live in peace, like my good Man and I.

PROLOGUE

TO THE TRAGEDY OF

PERCY.

WRITTEN BY MR. GARRICK.

Spoken by Mrs. BULKELEY.

THO' I'm a *female*, and the rule is ever,
For us in Epilogue, to beg your favour,
Yet now I take the lead—and leaving art
And envy to the men—with a warm heart,
A *woman* here I come—to take a *woman's part*.
No little jealouſies my mind perplex,
I come the *friend* and *champion* of my ſex;
I'll prove, ye Fair, that let us have our ſwing,
We can, as well as men, do any thing;
Nay, better too, perhaps—for now and then,
Theſe Times produce much bungling among men.
In ſpight of lordly wits—with force and eaſe,
Can't we write plays, or damn 'em, if we pleaſe?
The men, who grant not much, allow us charms—
Are eyes, ſhapes, dimples, then, our only arms?
To rule this man our ſex dame Nature teaches:
Mount the high horſe we can, and make long ſpeeches;
Nay, and with dignity, ſome wear the breeches;

And why not wear 'em?—We ſhall have your votes,
While ſome of t'other ſex wear petticoats.
Did not a *Lady's Knight*, late *Chevalier*,
A brave, ſmart ſoldier to your eyes appear?
Hey Preſto! paſs! his *ſword* becomes a *fan*,
A comely *woman* riſing from the *man!*
The French their Amazonian maid invite—
She goes—alike well ſkilled to talk or write,
Dance, ride, negociate, ſcold, coquet, or fight.
If ſhe ſhould ſet her heart upon a rover,
And he prove falſe, ſhe'd kick her faithleſs lover.
The *Greeks* and *Romans* own our boundleſs claim—
The Muſes, Graces, Virtues, Fortune, Fame,
Wiſdom and Nature too, they *Women* call,
With this ſweet *flatt'ry*—yet they mix ſome gall——
'Twill out—the *Furies* too are *females* all.
The pow'rs of Riches, Phyſic, War, and Wine,
Sleep, Death, and Devils too—are *maſculine.*
Are we unfit to rule?—a poor ſuggeſtion!
Auſtria and *Ruſſia* anſwer well that queſtion.
If joy from ſenſe and matchleſs grace ariſe,
With your own treaſure, *Britons*, bleſs your eyes.
If ſuch there are——ſure, in a humbler way,
The ſex, without much guilt, may write a Play;
That they've done nobler things, there's no denial;
With all your judgment, then, prepare for trial—
Summon your critic pow'rs, your manhood ſummon,
A brave man will *protect*—not *hurt* a *woman*;
Let us wiſh modeſtly to ſhare with men,
If not the *force*, the *feather* of the *pen.*

EPILOGUE

TO THE TRAGEDY OF

PERCY.

WRITTEN BY MR. GARRICK.

Spoken by Mr. LEE LEWIS.

I MUST, will ſpeak—I hope my dreſs and air
Announce the *Man of faſhion*, not the *Player*;

Tho'

Tho' gentlemen are now forbid the ſcenes,
Yet have I ruſh'd thro' Heroes, Kings, and Queens;
Reſolv'd, in pity, to this poliſh'd age,
To drive theſe ballad heroes from the ſtage—
" To drive the deer with hound and horn,
" Earl Percy took his way,
" The child may rue that is unborn,
" The hunting of that day."
A pretty baſis, truly, for a maudlin Play!
What! ſhall a ſcribbling, ſenſeleſs woman dare
To offer to your *taſtes* ſuch *taſteleſs* fare?
Is *Douglas*, or is *Percy*, fir'd with paſſion?
Ready for *love* or *glory*, death to daſh on,
Fit company for modern ſtill-life *men of faſhion?*
Such madneſs will our hearts but ſlightly graze,
We've no ſuch frantic *nobles* now-a-days.
Could we believe old ſtories, thoſe ſtrange fellows
Marry'd for *love*—could of their wives be jealous——
Nay, conſtant to 'em to—and, what is worſe,
The vulgar ſouls thought cuckoldom a curſe.
Moſt wedded pairs had then one purſe, one mind.
One bed too——ſo prepoſterouſly join'd——
From ſuch barbarity (thank heaven) *we're* refin'd.
Old ſongs their happineſs *at home* record,
From home they ſeparate carriages abhorr'd—
One horſe ſerv'd both——*my Lady* rode behind my Lord.
Twas death alone could ſnap their bonds aſunder——
Now tack'd ſo ſlightly, *not to ſnap*'s the wonder.
Nay, death itſelf cou'd not their hearts divide,
They mix'd their love with monumental pride;
For cut in ſtone, they ſtill lay *ſide by ſide.*
But why theſe *Gothic* anceſtors produce?
Why ſcour their ruſty armours? What's the uſe?
'Twould not your nicer optics much regale,
To ſee us Beaux bend under coats of mail;
Should we our limbs with iron doublets bruiſe,
Good Heaven! how much court-plaiſter we ſhould uſe!
We wear no armour now—but on our ſhoes.
Let not with barbariſm true taſte be blended,
Old vulgar virtues cannot be defended.
Let the *dead* reſt—we *living* can't be mended.

PROLOGUE

TO THE

BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

WRITTEN BY RICHARD CUMBERLAND, ESQ.

Spoken by Mr. HENDERSON.

TO Holy Land in Superſtition's Day,
When bare-foot Pilgrims trod their weary way,
B Mother Church's unremitting law
Scourg'd into grace, with ſhoulders red and raw
Kneeling demure before the ſacred ſhrine,
On the hard flint they begg'd the boon divine;
Pardon for what offending fleſh had done;
And pity for the long, long courſe they'd run;
Fines, pains and penalties, ſecurely paſt,
Slow-pac'd Forgiveneſs met their pray'r at laſt;
Full Abſolution from conceding Rome,
Cancell'd all ſin, paſt, preſent, and to come.
Your Poet thus prophanely led aſide,
To range o'er Tragic Land without a guide,
To pick, perhaps with no invidious aim,
A few caſt fallings from the Tree of Fame;
Damn'd, tho' untry'd, by the deſpotic rule
Of the ſtern Doctors in Detraction's School:
Laſh'd down each column of a public page,
And driv'n o'er burning plough-ſhares, to the Stage,
Be-rhim'd, be-ridicul'd with doggrel wit,
Sues out a pardon from his Pope—*the Pit*.
Penſive he ſtands in penitential weeds,
With a huge Roſary of untold beads;
Sentenc'd for paſt offences to rehearſe,
Ave Apollos to the God of Verſe;
And ſure there's no one but an Author knows
The penance which an Author undergoes.
If then your Worſhips a few ſtripes award
Let not your Beadles lay them on too hard;
For in the world there's not a thing ſo thin,
So full of feeling, as your Poet's ſkin:

What

What if, perchance, he ſnatch'd a playful kiſs
From that free-hearted Romp, the Comic Miſs;
That frolick's paſt, he's turn'd to years of grace,
And a young Sinner now ſupplies his place.
Sure you'll not grudge a little ſober chat
With this demure old tabby Tragic Cat;
No charge lies here of converſation Crim.
He hopes you'll think her fame no worſe for him.

EPILOGUE

TO THE

BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

WRITTEN BY RICHARD CUMBERLAND, ESQ.

Spoken by Miſs YOUNG.

FROM ancient Theſpis to the preſent Age,
The world hath oft been term'd a Public Stage;
A thread-bare metaphor, which in its time
Hath patch'd much proſe, and heel'd-piec'd many a rhime:
Ev'n the grave pulpit ſometimes *deigns* to uſe
The emphatic terms of the proſcribed Muſe;
Calls birth our entry, death our exit calls,
And at life's cloſe exclaims—the Curtain falls;
And ſo concludes upon the Drama's plan,
That fretting, ſtrutting, ſhort-hour Actor, Man.
Are we all Actors then?—Yes, all from Adam;
And Actreſſes?—I apprehend ſo, Madam:
Some fill their caſt with grace, others with none;
Some are ſhov'd off the ſtage, and ſome ſhov'd on;
Some good, ſome bad, ſtill we all act a part,
Whilſt we diſguiſe the language of the heart.
Nature's plain taſte provides a ſimple treat,
But Art, the *Cook*, ſteps in and mars the meat.
The Comic Blade makes ridicule his teſt,
And on his tomb proclaims that life's a jeſt.

The ſwaggering braggart, in true Tragic caſt,
Bellows blank verſe and daggers to the laſt.
Whilſt clubs of neutral Petits-Maitres boaſt
A kind of Opera Company at moſt;
Whoſe dreſs, air, action, all is imitation,
A poor, inſipid, ſervile, French Tranſlation;
Whoſe tame dull ſcene glides uniform along,
In Comi—Farci—Paſtoral—Sing—Song—
'Till all awaken'd by the rattling die,
Club Wits, and make a—Modern Tragedy;
A Tragedy, alas! good friends look round,
What have we left to tread but Tragic ground?
Four Authors leagu'd to ſhake the human ſoul,
Unſheath the dagger, and infuſe the bowl;
At length deſcending to the leaſt, and laſt,
We hope the terror of the time is paſt;
Full fated now with battle, blood, and murder,
England is conquer'd—Fate can reach no further;
Bid then the weeping *Pleiads* dry their eyes,
And turn to happier ſcenes and brighter ſkies.

PROLOGUE

TO THE TRAGEDY OF

ALFRED.

WRITTEN BY THE AUTHOR.

Spoken by Mr. WROUGHTON.

TO furniſh a new Prologue for each play,
To dreſs the ſelf-ſame diſh a diff'rent way,
Exhauſts the Poet's art; and ev'ry year
Palates grow nicer, rarities more dear.
The Cabinet who in the Green-Room ſit,
The ſecret junto of the realm of wit,
In theſe hard times, reſolv'd their ſtock to ſpare,
And crib the Prologue from the bill of fare.
Alfred on Engliſh ground alone may ſtand,
The darling hero of his native land:

No,

'No, no,' our Poet cry'd—'this is no time,
'Nor is it prudent now to ſave your rhime;
'Fir'd with my ſubject, I have raſhly dar'd,
'And you in Prologue ſhould protect your Bard:
'When my adventurous Muſe, indulg'd before,
'Now, vent'ring further, needs indulgence more;
'She dares to trace the workings of a mind,
'The greateſt and the beſt of human kind;
'Adjuſt its movements to dramatic plan,
'And blend the god-like hero with the man.'
The greater Alfred's fame, our Bard riſks more;
Such weight the flying courſer never bore.
Alfred! whoſe life ſuch ſtrange events adorn,
That Hiſtory beholds romance with ſcorn;
Him to preſent, here in his native land,
Where ſtill his genius and his laws command,
Is an attempt like his, who raſhly tried
The burning chariot of the Sun to guide!
Yet this attempt from admiration roſe,
Nor ſhould he find in Alfred's kingdom foes;
He, who by temper led, not love of fame,
Is the fond echo of your Hero's name.

EPILOGUE

TO THE SAME.

WRITTEN BY MR. GARRICK.

Spoken by Mrs. BARRY.

OUR Bards of late, ſo tragic in their calling,
Have ſcarce preſerv'd one Heroine from falling:
Whether the dame be widow, maid, or wife,
She ſeldom from their hands eſcapes with life:
If this green cloth could ſpeak, would it not tell,
Upon it's well-worn nap how oft I fell?
To death in various forms deliver'd up,
Steel kills me one night, and the next the cup:
The tragic proceſs is as ſhort as certain;
With * this,—or † this, I drop—then drops the curtain:

* She makes the motion of ſtabbing.
† And here of drinking poiſon.

No Saint can lead a better life than I,
For half is ſpent in ſtudying how to die:
The learn'd diſpute, how Tragedies ſhould end;
O happily, ſay ſome—Some death defend:
Mild critics wiſh good fortune to the good;
While others hot-brain'd, roar for blood! blood! blood!—
The fair, tho' nervous, tragic to the ſoul,
Delights in daggers, and the poiſon'd bowl:
'I would not give a black-pin for a play,
'Unleſs in tenderneſs I melt away:
'From pangs, and death no Lovers would I ſave,
'They ſhould be wretched, and deſpair, and rave;
'And ne'er together lie—but in the grave!"
The brave, rough ſoldier a ſoft heart diſcovers;
He ſwears and weeps at once, when dead the lovers:
As down his cheeks runs trickling Nature's tide,
"Damn it—I wiſh thoſe young ones had not dy'd:"
Tho' from his eyes the drop of pity falls,
He fights like Cæſar when his country calls:
In ſpite of critic laws, our bard takes part,
And joins in concert with the ſoldier's heart:
O let your feelings with this party ſide,
For once forgive me that I have not dy'd;
Too hard that fate, which kills a virgin bride!

PROLOGUE

TO THE COMEDY OF THE

SUICIDE.

Spoken by Mr. PALMER.

'TIS now the reigning taſte with Belle and Beau,
Their art and ſkill in coachmanſhip to ſhew;
Nobles contend who throws a whip the beſt;
From head to foot like hackney-coachmen dreſs'd:
Ducheſs and Peereſs too diſcard their fear,
Ponies in front, my Lady in the rear.
A female phaeton all danger mocks,
Half-coat, half-petticoat, ſhe mounts the box;

Wrapt

Wrapt in a duſty whirlwind ſcours the plains,
And cutting—jehu!—whiſtling—holds the reins.
Happy, thrice happy, Britain, is thy ſtate,
In the Year ſeventeen hundred and ſeventy-eight,
When each ſex drives at ſuch a furious rate.
The modiſh Artiſt, Playwright, or Coachmaker,
In Grub-ſtreet ſtarv'd, or thriving in Long-Acre;
To ſuit the times, and tally with the mode,
Muſt travel in the beaten turnpike-road;
Wherefore our crane-neck'd Manager to-day
Upon four Acts attempts to run his Play:
A fifth he fears you'd deem the Bards reproach,
A mere fifth wheel that would but ſtop the coach.
With Two-act Pieces what machines agree?
Buggies, tim-whiſkies, or ſqueezed *vis-a-vis*,
Where two ſit face to face, and knee to knee.
What is a Piece in one ſhort Act compreſs'd?
A wheel-barrow, or Sulky at the beſt.
A ſcale ſo ſmall, the Bard would ſuffer for't;
You'd ſay his Farce was like himſelf—too ſhort;
Yet anxious with your ſmiles his work to crown,
In many a varied ſhape he courts the Town.
Sometimes he drives—if Brother Bards implore;
Sometimes he in a Prologue trots before,
Or in an Epilogue gets up behind—
Happy in all, ſo you appear but kind.
His vehicle to-day may none reproach,
Nor take it for a hearſe, or mourning coach.
'Tis true, a gloomy outſide he has wrought,
That rather threatens than doth promiſe aught;
Yet from black fun'ral, like his Brother Bayes,
A nuptial banquet he intends to raiſe.
We do but jeſt—*poiſon in jeſt*—no more——
And thus *one Mercer* to the world reſtore.
But if a well-tim'd jeſt ſhould chance to ſave
One Mercer from perdition and the grave,
All Ludgate-Hill be judge, it 'twere not hard,
Felo de ſe ſhould you bring in the Bard.

EPILOGUE.

WRITTEN BY MR. GARRICK.

Spoken by Miſs FARREN.

THE Critics ſay, and conſtantly repeat,
That Woman acting Man 's a ſilly cheat,
That ev'n upon the Stage it ſhould not paſs;
To which I ſay—a Critic is an aſs.
As Man, true Man we could not well deceive,
But we, like modiſh Things, may make believe.
Would it be thought I gave myſelf great airs,
To put my Manhood on a foot with their's?
Speak, you that are Men, is my pride too great
To think you'd rather have with me—a *tête-à-tête*?
In this our Play what dangers have I run!
What hair-breadth 'ſcapes! and yet the prize have won.
Is it a prize? He may prove croſs, or jealous,
In Marriage-lotteries the knowing tell us,
Among our modern youths much danger lies,
There are a hundred blanks for one poor prize.
Was I not bold, ye fair, to undertake
To tame that wildeſt animal—a Rake!
To lead a Tyger in a ſilken ſtring,
Huſh the loud ſtorm, and clip the Whirlwind's wing!
My pride was piqued, all dangers I would thro'.
To have her way what would not woman do!
The Papers ſwarm each day with patent puffers
For ſmoaky chimnies—powders—mouſe-traps—ſnuffers;
And I could Fame as well as fortune raiſe,
To cure by Patent, *la folie Angloiſe*.
I'm ſure you all my noſtrum will approve.
By Nature's guidance let your paſſions move,
Drive out that Demon gaming, by the Angel love.
But ladies, if you wiſh to know my plan,
By ſtratagem, not force, attack your man.
By open war the danger is increas'd;
Uſe gentle means to ſoothe the ſavage beaſt.
If when his blood boils o'er, yours bubbles too,
Then all is loſt, and there's the Devil to do.

Piff,

Piff, puff, blown up at once the lover's part,
He ſnaps his chain,—and madam—breaks her heart—
Hymen puts out his torch, and Cupid blunts his dart.
Thus ends the Farce, or Tragedy of love;
But ladies, if your ſparks are given to rove,
From my experience take one general rule—
Cool as he warms, and love will never cool.
If ſmoak prevails, and the choak'd flame is dying,
Then gently fan it with ſome little ſighing;
Then drop into the flame a tear or two,
And, blazing up, like oil 'twill burn him thro';
Then add kind looks, ſoft words, ſweet ſmiles—no pout,
And take my word the flame will ne'er go out.
Theſe, with good humour mix'd, the balm of life,
Will be the beſt receipt for Maid or Wife.

PROLOGUE

TO THE COMEDY OF THE

FATHERS.

WRITTEN BY MR. GARRICK.

And ſpoken by Mr. KING.

WHEN from the World departs a Son of Fame,
His deeds or works embalm his precious name;
Yet not content, the Public call for Art,
To reſcue from the tomb his mortal part;
Demand the Painter's and the Sculptor's hand,
To ſpread his mimic form throughout the land:
A form, perhaps, which living, was neglected,
And when it could not feel reſpect, reſpected.
This night no buſt or picture claims your praiſe,
Our claim's ſuperior—we his Spirit raiſe:
From Time's dark ſtore-houſe bring a long-loſt Play,
And drag it from oblivion into day.
But who the Author? Need I name the Wit,
Whom Nature prompted as his Genius writ;
Truth ſmil'd on Fancy for each well-wrought ſtory,
Where Characters live, act, and ſtand before ye.

Suppoſe theſe Characters, various as they are,
The Knave, the Fool, the worthy, Wife, and Fair,
For and againſt the Author pleading at your Bar.

Firſt pleads *Tom Jones*—grateful his heart and warm;
" Brave, gen'rous Britons—ſhield this Play from harm:
" My beſt friend wrote it; ſhould it not ſucceed,
" Tho' with my *Sophy* bleſt—my heart will bleed"—
Then from his face he wipes the manly tear.
" Courage, my Maſter, *Partridge* cries, don't fear:
" Should Envy's ſerpents kiſs, or Malice frown,
" Tho' I'm a coward, zounds! I'll knock 'em down."
Next, ſweet *Sophia* comes——ſhe cannot ſpeak——
Her wiſhes for the Play o'erſpread her cheek;
In ev'ry look her ſentiments you read;
And more than eloquence her bluſhes plead.

Now *Blifil* bows—with ſmiles his falſe heart gilding,
" He was my foe—I beg you'll damn this FIELDING."
" Right, *Thwackum* roars—no mercy, Sirs, I pray;
" Scourge the dead Author, thro' his orphan Play."
" What words! (cries *Parſon Adams*) fie, fie, diſown 'em!
" Good Lord——*de mortuis nil niſi bonum!*
" ——If ſuch are Chriſtian Teachers, who'll revere 'em—
" —And thus they preach, the Dev'l alone ſhould hear 'em!"

Now *Slipſlop* enters—" Tho' this *ſcriv'ning vagrant*
" 'Salted my virtue, which was ever *flagrant*,
" Yet, like black 'Thello, I'd bear ſcorns and whips,
" Slip into poverty to the very hips,
" T' *exult* this play——May it *decreaſe* in favour,
" And be its fame *immortaliz'd* for ever!"
'Squire *Weſtern*, reeling, with October mellow,
" Tally-hoe!—Boys!—Yoicks—Critics! Hunt the fellow!
" Damn 'em, theſe wits are *varmint* not worth breeding;
" What good e'er came of writing and of reading?"
Next comes, brim-full of ſpite and politics,
His *Siſter Weſtern*—and thus deeply ſpeaks:
" Wits are arm'd pow'rs—Like France attack the foe;
" Negociate till they ſleep—then ſtrike the blow!"
Allworthy laſt pleads to your nobleſt paſſions—
" *Ye gen*'rous leaders of the taſte and faſhions,

" Departed

" Departed Genius left his orphan play
" To your kind care—what the dead wills, obey:
" O then reſpect the FATHER's fond bequeſt,
" And make his widow ſmile, his ſpirit reſt."

EPILOGUE.

TO THE SAME.

WRITTEN BY MR. GARRICK.

And ſpoken by Miſs YOUNG.

PROLOGUES and Epilogues—to ſpeak the phraſe
Which ſuits the warlike ſpirit of theſe days——
Are cannon charg'd, or ſhould be charg'd, with wit,
Which, pointed well, each riſing folly hit.——
By a late *General* who commanded here,
And fought our bloodleſs battles many a year!
'Mongſt other favours were conferr'd on me,
He made me Captain of Artillery!—
At various follies many guns I fir'd,
Hit 'em point-blank, and thought the foe retir'd;——
But vainly thought—for, to my great ſurprize,
They now are rank and file before my eyes!
Nay, to retreat may even *me* oblige;——
The works of Folly ſtand the longeſt ſiege!
With what briſk firing, and what thunder-claps,
Did I attack thoſe high-built caſtles—Caps!
But tow'ring ſtill, they ſwell in lofty ſtate,
Nor ſtrike one ribband to capitulate;——
Whilſt beaux behind, thus peeping, and thus bent,
Are the beſieg'd, behind the battlement:
But you are conquerors, Ladies—have no dread;
Henceforth in peace enjoy the *cloud-cap'd head!*
We ſcorn to ape the French, their tricks give o'er,
Nor at your *rigging* fire one cannon more!
And now ye Bucks, and Bucklings of the age,
Tho' Caps are clear, your Hats ſhall fell my rage;
The High-cock'd, Half-cock'd, Quaker, and the Slouch,
Have at ye all!—I'll hit you, tho' ye crouch.
We read in Hiſtory—one William Tell,
An honeſt Swiſs, with arrows ſhot ſo well,

On his ſon's head he aim'd with ſo much care,
He'd hit an apple, and not touch one hair:
So I, with ſuch like ſkill, but much leſs pain,
Will ſtrike your Hats off, and not touch your brain:
To curſe our head-dreſs! a'n't you pretty fellows!
Pray who can ſee thro' your broad-brim'd umbrellas?
That pent-houſe worn by ſlim Sir Dainty Dandle,
Seems to extinguiſh a poor farthing candle—
We look his body thro'.—But what fair She
Thro' the broad cloud that's round his head can ſee?
Time was, when Briton's to the boxes came
Quite ſpruce, and *chapeau bras* addreſs'd each dame.
Now in flapt hats and dirty boots they come,
Look knowing thus—to every female dumb;
But roar out—Hey, Jack! ſo, Will! you there, Tom?
Both ſides have errors that there's no concealing;
We'd lower our heads, had but men's hearts ſome feeling.
Vallance, my ſpark, play'd off his modiſh airs,
But Nature gave us wit to cope with theirs;
Our ſex have ſome faults won't bear defending,
And tho' near perfect, want a little mending;
Let *Love* ſtep forth, and claim from both allegiance,
And bring back Caps and Hats to due obedience.

PROLOGUE

TO THE LAW OF

LOMBARDY.

WRITTEN BY THE AUTHOR.

Spoken by Mr. FARREN.

HARD is the taſk in modern days to chooſe
Congenial ſubjects for the Tragic Muſe!
The hiſtorian's page, the fertile epic ſtore,
Were known, and ranſack'd centuries before:
Like luſcious gardens, unenclos'd they lay,
To every ſaunt'ring Bard an eaſy prey.
They enter'd, and, as taſte impell'd, they fed
On Homer ſome, and ſome on Hollingſhead.

From

From loftieſt numbers, or from humbleſt proſe,
As each conſpir'd, the artleſs ſtructures roſe.
Thus one great labour of their work was o'er,
They found a fable, and they ſought no more.
Careleſs were they of action, place, or time,
Whoſe only toil was dialogue and rhyme.
" Rules which the rigid Stagyrite devis'd,
" Our fathers knew not, or, if known, deſpis'd."
Whilſt, ſide by ſide, were mingled in the ſcene,
A laughing Ruſtic, and a weeping Queen.
Space was obedient to the boundleſs piece,
That op'd in Mexico, and clos'd in Greece.
Then thick with plots the crowded tale was ſown,
'Till the divided boſom felt for none;
" They fear'd no cenſures of a frowning Pit,
" That judg'd as looſely as the Authors writ."
But we, who poſted in Time's tardy rear,
Before a learn'd Tribunal now appear;
With anxious art a fable muſt deſign,
Where probality and intereſt join;
Where time, and place, and action, all agree
To violate no ſacred unity.
And thus each candid Critic muſt confeſs
The labour greater, and indulgence leſs:
When ſuch the taſk, the wonder is to meet,
Not many pieces bad, but one complete.
Nor let preſumptuous Poets fondly claim
From rules exemption, by great Shakeſpear's name;
Though comets move with wild eccentric force,
Yet humbler planets keep their ſtated courſe.
But now, a Bard, who touch'd your hearts before,
Again ſalutes you from a neighbouring ſhore.
Fir'd by the applauſe you gave his early lays,
He ſtands again a candidate for praiſe;
Nor from your former favour dares foreſee
To worthleſs ſtrains a partial deſtiny.
But if his virgin palm was fairly won,
And this next courſe with equal vigour's run,
Now join to bind his freſher laurels on.
He fears no jaundic'd rival's envious breath,
The hands which twin'd, will ſtill preſerve the wreath.

EPILOGUE.

" For ſhould he Lady W. find willing—
" *Wormwood* is bitter."—" Oh! that's me—the villain!
" Throw it behind the fire, and never more
" Let that vile paper come within my door."
Thus at our friends we laugh, who feel the dart;
To reach *our* feelings, we ourſelves muſt ſmart.
Is our young Bard ſo young, to think that he
Can ſtop the full ſpring-tide of calumny?
Knows he the world ſo little, and its trade?—
Alas! the devil's ſooner *rais'd* than *laid*.
So ſtrong, ſo ſwift the monſter, there's no gagging;
Cut Scandal's head off—ſtill the tongue is wagging.
Proud of your ſmiles, once laviſhly beſtow'd,
Again our young Don Quixote takes the road;
To ſhew his gratitude, he draws his pen,
And ſeeks this hydra, Scandal, in its den;
From his fell gripe the frighted fair to ſave—
Though he ſhould fall, th' attempt muſt pleaſe the brave.
For your applauſe, all perils he would through;
He'll fight—that's write—a cavaliero true,
Till ev'ry drop of blood—that's ink—is ſpilt for you.

PROLOGUE.

TO

THE TIMES.

Spoken by Mr. KING.

TO glow with ardour, and attempt with zeal
The reformation of the public weal,
Are the high duty of the *Comic Muſe*;
And tho' keen Attic Salt allowed to uſe,
To ſeaſon Precept, and with Art to tickle
The ſores ſhe means to waſh with ſharpeſt pickle,
Yet not the roſy, pulpited Divine,
Nor lank-hair'd Methodiſt with rueful whine,
Is more intent to root out Vice and Folly,
And make ye all lead lives diſcreet and holy.—
Yet why to clear the field were all their toil,
If weeds o'erſpread not the luxuriant ſoil?

Congreve

Congreve or Weſtley, Whitfield or Moliere,
In vain might prompt the laugh, or bribe the tear,
If no man felt, or in himſelf, or neighbour,
Some failing to call forth the zealot's labour ;—
If no fair dame deſcrib'd, 'midſt her acquaintance,
Some few who might be mended by repentance,
Looſe as the buxom air, the Youth from College
Comes fraught with all Newmarket's hopeful knowledge ;
In haſte to ſpend the Eſtate, not yet his own,
Completes his ruin ere his beard is grown ;
And when to foreign climes he ſpreads the ſail,
'Tis not to enlarge his mind, but 'ſcape a jail.
Then bleſs the Poet, happy the Divine,
When Folly gives the *Ton* from Faſhion's Shrine!
But whilſt the Prieſt and Satiriſt reprove
Thoſe vices which provoke the wrath of *Jove*,
Our Author, like the patient Angler ſitting
To catch ſmall fry, for humbler palates fitting,
Has ſerv'd a Meal, not ſeaſon'd high with crimes——
Taſte it, and if approved, applaud The TIMES.

EPILOGUE.

TO THE SAME.

Spoken by Miſs FARREN.

WHILE grave-paced Tragedy, with Oh's and Starts!
Flies at high game, to move and mend your hearts,
We merrier folks with ſpirits blithe and jolly,
Juſt perch upon ſome little ſprig of folly ;
For, in this age, ſo pious, chaſte, and grave,
To rail at vice, muſt ſurely be to rave!
Yet thanks to here and there a modiſh fool,
The *Comic Muſe* may glean ſome ridicule.
Jews will be Jews, if dupes can yet be found,
And if one frail one's left on Engliſh ground,
She'll find a Phaeton and pair of ponies
To elope—for all men are not Macaronies :—
Thoſe precious Dears, at leaſt, would make her wait—
'Twould be ſo vulgar, not to be too late.
Our ſex—but ſhall I charge the weaker kind?
Or can thoſe fail to ſtray, whoſe guides are blind!

Let

Let men reform themſelves, they're our examples——
And goods prove ſeldom better than their ſamples.
In former times the gallant Britiſh Youth
Were formed for Chivalry, and Love, and Truth—
In ſuch an Age, in ſuch a virtuous Nation,
Love was in women almoſt inſpiration.—
But now, alas! I ſpeak without a jeſt,
Women are not inſpired—they're but poſſeſt.
Men are our pilots! They ſhould mark the ſhelves;
For when they blame us, they reproach themſelves.

PROLOGUE
TO
FATAL FALSHOOD,
A TRAGEDY BY THE AUTHOR OF PERCY.
WRITTEN BY THE AUTHOR.
And ſpoken by Mr. HULL.

OUR modern Poets ſcarce know how to chuſe
A ſubject worthy of the Tragic Muſe;
For Bards ſo well have glean'd th' hiſtoric field,
That ſcarce one ſheaf, th' exhauſted Ancients yield;
And theſe, our timid Author leaves to Men,
For claſſic themes demand a claſſic pen:
Yet ſtill the wilds of Fiction open lie,
A flow'ry proſpect, and a boundleſs ſky:
But hard the taſk the ſober path to chuſe,
And wand'ring Fancy's treacherous baits refuſe.
—She dares not touch the Drama's nobler ſtrings,
The fate of nations, and the fall of kings;
The humbler ſcenes of private life ſhe ſhews,
A ſimple ſtory of domeſtic woes.
The weight of crowns, a kingdom's weal or woe,
How few can judge, becauſe how few can know!
But here you all may boaſt the Critic's art,
Here all are Judges—who poſſeſs a heart.
To govern *Empires* is the lot of few,
But all who live have *Paſſions* to ſubdue;

And

And ev'n by Patriots let it be confeſs'd,
Theſe Rebel ſubjects ought to be ſuppreſs'd,
Theſe ravagers which ſpoil the human breaſt.
Oh! deign to learn this obvious leſſon here!
The verſe is feeble, but the moral clear.
Your candour once endur'd our Author's lays,
Endure them now—that will be ample praiſe.

EPILOGUE.

TO THE SAME.

WRITTEN BY R. B. SHERIDAN, ESQ.

And ſpoken by Mr. LEE LEWIS.

UNHAND me, Gentlemen, by Heaven I ſay,
I'll make a ghoſt of him who bars my way.
[*Behind the Scenes.*

Forth let me come—A Poetaſter true,
As lean as Envy, and as baneful too;
On the dull audience let me vent my rage,
Or drive theſe *Female* ſcribblers from the ſtage:
For Scene or Hiſtory, we've none but theſe,
The law of Liberty and Wit they ſeize,
In Tragic—Comic—Paſtoral—they dare to pleaſe.
Each puny Bard muſt ſurely burſt with ſpite,
To find that Women with ſuch Fame can write:
But, Oh! your partial favour is the cauſe,
Who feed their follies with ſuch full applauſe;
Yet ſtill our tribe ſhall ſeek to blaſt their fame,
And ridicule each fair pretender's aim;
Where the dull duties of domeſtic life
Wage with the Muſe's toils eternal ſtrife.
What motley cares *Corilla*'s mind perplex,
While maids and metaphors conſpire to vex!
In ſtudious deſhabille behold her ſit,
A letter'd goſſip, and a houſewife wit;
At once invoking, though for different views,
Her Gods, her Cook, her Milliner, and Muſe,
Round her ſtrew'd room a frippery chaos lies,
A chequer'd wreck of *notable* and *wiſe*;
Bills, books, caps, couplets, combs, a vary'd maſs,
Oppreſs the toilet, and obſcure the glaſs;

Unfiniſh'd

Unfiniſh'd here an epigram is laid,
And there, a Mantua-maker's bill unpaid;
There new-born Plays foretaſte the Town's applauſe,
There, dormant patterns pine for future gauze.
A moral Eſſay now is all her care,
A Satire next, and then a Bill of Fare.
A Scene ſhe now projects, and now a Diſh,
Here's Act the Firſt—and here—"Remove with Fiſh."
Now while this eye in a fine phrenzy rolls,
That ſoberly caſts up a bill for coals;
Black pins and daggers in one leaf ſhe ſticks,
And tears and thread, and bowls and thimbles mix.
Sappho, 'tis true, long vers'd in epic ſong,
For years eſteem'd all houſhold ſtudies wrong;
When, dire miſhap! though neither ſhame nor ſin,
Sappho herſelf, and not her Muſe, lies in.
The Virgin Nine in terror fly the bower,
And matron Juno claims deſpotic power;
Soon Gothic hags the claſſic pile o'erturn,
A Caudle-cup ſupplants the ſacred urn;
Nor book nor implement eſcape their rage,
They ſpike the ink-ſtand, and they rend the page;
Poems and Plays one barbarous fate partake,
Ovid and Plautus ſuffer at the ſtake,
And Ariſtotle's only ſav'd—to wrap plumcake.
Yet, ſhall a WOMAN tempt the tragic ſcene?
And dare—But hold—I muſt repreſs my ſpleen;
I ſee your hearts are pledg'd to her applauſe,
While Shakeſpeare's ſpirit ſeems to aid her cauſe;
Well pleas'd to aid—ſince o'er his ſacred bier
A female * hand did ample trophies rear,
And gave the greeneſt laurel that is worſhip'd there.

* *Mrs.* MONTAGU.

PROLOCUE

PROLOGUE

TO THE

BELLE'S STRATAGEM.

[*Speaks without.*]
MAKE way—make way, good folks! I muſt appear;
Nay, let me paſs—You won't—why then—
[*Enter.*] ——I'm here.
Pray welcome me, I've had a *ſqueedging* bout;
You'd bleſs your eyes, could they but ſee our rout:
We've all the company behind the ſcenes,
Up from their Train-bearers, to tragic Queens;
There's Harlequin, and Punch, and Banquo's Ghoſt,
And all the ſoldiers—Richmond's conqu'ring hoſt;
And Richard's troops—nay, honeſt Bayes's too,
Muſt all this night perform a grand review.
Then all are angry—lowering diſcontent
Sat on each brow—when thus they gave it vent:
There, there's a part! juſt two lines and a letter—
And mine, cry'd one, is rather worſe than better;
I'm three times doubled—twice I'm deaf and dumb,
Nod, ſmile, bow round, look grave—or bite my thumb;
The third—a miracle! like Bacon's head
Utter three words—and thoſe three words are lead.
You grumble! ſaid a third, then I ſhould rave;
A part like mine, no author ever gave:
A Lord I'm titled; and, to ſpeak out plain,
Few on theſe boards could half ſo well ſuſtain
The grace and proper action of a Peer,
The eaſe, the loll, the ſhrug, the careleſs ſneer.
But tho' our author thinks in wiſe debate,
In ſenate ſeated, on affairs of ſtate
I might hold forth—yet in her curſed play,
The deuce a word am I allow'd to ſay;
Or rather coop'd, like other folks we know,
Between two barren adverbs—*Aye*, and *No*.

'Tis thus we're ſerv'd, when ſaucy Women write;
Grant me, ye Gods, no more to ſee the night,
When Lady-writers croud our Covent ſtage!——
Ye *other* Gods, aſſiſt my mighty rage!
Another cries, Why, friend, ſome folks are out;
About a Comedy make all this rout!
A Pantomime indeed, 'twere ſenſe and reaſon;
They bring the chink, boys—they'll run thro' a ſeaſon.
A Comedy may yawn its nine nights through,
And then to mortal troubles bid adieu;
Secure upon its ſhelf ſupinely lie,
Remov'd from ev'ry thought and every eye.
No, no, a fifth man cry'd, the Preſs ſucceeds,
'Tis then we know its merits and its deeds:
Actors are thank'd for having done ſo well,
And told how *monſtrouſly* they all excel;
The Town is thank'd, for having ſhewn it's taſte,
In clapping, bravoing—
[*Prompter without.*] ——"Pray, Sir, make haſte!
"A long-ſpun Prologue isn't worth a pin."
D'ye think ſo, Mr. Wild? then I'll go in.
Yet here permit me, each ſucceeding day,
To *damn* the Author—but oh! *ſave* her play.

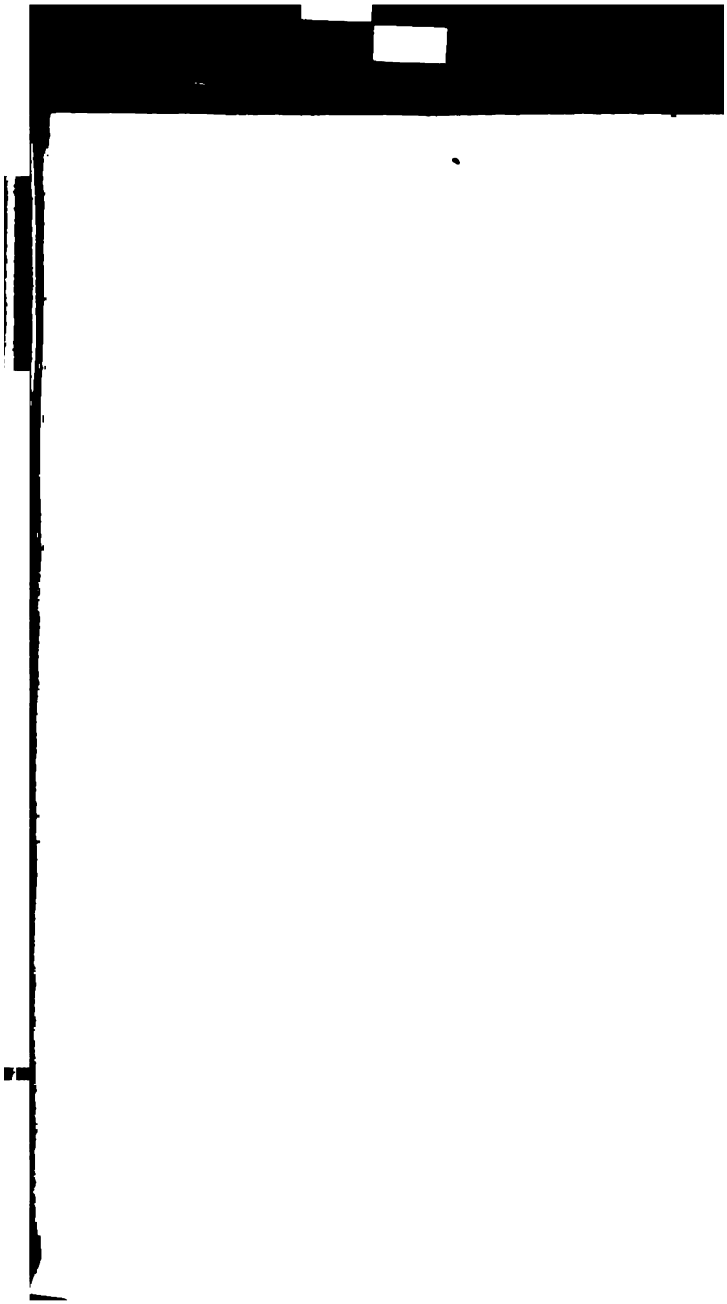
EPILOGUE

TO THE SAME.

NAY, ceaſe, and hear me! I am come to ſcold!
—Whence this night's plaudits to a thought ſo old?
To gain a lover, hid behind a maſk!
Ha, ha—What's new in that, or where the mighty taſk?
For inſtance, now—What Lady Bab, or Grace,
E'er won a lover in her *natural* face?
Miſtake me not—French red, or blanching creams,
I ſtoop not to, for theſe are hackney'd themes.
The arts I mean are harder to detect,
Eaſier put on, and worn to more effect.
As thus——

Doth Pride and Envy, with their horrid lines,
Deſtroy th' effect of Nature's ſweet deſigns?
—The maſk of *ſoftneſs* is at once apply'd,
And gentleſt manners ornament the Bride.
Do thoughts too free inform the Veſtal's eye,
Or point the glance, or warm the ſtruggling ſigh?
—Not Dian's brows more rigid looks diſcloſe,
And Virtue's bluſh appears where paſſion glows.

[*To the Pit.*]

And you, my gentle Sirs, wear vizors too;
But here I'll ſtrip ye, and expoſe to view
Your hidden features.—Firſt, I point at you.
That well-ſtuff'd waiſtcoat, and that ruddy cheek,
That ample forehead, and that chin ſo ſleek,
Point out good-nature, and a gen'rous heart.
—Tyrant! ſtand forth, and conſcious own thy part;
Thy wife, thy children, tremble in thy eye,
And peace is baniſh'd, when the *Father's* nigh.
You there—deck'd forth in wig ſo *ſnug* and *brown*,
Who'd take you for the verieſt Rake in town?
In *Farringdon within*, your warehouſe ſtands,
'Tis there you fill your purſe, and—rub your hands.
Your chapmen gone—"Come hither, Dick," you cry,
"And to the counter caſt a careful eye.
"On buſineſs I am going—rot the man,
"To give me all this plague! but no one can
"In trade e'er riſe without great care and trouble;
"Remember this, or you'll be made a bubble."
Then ſteal into a hack, and leave the city,
To be a bubble—to your ſmirking Kitty.
Sure 'tis enchantment! ſee from ev'ry ſide
Your maſks fall off—in charity I hide
The monſtrous features ruſhing on my view;—
Fear not there, Grand-papa—nor you—nor you!
For ſhould I ſhew your faces to each other,
Not one amongſt ye'd know his friend or brother.
Tis plain then all the world, from youth to age,
Appear in maſks—here only, on the ſtage,
You ſee us as we are—*here* truſt your eyes,
Our wiſh to pleaſe admits of no diſguiſe.

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